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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

ON THE

STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

LANGUAGE, of all subjects, deserves attention. Its acquisition commences with the cradle; its practical application terminates only in death. On its perfection depends that of all human knowledge. Through it alone can social enjoyment be had, and mental acquirements be made. It need not, therefore, excite surprise, that the most eminent writers and philosophers have suggested means for the acquisition of languages.

From the natural progress of civilization, the arts and sciences have assumed an importance which has called forth a corresponding advance in the cultivation of the languages of those nations whose high state of cultivation, and rich literature, have rendered their idioms powerful auxiliaries in the acquisition of useful knowledge, the formation of taste, and the discipline of the mental faculties. At first confined to the privileged few, a knowledge of these languages was looked upon rather in the light of a fashionable accomplishment. As their practical value became more apparent, they began to be studied also for utility's sake. It is only since the luxury of the few has become the want of the many that the real importance of the modern languages has been better understood; and that, not only with a view to the benefits consequent on their acquisition, but also as a means of intellectual cultivation, their study has become a leading branch of modern national education.

Foreign languages, indeed, should not be studied merely as a means of international intercourse, or on account of the information their writers may afford. The study of language, besides being a very wholesome mental exercise, yields in itself a class of knowledge second to none in interest or value. Language is not only the organ of thought, the medium of communication between mind and mind; but so inseparable is word from thought, so instantaneously does each suggest the other, that it has been forcibly contended that without *words*—not necessarily written or even spoken, but conceived—*thoughts* would be impossible. Useful, then, as a second language may be, either to extend our circle of communication, or to multiply our sources of information, it will assume a much higher importance, if its study be made subservient to a more profound knowledge of the native tongue, to the formation of taste, and the cultivation of the intellectual powers.

Among the foreign languages studied with this view some are more appropriate than others, and the result depends in no small measure on the mode of their acquisition. As a general rule, it has been admitted that the more unlike those languages are to the mother tongue, the greater is the advantage. But this single consideration of

unlikeness is clearly not sufficient to determine the choice of a language for comparison or contrast. No one has yet suggested the study of Chinese as an admirable means of mental discipline for the young. Other considerations, then, come into view deciding the selection. Of these may be stated three, which are, perhaps, the most important: 1st, The utility of the languages themselves to the future man in the intercourse of life; 2d, the value of the literature locked up in the strange tongues; 3d, the degree of their etymological relation to the mother tongue—an advantage not incompatible with that arising from the diversities of construction and of idiom. On these three especially should be founded the selection of the foreign languages to be studied, and by their test the question of priority decided, should the acquisition of more than one language be contemplated, which further must depend on the future avocations of the learner, and the peculiar circumstances in which he may be placed.*

But whatever be the course determined upon, let it be well considered that although foreign languages are studied mainly with a view to the ultimate benefits to be derived from their complete possession, intellectual education should be the object principally aimed at in the process of their acquisition. The mother tongue cannot, in mental training, supply the place of a foreign idiom; for it is so intimately associated with our feelings, so identified with our habits of thought, so much a part of ourselves, that it easily escapes analysis and critical investigation. It is by its comparison with other idioms that the powers of the mind are evolved, and sound notions of grammatical science are formed. At the same time, it must be remembered, that great as is the mental action which the study of a foreign language calls forth, it is limited in its effects; for each department of knowledge is addressed to some particular class of faculties. Intellectual superiority results from the harmonious development of all mental powers. Sciences and arts should, therefore, concur with literature and languages in producing a perfectly cultivated mind.

The objects of instruction being thus considerably multiplied, the time formerly devoted to linguistic learning must be proportionally shortened, to make room for the study of branches of knowledge indispensable to our advanced state of civilization. By abandoning the old system of tradition and routine, and by substituting a method founded upon sound philosophical principles, this object may be attained, not only without prejudice to the learner, but even to his advantage, by better applying his faculties. Method is to instruction, what machinery is in manufacture. We do not find that human labor is superseded; it is only better directed; men work as hard as ever, only they produce ten times more, and the task is better performed. Why, then, not apply to mind, as we have long done to matter, improved powers, improved combinations, and improved processes. Let a rational method be adopted; and we have no doubt that, by keeping constantly in view the real object of literary studies, and rejecting from them whatever is useless, foreign languages, ancient and modern, may be learned not only concurrently with, and subserviently to, scientific and industrial pursuits, but in such a manner also as to insure both their complete possession and the incidental benefits which arise from their study. The importance of the subject will be our motive as well as our excuse for entering into details, and for submitting the following remarks to the attention of the reader.

It is in the faculties of man, and in their mode of action in the acquisition of knowledge, that we must seek for the general principles on which the science of method is

* On this subject see "*The Relative Importance of Ancient and Modern Languages, considered as Branches of Education.*" D. Appleton & Co. New York.

based. The application of these principles to any one department of instruction constitutes a particular method, and varies according to the nature of the study and the ends proposed. Confining our attention to the particular object of this essay, we will here briefly examine what are the characteristic features of the method by which languages may be best acquired.

Classification is the fundamental law of a rational method; we should ascertain what things are to be learned, and in what order they are to be learned, before we think of the mode of learning them. The mind cannot effectively attend to several distinct things at the same time, if these are all equally new; it must be abstractedly engaged on one at a time. The study of language must, therefore, be subdivided into the branches which constitute the leading objects proposed from it, namely, the arts of understanding oral expression, of reading, speaking, and writing. It is essential to distinguish these ultimate objects from the exercises which, although requisite for attaining them, are, for the greater part, of little utility after the period of study. For want of sufficient distinction on this point, the ends and the means have often been confounded together, and the former sacrificed to the latter.

The principles of subdivision and gradation, by concentrating the powers of the mind on one thing at a time, are most powerful in instruction, as well as in the affairs of life: a rational method of learning languages, in conformity with these principles, ought to indicate the successive operations which are necessary at the different stages of the acquisition, so that each may suitably prepare for that which follows, and that all may gradually concur to the end proposed. It ought to prescribe the order in which the different departments of the study may be successively entered upon. Throughout the course, and particularly at the outset, an accumulation of difficulties should be avoided, not to discourage the learner and thus damp his progress.

Time will also be saved and the period of learning much shortened, if the method be sparing of those preparatory exercises, which make the student forget the end in pursuit of the means, and which not only render his labor unprofitable, should he happen to change his course, but divest study of interest by concealing from him its ultimate and real object. Young persons are averse to the acquisition of any knowledge, the application of which is either remote or unperceived. If they are given only such exercises as are consistent with the end proposed and such as keep this end in view, they will be stimulated by their consciousness of the useful results to which their efforts may eventually lead. And as, on proceeding, they can apply their acquisition to practical purposes, success becomes a powerful incentive to exertion and a continual source of enjoyment: it is thus that a good method makes the learner find pleasure on the road of duty.

One of the chief characteristics of a good method consists in enabling learners to dispense with the assistance of a teacher when they are capable of self-government. It should be so contrived as to excite and direct their spontaneous efforts, and lead them to the conviction that they have the power, if they have the will, to acquire whatever man has acquired. The prevailing notion that we must be taught every thing is a great evil. The most extensive education given by the most skilful masters often produces but inferior characters; that alone which we give to ourselves elevates us above mediocrity. The eminence attained by great men is always the result of their own industry.

A language, more than any other branch of instruction, may, to a great extent, be acquired without the aid of a teacher; for it is based on imitation. "All languages," says the celebrated tutor of Queen Elizabeth, "both learned and mother tongues, be gotten, and gotten solely by imitation."* As a child acquires, of himself, the vernacular

* Roger Ascham, the *Schoolmaster*.

tongue by imitating the living models, so does an adolescent learn foreign languages by imitating the written models: in either case, the frequency of *impressions* tends to secure the powers of *expression*. If this great principle were well understood and properly applied, it would bring the knowledge of languages down to the level of the meanest capacities, and, in a great measure, within the grasp of those whose pecuniary means deny them the advantage of teachers.

The natural process by which the vernacular idiom is acquired demonstrates what can be done by self-instruction, and presents the best model for our imitation in devising a method of learning languages. Without premeditated design on his part to learn, or on that of his parents to teach him the language, a young child unconsciously gains the power of understanding it when spoken. From the moment his perceptive faculties are in full activity, prompted by curiosity, he notices the looks, the tones, the gestures, which accompany the phraseology addressed to him, and, aided by sympathy, he readily apprehends the idea conveyed by the language of action. Once in possession of the idea, he instinctively associates it with the phraseology, the representative character of which becomes obvious to him by repetition. Thus he gradually masters the import of words, and finally understands the articulate language independently of the natural signs.

As the child, afterwards, wishes to express his particular wants and feelings, he instinctively repeats the expressions he has heard; but mostly modifies them conformably to others which are familiar to him: he adapts to different words, the order, verbal inflections, and grammatical concord, which he has heard used on similar occasions. When he repeats the expressions which he has heard, he speaks by *imitation*; when he alters them, and forms similar ones which he never heard before, he speaks by *analogy*. The one exercises his memory, the other his judgment. Such imitations and analogies, the first manifestations of his dawning reason, permit him always to suit his language to his social wants; analogy, especially, enables him to multiply his expressions in proportion to his increasing stock of ideas. It is from imitation and analogy that custom derives its authority in language.

Curiosity, sympathy, and perception, are sufficient to enable a young child to understand what is said—*imitation* and *analogy* to enable him to speak. The same result would be obtained in a foreign language, if these various faculties could be made to act a prominent part in the learning of it, but this cannot always be done completely; two of these faculties—sympathy and perception—are more especially suited to the social condition of infancy, and are not generally available in acquiring a foreign language after this period. However, our mental constitution provides for this deficiency, because their place is efficiently supplied by *imagination* and *conception*, which act respectively in the absence of persons and things as sympathy and perception do in their presence. With regard to the other three faculties,—curiosity, imitation, and analogy,—they are active and efficient at every period of life, and ought, consequently, to be resorted to in a rational method.

Although circumstances do not always permit the complete adaptation of the method of nature to the study of a foreign language, the fundamental principles on which it rests should always be kept in view, namely, *example* and *practice*. By these principles the child is easily and successfully led from the ideas to the signs, from the phraseology to the words, from the facts of language to the rules of grammar. By them also he may be led in a foreign, as in the native tongue, from hearing to speaking, and from reading to writing.

The complete knowledge of a language consists in the power of using it readily in all its forms and in every way in which it is required. This power depends on example more than on precept, on practice more than on theory. None of these great principles,

however, should be neglected; for as *example* and *practice* present materials for decomposition and classification, so *precept* and *theory* assist in recomposing the elements into their syntactical combinations and in generalizing the facts of language.

We call *analysis* the method which rests on *example* and *practice*, and leads by induction to the principles under which the facts of language may be classed; and *synthesis*, the method which makes *precept* and *theory* the starting point from which to arrive, by deduction, at the forms of expression.

In the acquisition of a foreign language, translation into the native tongue, the learning of words from the connected discourse—either in hearing or reading,—the study of the foreign writers, the expressing of ideas by analogy with the standard phraseology, and the discovery of grammatical principles by induction from the language, are examples of the analytical process. The learning of words, definitions, and rules of grammar, as an introduction to the study of a foreign language, and the writing of grammatical exercises, are examples of the synthetical process.

By analysis we discover truths; by synthesis we transmit them to others: hence the former is called the method of invention, and the latter the method of doctrine. Analysis, consistently with the generation of ideas and the process of nature, makes the learner pass from the known to the unknown; it leads him, by inductive reasoning, to the object of study, and is both interesting and improving, as it keeps the mind actively engaged. Synthesis, on the contrary, which imposes truths and sets out with abstractions, presents little interest, and few means of mental activity in the first stages of instruction. But, although it yields to analysis in efficiency, for all practical purposes, it should not be entirely rejected; it is necessary for completing the work commenced by analysis. These two processes are a mutual assistance and proof to each other. In a rational method we should follow the natural course of mental investigation; we should proceed from facts up to principles, and then from principles down to consequences; we should begin with analysis and conclude with synthesis.

The benefits derived from a foreign language, considered as a vehicle for receiving and communicating ideas, are consequent on a knowledge of it, and commensurate with the wealth of its literature, with the advancement in science of the nation to which it belongs, and with the number of persons who use it habitually. But the other benefits—improvement in the native tongue and intellectual discipline—which arise from the very exercises by which the foreign language is learned, are only incidental, and depend not so much on the language as on the method pursued in its acquisition.

There are two distinct modes of proceeding in learning a foreign language; the one is the *practical* or *natural* process, the other the *comparative* or *artificial*. The former is the more rapid and the more successful for merely acquiring the use of a language; but the latter, although a slow mode of proceeding, is the only means by which the incidental benefits can be secured.

The practical and the comparative methods have each their distinct sphere of action: the former exercises the powers of perception, imitation, and analogy; the latter, those of reflection, conception, comparison, and reasoning; the first leads to the art, the second to the science of language. The practical process requires little mental effort, and leads instinctively to a mastery of a language; the comparative process, on the contrary, by presenting difficulties which unceasingly call the reflective powers into action, inures the learners to self-reliance, self-direction, and intellectual labor, which constitute its chief merit as an instrument of moral and mental discipline. The one teaches how to use a language, the other how to use the higher faculties of the mind. The combination of both would constitute the most efficient system.

Daily experience offers striking illustrations of the incomplete results of these two methods, when pursued separately. Those who have been confined to practice in

acquiring their own or a foreign language, have not, by this acquisition, added much to their original stock of mental activity; and, although they may speak either language with great volubility, they are generally deficient in literary discrimination. On the other hand, a considerable number of persons could be found, who, having attended to the analysis of a few foreign standard authors rather than indulged in extensive reading, or in the practice of the language, could not, in the least, use it as a vehicle of thought, whilst, through its means, their intellectual character has been raised, their taste refined, and their power of native expression improved.

The distinction between the practical and the comparative method shows why the study of a second language, whether ancient or modern, is more favorable to mental culture than the acquiring of the native tongue. But the benefits of the comparative method depending, in a great measure, on a practical knowledge of the vernacular, this ought to be made the groundwork of the study of a foreign idiom. A complete course of education should commence with the vernacular, and means should be unfolded for imparting it to young people, and for making it, at the same time, the medium of mental development during the first period of youth. Foreign languages will afterwards become the most efficient means by which to improve the powers of oral and written composition in the native tongue.

A child learning a foreign language under circumstances similar to those in which he acquired his own, may follow the same course with equal results; but the case is different with learners who have passed the age of childhood, and who study the language through their own as a branch of scholastic instruction, or who have not the advantage of an instructor's daily assistance: another course must, in this case, be adopted, as conformable, however, with that of nature as circumstances permit.

The comparative method, which supplies as a substitute for the natural process, although generally slower in imparting a practical knowledge of a language, possesses the advantage of being a better instrument of mental training, as was remarked before. Being, moreover, the only means by which the acquisition of foreign languages can be rendered accessible to the generality of people, we will here enter into some more minute details as to the order prescribed by this method, and examine how the four branches of *reading*, *hearing*, *speaking*, and *writing*, which constitute the complete knowledge of a language, may be rendered auxiliary to each other in the gradual advancement of the student.

The articulate and the written signs of language, being conventional, a familiarity with their import and form must be gained before they can be properly applied to the expression of thought; in other words, we must commence by receiving, not by communicating ideas. It is only after ideas have, by means of their signs, been impressed on our minds, that we can, by imitation, express the same or analogous ideas in using the same signs. *Impression* of language, which is effected through *hearing* and *reading*, must therefore precede *expression*, which is effected by *speaking* and *writing*. This order is the more rational as the practice of the former two branches is considerably easier than that of the latter two: the arts of hearing and reading only require a previous slight acquaintance with the words and phraseology; and, in many instances, the object is attained by merely guessing. This is so true, especially as regards the power of understanding oral expression, that a child twelve or eighteen months old is already a proficient in it, who would be utterly incapable of improvement in any other department of language. In a foreign tongue, as in the native, we may, from the context, or by analogy, understand words which we never heard or saw before; we may also be directed to the meaning of a speaker or writer by a previous acquaintance with the subject; but, for the purpose of speaking and writing, neither the most acute sagacity, the most inventive powers, nor the most thorough knowledge of the subject will avail: not

only should we previously know the words expressive of the ideas to be conveyed, but we should also be intimately acquainted with their various shades of meaning, their inflections, grammatical concord, syntactical arrangement, and idiomatic forms.

This is sufficiently proved by experience: the greater number of those who listen to orators in the pulpit, at the bar, or in public assemblies, would be utterly incapable of speaking for five minutes on the subjects treated by those orators, although they may understand them perfectly. Very few are those who can write with ease and correctness, in their own language, on even the simplest subjects, whilst tens of thousands read and clearly understand the popular works. Persons of an ordinary capacity and with an ordinary education, are very nearly on an equality with the brightest geniuses and the most profound scholars, in the exercise of hearing and of reading; but the well-educated far surpass the ignorant in the power of speaking and writing: in fact, superior minds alone can approach perfection in these two arts. This remark applies with equal force to foreign idioms: they are often translated with considerable facility and correctness by persons who would be utterly unable to speak or write them with tolerable accuracy.

Impression and *expression* constitute the double object of language, and mark the principal subdivision and order of the study. Correct impressions are received from proper models, and correct expressions are produced by a judicious imitation of them. Models are of two kinds, *men* and *books*. The child, while acquiring the native tongue, is under the influence which he receives from the former: the mother, the nurse, his elder brothers and sisters, in fact, all those who approach him, act as living models. If they speak correctly, the little imitator has the benefit of a good pronunciation and accurate expressions; if incorrectly, he adopts unconsciously a defective mode of speaking.

The *home-learner* of a foreign language has not usually the advantage of living models; for the professor cannot, in his occasional lessons, adequately supply the place of those by whom childhood is surrounded: he must, therefore, have recourse to books. The reading of foreign authors, by translation, becomes the groundwork of his study, as hearing is the groundwork in the native tongue. Books present great facilities for studying the language in the absence of the teacher; they can, in point of matter and style, as well as by means of explanations accompanying them, be adapted to a beginner, and to every degree of capacity and proficiency. That the highest degree of perfection in reading, exclusively of pronunciation, can be attained, independently of any assistance from an instructor, is proved by experience; for self-instructed persons commonly secure this object to the exclusion of the other departments of the study.

Books are a good substitute for men, when a language is learned away from the country where it is spoken. To read a work is to listen to its author; a language is then learned as practically and imitatively, by reading books, as by listening to men. The analogy between these two modes of proceeding is complete: translating the foreign books into the native tongue interprets the foreign idiom to the beginner, as the language of action interprets to the infant the meaning of the persons who speak the vernacular within his hearing. The one is learned from the writers as the other from the speakers.

In the vernacular tongue, the child left to himself acquires the pronunciation with the import of oral expression, as a natural consequence of his hearing it habitually, and remains ignorant of the written signs, which he subsequently learns by a special course of instruction based on his knowledge of the spoken words. In a similar way, but in an inverted order, the person who begins the study of a second language through the medium of books, gains at first a familiarity with its written form; he must, afterwards, by suitable exercises in hearing, be taught the import and pronunciation of the spoken words corresponding to the written words with which he is acquainted.

In the foreign, as in the native tongue, these two points,—*reading and hearing*,—are the most important, both as ultimate objects and as means of learning to speak and write. We must have long observed, in books and in conversation, what ideas people attach to words, before we can, in our turn, use these conventional signs in speaking or writing. *Reading and hearing* must, in a rational method, first be aimed at, as being the means through which *imitation*—the first law which presides over the acquisition of language—enables us to gain the power of *speaking and writing*. The study of the latter two branches will afterwards afford learners the opportunity of applying the second law,—*analogy*. The comprehension of what is written and spoken affords also the means of analyzing speech and deducing the science of language; it thus becomes the foundation on which is raised the reconstruction of it; analysis leads to synthesis.

Having assigned to each of the four branches its place and degree of importance, we will now, before entering on the details of the method by which their acquisition is best secured, conclude our general observations on the study of language by adverting to the impropriety of making grammar an introduction to it, at the same time examining in what a course of grammatical studies consists.

Grammar may be viewed in two lights, either as a collection of rules which serve to guide us in the expression of thought, or as an investigation of the principles of language deduced from the nature and relations of the ideas to be represented. In the first light, grammar, applying only to the facts of one language, is called *particular*, and constitutes *an art*; in the second, grammar, proposing to explain the nature of words and their relations by the nature and relations of the things which they represent, and also to account for the mode of using them by a consideration of the mental operations on which it depends, is said to be *general*, because it embraces the principles of all languages; it then constitutes *a science*, being founded on the universal and immutable laws of external nature and of the human mind. There are as many particular grammars as there are languages; whereas, there is only one general grammar, one science of language.

The art of grammar gives the rules for using the materials of one language; the science of grammar gives the rationale of all the facts of language. The art is local,—its rules are established by custom; the science is universal,—its principles are independent of custom. The former is available to those who possess the materials of one language, the latter to those who are acquainted with several idioms: the one, when studied at a proper time, is conducive to the acquisition of a critical knowledge of a language; the other affords no aid in this acquisition, but tends to exercise the higher powers of the mind.

Of these two departments of grammar, the art is the one more especially resorted to as an auxiliary to the study of a foreign language, because it is the record, and not the rationale, of the facts which, by exhibiting the usage of a language, has led people to presume that students could thus be made to conform to that usage. With regard to the science of grammar, no one can, consistently with reason, entertain the opinion that it is capable of affording assistance towards gaining skill in reading or speaking a foreign language; for it is evident that the power of philosophizing about language in general, and the power of using one in particular, are completely distinct. It is only through a confusion of terms, that the denomination of grammatical science is sometimes given to the theory of particular languages, when considered as auxiliary to their acquisition.

That little assistance is given by grammars in acquiring a language, appears from what was accomplished before their existence. A language must be long in use and have attained a certain degree of consistency,—it must be spoken and written by men of talent and information, who give it a character of stability, before it can become the object of grammatical inquiry, before its words can be classified, or their syntactical

concord and arrangement be generalized—before, in fact, its genius and form can be subjected to a code of laws. Hence we find, that in all languages, grammars have been subsequent to standard literary works; they are formed from great writers, not great writers by them.

Although Hebrew is a most ancient language, yet it was only in the year 1040 of our era, that it was, for the first time, reduced to principles and rules by Rabbi Judah Ching of Fez.* The grammatical art afforded, consequently, no assistance to Moses in writing the Pentateuch, nor to David in the composition of his sublime psalms, nor to any other of the sacred writers.

Plato, among the Greeks, indulged in grammatical researches, as may be seen in his book "*Cratylus*;" but Aristotle, his disciple, was the first who analyzed language, divided the parts of speech, and laid the foundation of a grammar. To these incomplete essays four books of syntax were afterwards added by Apollonius of Alexandria; and many years elapsed before grammar was publicly taught, for the first time, at Athens, by Epicurus. These were the first grammarians of a people, who, long before, had produced almost all the literary master-pieces which are still the delight of the learned, and, among others, the works of Homer, Pindar, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Thucydides, and Xenophon.

Rome did not, it is true, remain so long without grammatical works; Ennius had early turned his attention to points of grammar; so had, afterwards, Varro and Cicero. Julius Cæsar himself, in the midst of camps, had written a treatise on the analogy of words; but it was only subsequently to the glorious Augustan age, that regular grammars were in use among the Romans, when the Latin language was in its decline. In the study of the Greek, which held in their education the same degree of importance that French does in that of modern nations, they made no use of grammars, but acquired it altogether by reading and conversation. It was only when the young Romans knew Greek practically, as they did their own language, that they were sent to the schools of the grammarians, whose office it then was to perfect their delivery, and explain to them the beauties of the best writers.

Those instructors, who, in the time of the Roman republic, assumed the name of grammarians (*grammatici*), were not engaged, as the name seems to imply, in lecturing or writing on what now constitutes grammar: their chief occupation consisted in directing the attention of their pupils to composition, oratorical delivery, and the highest branches of literature. This epithet was afterwards in so great repute among the Greeks and the Romans, that the most illustrious writers took pride in it. It was, in fact, given to those who were eminent in eloquence, history, and philosophy.

Long after the revival of letters, in the sixteenth century, Déphantère in France, and Lily in England, wrote, in doggerel Latin verse, incomplete essays of Latin grammar. Lily was assisted in the composition of his work by Dean Colet and Erasmus, who, themselves, very sparingly enjoined the use of it in classic learning. It was some time after, in the reign of Elizabeth, that the practice was first introduced of writing Latin exercises, against which the learned Ascham vehemently declaims; and, about the same period, regular dictionaries made their first appearance. But the system of teaching by grammar and writing exercises by the help of dictionaries, was not prevalent until about the middle of the seventeenth century; and, from that period, it may, without hesitation, be affirmed, that few celebrated practical Latinists have been known anywhere.

Before the introduction of these supposed aids, Latin was spoken and used actually as a living language by all literary men. Some of the most distinguished among these have declared, that practice in reading the classics and listening to their instructors,

* See Vossius, *De Arte Grammatica*, and J. Wilkins, *An Essay towards a Real Character*.

were the only means which they had employed to arrive at the extraordinary practical knowledge which they possessed of that language, in which some of them were much better versed than in their own. Justus Lipsius, a profound scholar of the sixteenth century, condemns in the most energetic terms the use of grammars, and declares himself indebted for his erudition only to his study of the ancient classics. Jos. Justus Scaliger, another great scholar, who lived about the same time, knew twelve or thirteen languages, for the acquisition of which he affirmed to have never made use of grammars or dictionaries.

The inadequacy of grammar towards the acquisition of modern languages is equally manifest. At the beginning of this century, before the publication of Murray's Grammar, the one in general use was "Lowth's Introduction." It is but a small volume, which, nevertheless, was considered as fully sufficient for the wants of the English at that time.

Previously to the existence of this work, Dr. Johnson had prefixed to his Dictionary a short grammar, which, by Dr. Lowth's account, comprises the whole syntax in ten lines, and yet made, he observes, no part of the ordinary method of instruction in those days; so that correct speaking and writing were then independent of grammatical studies. Dr. Lowth himself, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Young, Thomson, Johnson, Burns, and others, whose works will live as long as the English language, had not, in their childhood, learned any English grammar.

The same has happened in France: Corneille, Molière, Lafontaine, Pascal, Bossuet, Boileau, Racine, whose language was that which prevailed among the well educated class of their days, had written their master-pieces long before the publication of any regular French grammar. The first work which appeared on this subject deserving the name of grammar, was that of "Port-Royal," published towards the close of these celebrated writers' literary career; it, however, treats of the general principles of language, not of those which are peculiar to the French. The few treatises which preceded it were but imperfect dissertations on the elements of language, more curious than useful, and, for the most part, written in Latin. The grammars which have subsequently come to light, have not, that we know, enabled later writers to surpass their predecessors.

Bembo was the first who laid grammatical rules for the Italian language, two hundred years after Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio had given to the world their immortal works.

If we now turn our attention to the learning of a foreign language, which is the subject under immediate consideration, the impropriety of commencing with the study of grammar becomes still more obvious. In this pursuit the student's first care must be to insure the power of understanding the works written in that language, and the persons who speak it; but grammar cannot give any assistance in these two acquisitions; it does not explain the meaning of words and idioms, which, in fact, is the first, we may even say, the only difficulty in the path of a learner at his entrance into the study of a foreign language. And yet, strange to say, this is the general way some people proceed in teaching a foreign language; as a preparation for translating it, young persons are kept for a considerable time on grammatical technology, which has little to do with the import of words. In fact, one may know a great deal about the inflections, concord, and government of words—about grammatical technicalities and definitions—and yet be completely in the dark with regard to the true meaning of words and sentences.

The definition of grammar, that it is "*the art of speaking and writing correctly*," is intended to apply to a language already practically known, not to one which is not known; for it is obvious that the knowledge of the grammar of any language does not impart the power of expression to him who is not in possession of its materials, or, at least, of a large portion of them. There are many learned philologists, thoroughly versed

in the grammatical systems of several Eastern languages, for example, who can neither speak, write, nor even read them. But, admitting, for a moment, the correctness of the common definition of grammar, and its applicability to a foreign tongue proposed to be learned, it must be at once conceded that, consistently with this definition, the use of grammar is confined to these two branches—*Speaking* and *Writing*—(and with a view to their attainment alone are all particular grammars written); it cannot be of much assistance towards *understanding the language* either of men or books. The latter twofold acquirement, attainable even by the youngest child and by a person of the meanest capacity, is the result of mere practice, and is independent of rules. Thus, in the native tongue, although grammar proves very useful for attaining correctness in *speaking* and *writing*, it is never contemplated as a means of *understanding what is spoken and written*. And since the arts of *reading* and *hearing* are, as we have seen, the first things to be learned in a foreign language, it necessarily follows that grammar, affording no assistance in learning these arts, is supererogatory at the entrance upon the study.

The observations which we have just made are borne out by the highest authorities; for, since the earliest time to the present, efforts have been made by the most eminent scholars and grammarians themselves to oppose the gradual encroachment of grammar in schools. Dean Colet, in his address to the masters of St. Paul's school, of which he was the founder, impresses on them the propriety of explaining the classic authors to their pupils in preference to teaching them the grammar. His friends, Cardinal Wolsey and Erasmus, entirely coincided with him in opinion, as may be seen in a letter of the former to the masters of Ipswich school, and in the *Ecclesiastes* and other works of the latter. After them Roger Ascham, whose whole life was devoted to education, protested against grammar being made an elementary study. In alluding to the double translation, of which we shall treat hereafter, he observes; "This is a lively and perfect way of teaching of rules, whereas the common way used in common schools to read the grammar alone by itself is tedious for the master, hard for the scholar, cold and uncomfortable for them both."*

A few detached thoughts from Locke will show that this great philosopher also deprecated the use of grammar as an introduction to the study of a foreign language. "I would fain," he says, "have any one name to me that tongue that any one can learn, or speak as he should do, by the rules of grammar".... "If grammar ought to be taught at any time, it must be to one that can speak the language already".... "Nobody is made any thing by hearing of rules or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule.".... "The knowledge a gentleman would ordinarily draw for his use out of the Roman and Greek writers, I think he may attain without studying the grammars of those tongues; and by bare reading may come to understand them sufficiently for all his purposes.".... "I know not why any one should waste his time and beat his head about the Latin grammar, who does not intend to be a critic, or make speeches, or write despatches in the Latin language."†

Nothing, indeed, is more absurd than to fatigue the student by loading his memory with the rules of a language which he does not yet understand; they are of no use to him if he has it not in his power to apply them. "The rules of grammar," says Talleyrand, "which are results demonstrated for him who is already acquainted with languages, and who has meditated on them, cannot, in any way, be the means of knowing them for him who is not acquainted with them. They are consequences; we cannot, without doing violence to reason, present them as principles."‡

* *The Schoolmaster.*

† *Thoughts on Education, and Essay on the Conduct of the Human Mind.*

‡ *Rapport sur l'Instruction Publique.*

Let us now consider the art of grammar more especially as an auxiliary to *speaking* and *writing*. We have already admitted its usefulness towards acquiring these two branches; but the study of it should be simultaneous with, not previous to, their acquisition: it will be the more profitable as the learner is a greater proficient in reading and hearing. The essential object of grammar is to teach, within certain limits, how to use correctly a language already practically known,—not how to speak or write one which is not known. In a foreign language the rules of syntax are as ineffective an introduction to a correct and graceful expression, as the rules of orthoëpy to a pure and pleasing pronunciation. In either, nothing can supply the place of good models.

The art of language being founded on imitation, the capability of practising it must be obtained by a process analogous to that by which all imitative arts are acquired. Although every art is based on scientific principles, and can be reduced to rules, the collection of which constitutes its theory, yet the knowledge of these principles and rules is not the means through which it can be mastered, nor is it the main object of the practitioner. In every art great powers of execution are independent of theory.

We admit that the theory may greatly assist the practice; but it is only at an advanced stage, when the learner is already familiarized with the practical elements of the art; and, even then, it is not absolutely necessary for attaining skill in applying that art; many of those which are now in existence had risen to a high degree of excellence, before science explained the laws by which they were governed. From the epic poems of Homer, composed long before Aristotle wrote on the art of epic poetry, down to the steam-engine, which had exhibited its wonderful powers on sea and land before scientific treatises explained its mechanism, practice in all the arts preceded theory.

"The practice," says Archbishop Whately, "not only may exist independently of the theory, but must have preceded it."* As logic does not enable one to reason, who is not previously endowed with the power of reasoning, so grammar does not teach to speak; it can only assist those who already speak. We can no more learn to speak by the rules of grammar, than we can learn to walk by the laws of equilibrium. It is as irrational to make grammar the starting point in learning to speak or write a language, as it would be to impose on a child the study of perspective and the theory of colors as the preliminary step to learning the art of painting. Language may, in more than one respect, be assimilated to painting. In both, rules are unavailable before having made some progress in the practice; in both, he who wishes to excel must have long confined himself to the imitation of good models, and to the study of the great masters, before he ventures to trust to his judgment and imagination in the execution of original composition.

The causes which have led to the use of words, to their pronunciation, orthography, inflections, and arrangements, are so numerous and so diversified, that extreme irregularity prevails throughout language. If we wish to submit its numberless forms to rules, as an assistance in speaking, these will be so multiplied, that it will be by far more difficult to retain them all than the whole language itself. Few persons can think of rules when in the act of speaking; attention is then absorbed in the subject of discourse, and the memory is engaged in selecting the words which may suit the ideas. If the speaker is in possession of abundant materials, the thought has been no sooner conceived than its adequate expression is formed by analogy, and the tongue gives it life without the remotest attention to grammatical considerations.

The national language of every country is acquired with extreme facility. Children, at the age of five or six, talk fluently, without having heard of rules, without even dreaming that speech is capable of being decomposed into words and letters. They

* *Elements of Logic.*

begin to study the principles of their own language when they are already in possession of the practical part. Many persons, indeed, could be found, who express themselves correctly without having learned grammar at all, and who, if they were told that they speak according to *syntax*, would be as much astonished as Molière's Bourgeois-gentilhomme, who, when informed that he spoke in *prose*, acknowledged that, until then, he had never been aware of it.

So varied and multiplied are the forms of a language, that, however comprehensive a work on grammar may be, it will always leave innumerable expressions without rules for their construction. The art of grammar adds little to the learner's vocabulary; and yet an extensive stock of words is the most indispensable acquisition for good speaking or good writing; because, without copiousness of language, there is no possibility of suiting expressions to ideas in the diversified circumstances of intellectual communication. It tells neither the pronunciation nor the orthography, which are equally indispensable for speaking or writing correctly. It affords but little assistance in ascertaining the innumerable instances in which languages differ in the application of apparently corresponding words, in the use of prepositions, the tenses and moods of verbs, or in the mode of supplying ellipses and the deficiencies of a language. It teaches not the propriety of metaphors, the euphony of vocal arrangement, the idiomatic forms of speech, the various acceptations of words, the different shades of meaning which characterize the terms called synonymous; in fine, none of those niceties of expression, which constitute the genius, force, and elegance, of a language, and which can be acquired only through an extensive and critical reading of standard works.

Grammar assists so little in freeing the expression of thought from inaccuracy, obscurity, and nonsense, that a composition may be strictly grammatical and, withal, replete with incongruities of all sorts,—bad spelling, inappropriate terms, inelegancies, alliterations, pleonasm, barbarisms, awkward constructions, unsuitable figures, illogical deductions. This truth is forcibly illustrated by those who, in learning a foreign language, have attended to grammatical principles and exercises more than to good models; they often express themselves most incorrectly and ludicrously in that language, although they may not violate a single rule of grammar. They are apt to utter their errors with laughable confidence, and sometimes pertinaciously adhere to them, under the conviction that they speak grammatically. But, "to speak grammatically," says Quintilian, "is one thing, to speak Latin is another."* If, then, grammar contributes comparatively so little to perspicuity and accuracy of expression, to elegance and purity of style, to soundness and connection of ideas, is it not absurd to call it, "THE art of speaking and writing correctly," and to make it the sole preparation for acquiring these two departments of language?

The common definition of grammar was correct for the ancients, who included under that name all the departments of the arts of speaking and writing; but, confined as it now is to Accidence, which treats of the nature and inflections of words, and to Syntax, which furnishes rules for their arrangement and concord, it is only one of the many elements of good speaking and good writing. Among the other elements may be mentioned Lexicography, which records the signification and orthography of words; Etymology, which treats of their composition and derivation; Orthoepey, which establishes their right pronunciation; Prosody, which teaches the accent and quantity of syllables, and the measure of verse; Synonymy, which exhibits the shades of difference between words of apparently similar meaning; Rhetoric, which explains figurative forms and the principles of style; Logic, which shows the relation and dependence of the ideas expressed. A grammar affords no means of mastering these various depart-

* "Aliud est grammaticè, aliud latine loqui."—*Inst. Orat.*, Lib. I., Cap. vii.

ments of composition; it cannot, of itself, any more than a dictionary, for example, constitute the art of speaking and writing correctly. If any such art exist, it ought to devolve on all these departments of language collectively, not on one of them exclusively. However, it is impossible to subject completely the expression of ideas to general and fixed laws: custom will always, in defiance of rule and reason, introduce in language innumerable idiomatic and irregular forms, which are nevertheless perfectly correct.

There are few prejudices more universal and more deeply rooted than that of thinking that it is impossible to learn foreign languages at home otherwise than by the rules of grammar. A foreign language ought undoubtedly to be known grammatically; but this does not mean that it should be learned through grammar; it means that it should be spoken and written conformably to the practice of the best speakers and writers. If we reflect that grammarians do not impose laws on language, but only state, within certain limits, what is the common usage among those who speak and write well, it will be obvious that the readiest and most direct way of ascertaining this usage is to frequent the society of well-educated people, and study the best writers. Thus shall we learn from them, as the grammarians themselves have done, what constitutes good speaking and good writing; for let it well be considered that correct language is more effectually acquired from good models than from treatises on the art of writing, as polite manners are more effectually secured from good society than from precepts on good breeding.

But if grammar, considered as an introductory study, is, as we have endeavored to prove, both inefficient and perplexing, it cannot be denied that as a means of mental culture at an advanced stage, it is highly important and interesting. It forms the mind to habits of order and clearness; concurrently with logic and rhetoric, it accustoms learners to accuracy of language, and hence, to accuracy of thinking; by enabling them to account for the correctness of their expressions, it gives them more confidence in speaking and writing; and, by generalizing the insulated facts of language, it renders their knowledge of it more extensive and permanent. A thorough grammarian sees analogy where others see only accident; he avoids errors not by blind habit, but by principle. In fact, grammar is the indispensable completion of the study of language; it unites and strengthens its several parts into a harmonious whole; secures its stability, beauty, and symmetry. No one can be said to possess an intelligent, profound, and critical knowledge of a language, unless he has generalized its particulars and ascertained the principles on which they rest.

If, then, grammar does not of itself constitute the art of speaking and writing correctly, it contributes largely to this double object. It is too important a branch of literary instruction to be exposed to the risk of not being understood by our imposing it prematurely on children and on beginners. It must be studied, but studied at a proper season and in the proper way then it will prove useful to learners; for if practice in the arts precedes theory, theory in its turn improves the arts.

The office of grammar is to determine the relations which the constituent parts of speech bear to each other in significant combinations. On a knowledge of the combinations rests the power of inferring the relations of the parts. Particular grammar is an inductive art, as general grammar is an inductive science; and in all such arts or sciences we arrive at general principles by inference from facts: the more numerous these are, the more easily and the more certainly are the principles ascertained. The student, ambitious to master the grammar of a language, should first diligently collect facts, examine them in all their bearings, and compare them with each other; he may afterwards sum up the result of his investigations. It is only after a careful analysis of facts that we can generalize and classify them.

If, for instance, a number of individual expressions be presented, in which the same peculiarity of arrangement prevails, any young person of ordinary capacity will be struck by the resemblance, will readily imitate that peculiarity of arrangement when required to construct other sentences of the same sort, and will easily of himself infer the rule which governs them all. This analytical mode of studying grammar, similar to the intellectual process by which we arrive at a knowledge of the natural laws, is the most rational and the most favorable to mental discipline: it consists in observing facts, comparing them, remarking their resemblances and differences, and afterwards bringing into the same class all similar facts. Those which may be generalized constitute the rules, and those which are not comprised within any class form the exceptions. Thus observation, comparison, and generalization, are the essential means of arriving at the knowledge of a particular grammar. It is by this inductive process that all grammars have been made.

Beneficial, however, as it may be for a learner to observe by himself, he should not be refused the instruments which may help him in his observations. It is not enough that, in reading and analyzing authors, he should infer the rules of composition by induction from the phraseology; this random way of acquiring the grammatical principles of the language would never give him a complete and systematic knowledge of them; a methodical treatise on the subject is indispensable, if he wish to have a comprehensive view of the theory of a language. A few months of assiduous study of a good grammar, after sufficient practice in inferring the rules from the written page, would tend to generalize, connect, and complete the scattered notions of grammar acquired by induction in reading foreign authors.

Pursued in this way, the study of grammar will prove eminently beneficial by bringing into activity all the faculties of the mind; and, although it does not necessarily imply the power of reaching the standard of the great models, it furnishes the student with the means of entering into the secret of composition, of exploring the mysterious law of creative genius, and of comparing its productions with the rules of composition. Thus he will learn how to follow with success the steps of the great masters, when his turn comes for literary labors. But, should the learner not carry his views so high, still this course of serious studies will not be fruitless: it will enable him to examine literary works more minutely, and will render their perusal more profitable and interesting; it will make him distinguish what constitutes elegance and vulgarity, clearness and obscurity of style, and will thus enable him to discern and appreciate the merit of literary compositions; it will tend to prevent that blind and implicit veneration which too often causes people to confound in their admiration what is good and bad in the style of celebrated writers. Should the rules of literary criticism produce no other result, save to guard against frivolous and false judgments, they would be a valuable acquisition.

This study, however, should not engage the attention to the exclusion of practice; for, without the means of applying the grammatical principles, these would be of very little avail. Let it be well considered that practice alone may lead to grammar, but grammar alone could never lead to practice.

The superiority of practice over theory sufficiently indicates the place which grammar ought to hold in a rational method, and justifies the observations which we have made on this subject. These observations are not altogether new; but, were they even so, they ought not, on that account, to be disregarded; for novelty does not prejudice a truth, nor does antiquity justify an error, or consecrate an absurdity.

Having laid down the great principles on which rest the teaching and learning of foreign languages, we will now expound the method by which this double object may be effectually attained.

To reading has been assigned the first place in the study of a foreign language, because it is the easiest of the four branches, the most important as an ultimate object, and the most useful as a means by which to arrive at the other branches of a language learned out of the country in which it is spoken.

Easy, however, as this acquisition may be, time and labor have often been wasted in the pursuit, from not knowing how to proceed. There are difficulties incident to all study; an accumulation of them must be carefully avoided at every period, especially in the commencement. Plato and Locke are, with Quintilian, among the many who recommend us to facilitate the first steps of study. "Young beginners," says Quintilian, "require to be put on the road, and that road to be made smooth and easy."* "The great use and skill of a teacher," observes Locke, "is to make all as easy as he can."† It is undoubtedly part of his duty to save his pupils waste of time and labor. The more rapidly one language is learned, the more languages, the more sciences and arts may be studied within the period of scholastic education. Let beginners then be afforded every assistance which it is in the power of books and masters to afford.

Convinced that the easiest mode of obtaining instruction is not always the best, or the most favorable to intellectual development, we shall subsequently suggest modes of great mental exertion. But, in translating the first volumes, the difficulties of apprehending and remembering the signification of many new words, of construing them into intelligible sentences, and rendering them into correct native expressions, are quite sufficient to engross the beginner's attention, exercise his judgment, and bring out his reflective powers; he should be spared the irksome work of looking for these words in a lexicon, selecting one of their many equivalents, and consulting a grammar respecting their inflections, their concord, their place, or the irregularities which may affect them. All this mental labor should be reserved for a more advanced stage in the study.

Acquaintance with the foreign words should be the primary object of the learner. He should be afforded every facility for ascertaining their exact value in a ready and easy manner. To this effect the text of the first book which he translates should be accompanied by faithful interpretations and such explanations as are necessary. The study of the declensions and conjugations, as well as the articles, pronouns, prepositions, and conjunctions, conjointly with translations, would smooth his way, by exhibiting at once the relations between the substantives, adjectives, and verbs. This will especially apply when the inflections of these latter words are very numerous; but it must be borne in mind that the grammatical distinctions under which these inflections are classified are of but little import to the beginner; and, as the ability to comprehend a language cannot be gained through the knowledge of grammatical definitions or syntactical rules, these should be dispensed with as a preparation for translation.

The dictionary should not be introduced at this early period, especially in the case of young learners, who are very awkward at using it. Even in the hands of adults, recourse to such a book consumes considerable time in the beginning, when they have to look for nearly every word of the foreign author, and to choose one of the various native equivalents it offers to them—an operation extremely difficult at the beginning of a sentence, because the particular acceptation of a word, depending on the context, cannot be determined when the remainder of that sentence is as yet unknown. The search for single words often requires more time than would the reading of whole sentences by means of a verbal translation accompanying the text; and the slowness with which their meanings reach the mind not only renders it difficult to seize their collective sense, but the process is so little calculated to fix them on the memory, that the learner not

* "Via opus est incipientibus sed ea plana, et cum ad ingrediendum tum ad demonstrandum expedita."—QUINTILIAN, *Instit. Orat. Lib. viii.*, Proem.

† *Thoughts on Education.*

unfrequently has forgotten the first words of a sentence before he has arrived at the last, and must go through the annoying and laborious task of searching for them a second time. Reference to a dictionary should only be had recourse to, when, after having gained some proficiency in reading, the learner has few words to look for, and is able to select the most appropriate from the numerous translations attached to the words in a lexicon.

The knowledge of words is in proportion—not, as commonly believed, to the trouble one has had in discovering their meanings—but to the eagerness with which the mind receives them, to the fitness of the time for learning them, to the intensity of attention bestowed on them, to the frequency of their recurrence, and to the opportunities one has of using them afterwards. The old adage, "*easily learned soon forgot*," applies to what is learned without sufficient attention, not to what is quickly conceived. When words are acquired at the moment they are wanted, attention is vividly roused, and they remain indelibly engraved on the memory.

So the young child, moved by the simple impulse of nature, arrives, without much trouble, at a knowledge of the words of his own language, and yet retains them with astonishing ease; every gesture, every tone of the voice, every expression of the countenance, assists him in discovering the sense of what he hears. A similar mode of proceeding may be adopted in reading foreign books, by accompanying the text by a vernacular interpretation, that is an explanation of the words, placed either between the lines of the text, or in the margin underneath, or in the page opposite, or in a separate volume. Of these different arrangements, the first is the least desirable, because it perplexes the eye and diverts the attention from the text; the others present less temptation to apply unnecessarily to the interpretations; and the last, more especially provides against the pupils glancing at the explanation, when examined by their teacher, besides presenting other advantages to be mentioned hereafter when speaking of double translation. It is particularly to self-instructing students, and to those who must prepare their task in the intervals of the lessons, that the help afforded by such books will prove useful. In public instruction, especially, when the pupils cannot have the undivided attention of their teacher, these works are calculated in a great measure to supply his place; and although their assistance alone cannot be as efficient as that of a well-informed private instructor, who can always suit the explanation of difficulties to the capacity of each individual, and illustrate passages in a more satisfactory manner than could be done by writing, yet such is the facility afforded by these explanatory books for beginning the study of the written language, that children, who at all times need the assistance of a teacher, might successfully undertake that study under the direction even of a person but superficially acquainted with the language.

Indeed, the use of these books is in perfect accordance with the natural process by which the infant associates ideas with the first words that he hears in the vernacular tongue. The native expressions addressed to him are always accompanied with tones, looks, and gestures, which explain them at once. The translation attached to the text interprets the foreign words at once, as the language of action interprets the native, and insures the knowledge of them more effectually than the dictionary, because words are better remembered when one appropriate meaning is attached to them, than when the judgment is divided between many different interpretations. By means of these explanations, practice soon associates in the mind of the learner the foreign words with the native, so that a recurrence of the former will readily recall the latter; and thus will the power of comprehending the written language be rapidly acquired. This method has in some degree even an advantage over that of nature; for, intelligible as the language of action proves to be to the child, it is evident that it cannot always convey to him the meaning of words, particularly of those which express abstract ideas, or of things not within the power of perception at the time, as precisely and as rapidly as a verbal inter-

pretation accompanying the text does to a person who studies a foreign language. The latter ought, therefore, to be understood by a learner in less time than the native tongue by the child. If the grammar and dictionary method is so deplorably tedious, it is because it is in direct opposition to nature.

Interlineal translation is not a modern discovery; it was known as far back as the ninth century, as we are informed by Justus Lipsius. Arius Montanus, long since, published the Hebrew Bible with an interlineal version in Latin, which, although rather imperfect, has rendered great service to Hebraic studies. The method of interlineal translation has, for a long time, been extensively practised in Germany. Locke strongly recommends it as being, in his opinion, the readiest means of initiating a learner into the reading of foreign writers.* After him, this system has been advocated by Dr. Samuel Clarke, Luncan de Boisgermain, Dumarsais, Radonvilliers, the Abbé Gaultier, and many distinguished professors, who have used it, and still use it with success, and who have published works with interlineal versions. Condillac, who, in his education of the Duke of Parma, adopted that method, declares it to be the best for teaching the dead languages.† D'Alembert sanctions it by his entire approbation.‡ It has, of late, in this country and in England, been improperly named after Hamilton, who also proclaimed its efficiency, but long after many writers had done so. That he has failed in obtaining the expected results, is owing to his founding on it a system of instruction by which he pretended to teach every branch of a living language; whereas, the real advantages to be derived from its use are limited to the assistance it gives in speedily acquiring the art of understanding the written language.§

It has been questioned whether the translations afforded, as an assistance to beginners, should be literal, or in conformity with the genius of the language into which the translation is made. If all languages presented the same construction, and the same forms of expression, no doubt the former mode would be the most profitable; but as this is far from being the case, it would often cause great perplexity to the learner, and in many instances be attended with serious inconveniences. In transpositive languages, in Latin for example, a verbatim translation of the original text would present such a confused medley of words, that it would be almost impossible to divine from them the meaning of the author. In such case recourse may be had to the method suggested by Dumarsais, and successfully followed by many eminent professors on the continent of Europe.¶ This method consists in at first introducing learners to a text arranged conformably to the genius of their native idiom, and accompanied with an interlineal translation in which the words omitted in elliptical expressions are supplied, and afterwards turning their attention to the pure text of the original, when, by means of the interlineal translation of the simplified text, they have become acquainted with its words and the nature of the subject. But as those difficulties are confined more particularly to the classics, such aids may be dispensed with in the acquisition of modern languages. For these, adherence to the spirit, rather than to the letter of the original text, would, in our opinion, constitute the merit of translations intended to assist beginners, leaving it to the instructor to judge how far it may be necessary to require occasionally a verbatim translation, especially in the beginning, in order to ascertain whether the foreign phrase has been well understood. It will be a wholesome mental exercise for the pupil, thus by himself, to inquire into the spirit of the foreign page, and at the same time, afford the teacher a constant opportunity to comment on the difference between native and foreign expressions without introducing the student to barbarous translations, from which he is apt to

* *Thoughts on Education.*

† *Cours d'Etude.*

‡ *Eloge de Dumarsais.*

§ See *Edinburgh Review*, No. 87, for an able defence of the interlineal method of translation; see also *An Essay on a System of Classical Instruction*, combining the methods of Locke, Milton, Ascham, and Colet, &c., published by Taylor and Walton, London.

¶ See Dumarsais' *Exposition d'une Méthode raisonnée pour Apprendre le Latin.*

acquire loose habits of language and a negligence of expression which it is often very difficult afterwards for him to get rid of.

The care which the use of these initiatory books demands, in order to produce all the benefits which may be expected from them, requires, on the part of the learner, some discernment and power of self-direction. In availing himself of their aid, he should never be too hasty in applying to the native words, but only look at them, after having endeavored to translate independently of that assistance, and then rest his attention, for a moment, on his new acquisition, to impress it well on his memory. If the same words are, in the explanation, translated differently according to their various acceptations, he will, from the definite meaning they bear in each particular instance, form a clearer conception of their true and varied import, than if he had had recourse to a dictionary; because it is only from the circumstances in which they are applied that he can determine their exact signification. He will also have greater facility for remembering these words: for their association in his mind with the native ones is immediate, and the more close as he can have no doubt of the appropriateness of the interpretation in each particular case; the dictionary, on the contrary, by often presenting many translations for a foreign word, keeps him in doubt as to the proper one, and thus weakens the impression and the association.

With regard to the habits of dependence, which such books may be supposed to give to a learner, the imputation is equally applicable to the dictionaries, and indeed to every means employed in commencing the study of any art. Because an infant avails himself of the hand offered by his mother to assist his first steps, it does not follow that he will always be dependent on that hand. Let the student abstain from the above helps by degrees, and, as he feels that he gains familiarity with the language, appeal to his own reflective and reasoning powers. The meaning of the words which now remain unknown to him should, if possible, be inferred from the context,—an inductive mode of proceeding highly advantageous, as it exercises the understanding and gives it habits of mental activity and independence. In the pursuit of any branch of instruction, that method must be preferred, which leads the mind to depend on its own exertions rather than on the evidence of others. The learner should then endeavor to discover some resemblance between the unknown words and those which he knows, either in his own language or in any other; he should decompose them to find in their roots or their terminations some clue to their import; this may also be apprehended from the context or from a consideration of the author's views. Not only would this investigation be favorable to mental discipline, but the information thus gained would be more indelibly impressed on the mind, precisely because it had been discovered by mental efforts. Almost all the words we know of our own language have been acquired in this manner. By a process of instinctive analysis and induction, which commences at a very early age, we decompose the sentences into their elements, as we hear the same words used on various occasions. Every instance in which the general meaning of a sentence is understood, leaves some idea respecting the signification of the words met for the first time in that sentence: as they recur, our repeated attempts to discover some common meaning which corresponds with their different acceptations enable us to apprehend with precision their import.

Dugald Stewart, with his usual accuracy, thus describes this process: "The first sentence where the word occurs, affords, it is probable, sufficient foundation for a vague conjecture concerning the notion annexed to it by the author, some idea or other being necessarily substituted in its place, in order to make the passage at all intelligible. The next sentence where it is involved, renders this conjecture a little more definite; a third sentence contracts the field of doubt within still narrower limits, till, at length, a more extensive induction fixes completely the signification we are in quest of. There cannot

be a doubt, I apprehend, that it is in some such way as this, that children slowly and imperceptibly enter into the abstract and complex notions annexed to numberless words in their mother-tongue, of which we should find it difficult or impossible to convey the sense by formal definitions." *

We have dwelt on the propriety of affording to learners every facility for entering at once upon the translation of foreign authors, because it is the groundwork of improvement in all the departments of the study of languages; but it is only when some proficiency has been made in reading that this study becomes a source of intellectual culture, and is productive of real benefit. The art of reading cannot be acquired too rapidly or pursued too actively. In the dead languages reading is all that is really required, now that these are no longer used for international communication in political, literary, or scientific correspondence, as they were some hundred years ago; and, from an acquaintance alone with the ancient writers, can be derived all the intellectual advantages which are expected from classical instruction. The Eastern languages which are studied in view of comparative grammar, or of philological and historical researches, need also to be understood only in their written form. With regard to living languages, they are learned by many who do not visit the countries where they are spoken, or have no opportunities of conversing with the natives of those countries; whereas books are always at hand, and he who can read them, may, whenever he thinks proper, hold intercourse with the most intellectual and enlightened portion of the nation to which they belong.

Books, as the depositories of human knowledge, are to communities what parental testimony is to the child; they supply the wants and deficiencies incident to our condition, by furnishing us with the means of appealing, in the search of truth, from private judgments to the testimony of mankind; they contain all the mental treasures which generations bequeath to succeeding generations. Standard works are the most available and the most efficient means of instruction in every walk of literature and science. The variety of information which a proper course of reading brings under the consideration of a learner, and the opportunities which it affords him of surmounting the intricacies of different styles, will extend his power of comprehending both the written and the spoken language, and secure the means of deriving advantage from an intercourse with the well-informed. The greater the number of subjects we have studied, the more varied are the conversations we are able to follow or take part in. This is true with respect to foreign languages as well as to our own.

The people with whom these languages enable us to converse having different origins, living in different climates, being surrounded by different natural objects, brought up with different habits, and governed by different laws, must have ideas and opinions different from ours. Their writers must see in a different light many subjects of which they treat in common with our national authors. In history, in politics, in belles-lettres, in the arts, and in many other departments of knowledge, their notions often widely differ from ours. The reading of their works will, therefore, enlarge our sphere of thought, increase our information, and remove many prejudices which would otherwise continue to cloud the mind.

Even imaginative compositions, those of the most approved writers in every country, seldom fail to arouse in the hearts of the readers lofty and noble aspirations; while they depict our evil passions under colorings and in situations which excite a wholesome dread of their pernicious bondage, they widen the circle of our kindly sympathies, they enrich our minds with vivid descriptions of localities and pictures of national manners, they make us acquainted with human character in all its varieties, and impart a more complete appreciation of all that is great and good.

* *Philosophical Essays*, Part I.

In short, the continual and careful reading of good works in different languages has a most beneficial influence: it exercises the attention, enriches the memory, expands the imagination, forms the taste, improves the judgment, stores the mind with knowledge, gives habits of study, and leads, by the force of imitation, to the highest conceptions and to the performance of all good and noble actions. By habitual communication with superior spirits, we not only are enabled to think their thoughts, speak their language, and feel their emotions, but our own thoughts are refined, our conversational powers are improved, our common feelings are elevated; and though we may never attain their standard, yet by keeping company with them we rise above our own.

The attention of learners should then, at first, be chiefly directed towards acquiring a clear comprehension of books; but, in thus insisting on giving precedence to this branch, we do not mean to disregard the other three, without which the knowledge of the language would be very incomplete; we only wish to indicate the progressive order which ought to be followed in the study. Nor do we mean that each of these branches should be learned separately, passing to the second only after thoroughly possessing the first, and so on in succession, but that the efforts of the learner ought to be more particularly directed, at the outset, towards reading, which, in a foreign language, is the easiest and the most useful branch, either as an ultimate object, or as an auxiliary in acquiring the others. The exercises in hearing, requisite for understanding the spoken language, may almost simultaneously be entered upon, and, if duly carried on concurrently with reading, they will soon secure a mastery of the second branch. That, in general, learners understand the written language sooner and better than the spoken, is merely because they have more practice in reading than in hearing.

Teachers, in general, make their pupils read, instead of reading to them; they wait until they begin to speak the foreign language, before they address them in it. Many persons, on arriving in foreign countries, unused to hear the idioms of these countries spoken, although proficient in reading it, are unable to understand the people. Some, not reflecting that the difficulty lies in the deficiency of their unpractised ear, attribute it to an extreme rapidity with which they imagine foreigners express themselves; others, to their running the words into one another; not a few declare, that the language as spoken abroad is not the same as that of their teachers at home. If these are not natives, there may be some truth in the declaration; but if they are, there can be no reason for believing it probable. Were they even liable to the charge of ignorance, yet they cannot but speak like their countrymen and contemporaries, unless they have forgotten their own language, a circumstance of rare occurrence.

The difficulty experienced by people in comprehending the conversation of foreigners, may, if they have learned from natives, be attributed either to the nature of the volumes they have read, and their limited number, or to the want of practice in hearing the language, and the consequent incapability of associating the ideas with the sounds as the words are uttered. The classical and narrow course of reading to which learners are too often confined in the study of living languages, does not acquaint them with the familiar terms and idiomatic forms of ordinary conversation; the consequence is, that, when visiting foreign countries, they hear numerous expressions of which they are utterly ignorant. The other two causes of difficulty are equally obvious,—the ear, untaught by the teacher's voice, cannot, in the usual rapidity of speech, recognize the foreign words, however familiar they may be to the eye; and the inability to think in the language renders the obstacle truly insurmountable. Instead of laying hold at once, in their native dress, of the ideas of the speaker, they endeavor to translate him, consuming thereby considerable time in substituting native words for the foreign ones, and in searching for corresponding idioms: thus they lose ground in following him, and arrive at the erroneous conclusion that foreigners speak more rapidly than they do themselves.

In order to explain the process by which comprehension of the spoken language may keep pace with that of the written, and by which also the pronunciation may soon be rendered as familiar to the learner's ear as the spelling to his eye, we will simply recall the model-method by which nature leads so successfully to the acquisition of the second branch in the native tongue.

In the vernacular language a child hears for a long time before he articulates; he is spoken to and understands long before he speaks. The Creator has wisely denied him the power of articulation at his entrance upon life, that he may not be diverted by premature talking from collecting ideas and materials of expression; thus, he silently listens, observes, compares, and stores his mind with associations of ideas and words, which will enable him to give utterance to his first feelings, when his organs of speech are able to perform their office, and when the determinations of the will can be directed to the formation of vocal articulations. He first notices the words and phraseology which his mother or his nurse constantly addresses to him, and to which he could attach no ideas, did he not, at the same time, follow the looks and gestures with which she invariably accompanies them. These looks and gestures are the translation of what he hears. His eye is the interpreter of his ear, and assists his young imagination in divining her meaning. When the frequent iteration of words, concurrently with the interpreting signs, has familiarized him with their import, he enters on the second stage of hearing, he understands every person who addresses him without requiring the assistance of the language of action.

By the time this second point has been attained, his organs of speech have undergone some development, and have acquired the power of producing the vocal sounds and articulations which have become familiar to his ear. After having listened for two or three years, and when he is beginning to understand the oral expression, he attempts, under the irresistible influence of imitation, to utter the simplest and most frequently repeated words and phrases; and, if he have the good fortune of being brought up in a family, wherein correct speaking prevails, he will, in the course of time, acquire a perfectly pure pronunciation and accent.

Nature, by postponing the power of articulation until the powers of hearing and comprehending the language have been in full activity, sufficiently indicates the progressive order which should be followed in acquiring the arts of understanding and speaking a foreign language.—Educate the ear; and pronunciation will be acquired without difficulty.

In modern languages, pronunciation is of the utmost importance; it contributes, in great measure, to their clearness, agreeableness, and energy. As correct enunciation renders our ideas more manifest, and causes us to be listened to with more pleasure, so an incorrect pronunciation, by its ambiguity and confusion, soon fatigues the hearers, and often exposes a speaker to ridicule. Approximation is not sufficient in pronouncing a language, for the least deviation from the right sound or articulation,—the improper lengthening or shortening of a syllable, the omission or misplacing of an accent,—is enough to change the meaning of a word, and to diffuse obscurity over the discourse. But, even should the mode of pronouncing not be so defective as to prevent the oral expression from being understood, learners, at whatever age they study a language, ought not to be satisfied with being merely intelligible. It has come within the experience of many persons that the pronunciation of a foreigner may be very intelligible and yet very disagreeable. No one who ever witnessed the force of sensible remarks, although understood, yet nullified by the amusement or impatience which a bad pronunciation usually excites, would deliberately make up his mind to address foreigners in their own idiom with an incorrect pronunciation.

It has been erroneously supposed impossible to acquire the true pronunciation of a foreign language. Nature opposes no obstacle to it; men of all nations have been

endowed with the same faculties, physical and intellectual, which place human attainments within the reach of all. We feel no hesitation in maintaining that, even without going abroad, the correct pronunciation of a foreign language is attainable by any person who will follow the process of nature in learning it. Although, at an early age, the physical senses yield more easily to impressions, this advantage is, in adults, counterbalanced by a greater intensity of attention, which renders the foreign pronunciation equally attainable by them. Experience daily affords instances of persons who pronounce a foreign language as correctly as the natives.

The vocal sounds and articulations which form the essential elements of pronunciation, and the greater number of which are common to most languages, are easily distinguished and produced by a person whose ear has been impressed with them; but the various intonations of voice which, under the name of accent, constitute its other elements, present some difficulty in a foreign language, because, in their infinite variety, the peculiar and delicate shades of modulation which characterize them in each nation, easily escape the discriminative powers of the auditory organs.

The peculiar modulation and inflection of the voice, which constitute the national accent of a people, cannot easily be caught after the period of childhood—counteracted as they are by long habit in a different mode of accentuation. Besides, this accent has no elements on which the attention may rest, no rule by which it may be learned. Many persons, from long and diligent study of foreign standard works, and from mixing in good society abroad, have vied with the natives in style and pronunciation, without ever being able to acquire their identical national accent. Of all the parts of a foreign language, this is certainly the most difficult. This should not, however, discourage those who may be ambitious of arriving at perfection; for this accent is only a secondary accomplishment, the non-possession of which does not affect the knowledge of a language. It would be erroneous to infer, from the peculiar accent of a foreigner, that he does not know the language, or that he pronounces it incorrectly: one may have a good pronunciation and a bad accent, as also a good accent and a bad pronunciation.

It is, besides, difficult to decide which is the national accent, especially in Europe, where it varies with every province,—nay, with every town; and even here in America, where this variety is less sensible, we experience generally little difficulty in *locating* at once a person by his accent. But who will determine what is really the standard of correct elocution, and in how far a deviation from it can be said to constitute bad speaking? He who pronounces English words correctly, who has a large supply of them, and can command their grammatical and idiomatical arrangement, so as to express all his ideas with ease, truly knows the language, although he should speak with an Eastern, a Southern, or any other accent. Could Walter Scott and O'Connell be taxed with ignorance of the English language, because the one spoke with the Scotch and the other with the Irish "brogue"? Could Theophrastus be said not to have known Greek, or Livy, Latin, because a woman in Athens discovered, by the accent of the former, that he was not an Athenian, and another in Rome that the latter was not a native of that city?

Important, then, as pronunciation is, its value should not, however, be estimated above its desert. For its sake, higher departments of language are often most injudiciously overlooked. When, for instance, parents select a French teacher for their children, before they inquire if he be a Parisian, they should ascertain that he is a man of sound judgment and of education; for it is far more desirable that he should cultivate the understanding of his pupils than their ears; that he should assist them in acquiring sensible and useful ideas, a clear and correct style, precise and select terms, rather than a *gentle* accent.

Before leaving this subject, we must here mention two practices, which, although not very prejudicial to the attainment of a correct pronunciation, ought, nevertheless,

to be avoided, because they are unnecessary: we mean, learning the foreign alphabet and spelling foreign words, as a preparation for pronouncing them.

The foreign names of the letters are not only useless, they are perplexing to the learners, since their sounds are frequently different from their names. Of what utility is it, for instance, to a foreigner learning English, to know the name of the English letter *a*, to arrive at its proper sound in various words, as *fat*, *fatal*, *far*, *fall*, *any*, *image*, *quality*, *carriage*, in which it is pronounced eight different ways, and is silent in the last word? Attending early to the spelling, when in the act of pronouncing, would, in many instances, mislead learners,—so inefficient is orthography as a guide to pronunciation. Identity of character in the two languages is a snare to a beginner, who is apt to attach to letters the pronunciation to which he is accustomed. Young children, repeating the words they hear, never trouble themselves about the letters which enter into the composition of them; and are, nevertheless, very expert in acquiring the pronunciation of their own or of any other language.

A foreign alphabet can be useful only to a person who knows the language to which it belongs sufficiently well to converse in it, as its words and their orthography may become a subject of conversation, and the letters may then require to be named in that language. In addressing foreigners on matters relative to orthography, one should be able to designate the alphabetical characters by their right names to be understood. A few minutes would suffice to render them familiar to a person who has already some knowledge of the language.

Another practice, less innocent than the above, and which cannot be too much discountenanced, is the attempt made in some introductory books of assimilating the sound of a foreign language to those of the native tongue.

Every language has vowel sounds, articulations, and an accentuation peculiar to it. The letters are to learners signs of vernacular sounds and articulations, and whatever their combinations may be, they will never present to him the idea of any sounds or articulations but those with which he is already acquainted, for habit has impressed on his mind an immediate association of these vocal elements with their alphabetical characters. The attempt, therefore, to spell words in one language as they are pronounced in another, must, in most cases, prove unsuccessful: for the pen can neither represent new sounds to the eye, nor mark the imperceptible shades of colloquial intonation. Such contrivances only familiarize the eye with a defective spelling of the foreign words. Let any one well acquainted with the pronunciation of both languages open at random one of these works, and he will at once be struck with the absurdity of such representations.

Some persons, aware of the inefficiency of visible representations of sounds, have adopted another practice, which, however, is equally defective: they have endeavored to describe their mode of production. For a specimen of one of these attempts we would refer the reader to a passage which we extract from a popular elementary work, and which is intended to explain the French sound of *u*: "By pronouncing the following words in English, *oe*, *pe*, *me*, or *si*, *pi*, *ni*, *mi*, in French, and then, without altering the position of the tongue, but merely closing the lips upwards, the *u* will be as distinctly uttered as from a Parisian."

If any one can understand this nonsense we will send him to try another experiment on the pronunciation of the French syllable *un*, described in a similar work, as follows: "Utter with a greater effort the sound *u* from the pit of the stomach, and convey it through the nose, taking care to keep the tongue down, in order to avoid the sound of *n*." Let the most ingenious person draw from his stomach all the sounds within the power of ventriloquism, and exercise complete control over his nose and tongue, he will never produce that sound, if he has not previously heard it; and, if he has, all the above description goes for nothing.

Written descriptions, or representations of new sounds, can but lead astray those who have not heard them. The ear alone can judge of sounds, as the eye alone judges of colors. Each organ has its peculiar sensations, inappreciable by the other organs. Language cannot perform the office of our senses, and it is inadequate to effect more than a mere reference to our experience. He who never saw snow, tasted truffles, smelt a rose, or suffered from the gout, cannot be made to conceive exactly the sensations they produce, either by the most descriptive language or the most minute combinations of other sensations. In order to have a correct idea of the French *u* or *wa*, the English *th*, the German *câ*, the Italian *gik*, and the Spanish *ç*, foreigners must hear them from the mouth of a native. It would be just as impossible to represent by description, or otherwise, these vocal elements, simple as they are, as to convey a notion of the roar of Niagara's fall to a person who never heard it.

Useful, therefore, as are pronouncing dictionaries, to serve as standards whereby to ascertain the exact pronunciation of certain words, they are so only as far as they employ the alphabetical combinations which are current in the language whose pronunciation they are intended to represent; but the power of using them implies a practical knowledge of the language, whereas they cannot be of any service to a foreigner ignorant of it. With him nothing can supply the want of living models, and he must have heard the vocal elements for a long time before he can expect to reproduce them with any kind of correctness. Our conviction of the right pronunciation of native words does not arise so much from our recollection of having often uttered them in any particular way, as from our consciousness of having heard them pronounced by persons reputed good speakers. It is the same with the foreign pronunciation: let the pupil hear the language often enough to have it in their power to recollect the manner in which it is pronounced by their instructor; their subsequent imitation of it will present no difficulty. It is by frequently hearing the teacher that learners acquire habits which will enable them afterwards instinctively to pronounce correctly in his absence.

When, after long practice in hearing, the pupil, in his turn, reads to his master, let him always pronounce fearlessly and fully, to afford the instructor the opportunity of correcting the slightest error, and thus early guarding him against carelessness. As he advances, he should trust to the habits of his ear; and, allowing the pronunciation to take its chance, should direct his attention exclusively to the ideas, with a view to suit his vocal inflections to the subject. To read or speak in a natural and correct tone, he must, when uttering words, have present to his mind the things meant by these words, and give way to his own feelings. His delivery will thereby be consistent with the subject; and, under the habitual impressions which he has received of a good pronunciation, he can commit but few errors.

Having thus gained correctness and facility of utterance in the foreign language, the learner may commit to memory selections of prose or poetry, as an exercise of pronunciation and elocution. Such recitations, practised sometimes with the instructor, and sometimes in his absence, will be a standard of correctness by which to regulate his future attempts, and will render every succeeding trial less difficult than the preceding. Recitation affords great facilities for learning inflections, emphases, and pauses; for, when the words are well fixed in the memory, the learner has only to attend to the delivery.

To a person who has once completely mastered the pronunciation of a foreign language, the practice of oral reading and recitation will prove most useful in the absence of foreign society, as a means, always at hand, of keeping up this acquisition. Reading aloud every day a few pages with a natural and correct intonation, by keeping the ear in tune and the tongue in practice, will render the true pronunciation habitual, and thus preserve it to the latest period of life.

To acquire the art of *speaking* and *writing* a foreign language, a mere acquaintance with words cannot suffice; a ready recollection of them is indispensable in practice. And not only detached words, but customary groups of words, and even whole phrases, must be so intimately associated in the mind with the ideas which they represent, that the thought will at once recall the expression. This will soon be effected if the model conjugations of the verbs be thoroughly committed to memory, and the knowledge of them rendered permanent by frequent employment in the expression of thought. The mode by which this object is the most readily attained is the exercise of phrase-making.

This exercise should, at first, be confined to a very limited number of words, and to phrases expressive of very familiar ideas, the chief object being to learn how they may be applied in conversation. The exercises should be made to suit the different degrees of proficiency of the learner, adapting the difficulties to his progressive improvement. They commence with phrases of two words,—a substantive and its determinative, a preposition and its object, an adjective and its substantive, a verb and its subject; afterwards, by adding to the verb an object, then an adverb, complete sentences are offered to the pupils for construction. Such sentences, when rendered easy by practice, may be lengthened by the introduction of two or more subjects, objects, attributes, or circumstances of time, place, manner, or quantity. When the formation of these complex-phrases has become familiar, two prepositions may be joined into one by means of a conjunction or a relative pronoun, or the difficulties be otherwise increased. Learners, thus progressively undertaking more complicated sentences, and daily experiencing more facility in forming them, cannot but feel conscious of their own progress; this consciousness of improvement is their best reward for past labor, and their greatest stimulus to future exertion.

The phrases which the teacher proposes for construction may be varied at pleasure, and their subject adapted to the wants and tastes of the learners. At one time, their succession assumes the form of a dialogue, in which a familiar exchange of thoughts is carried on, in imitation of that which takes place in social intercourse. At another time, the pupils exercise their powers of analogy and invention, by expressing ideas of their own, and forming the phraseology entirely themselves. Having been given a verb, and being informed of some of its idiomatic applications, they combine with it other words, so as to express a variety of familiar ideas. As they advance, they are asked, in the foreign language itself, various questions illustrative of the verb which is in course of practice; and, by bare substitution of the affirmative or negative form for the interrogative used by the teacher, they can give the answers in the very words and idiomatical or syntactical construction of the questions. The interest thus imparted to exercises founded on imitation and analogy, will soon give learners facility in forming sentences expressive of their own thoughts, and ability to sustain conversation.

Manesca's System, Ollendorff's New Method, and other similar compilations consisting of phrases formed on the principle here explained, may be used as an introduction for this exercise, especially in the case of self-instructing learners, although the phraseology of most of these works demands considerable modification to make it applicable to general conversation. The tiresome repetition of the same phrases, and the perpetual succession of homely questions and answers, diffuse, moreover, throughout the exercises, a monotony and triviality of expression little calculated to interest or impart extensive command of the language. However, if properly used, and attention be paid to the directions found in most of these works, in which it is expressly recommended that the exercises should always be followed by practice in original extemporaneous phraseology, they may be rendered eminently useful in initiating the student into the art of speaking a foreign language.

An interesting and efficient mode of practising phrase-making consists in applying the knowledge thus acquired to words and sentences taken from passages of a foreign author, previously translated by the class. The instructor, when reading to his pupils, to accustom their ear to the foreign pronunciation, occasionally stops, and selects expressions, with the forms of which he desires to familiarize them. Having brought to their notice the peculiarity of structure which characterizes the phrase he has selected, he contrives a number of original sentences, variations of the one just heard, and gives them to the class for immediate oral translation. Having thus illustrated the foreign expression, he then proposes a variety of sentences, in the vernacular, similar to the above, which, being successively translated into the foreign language by the different members of the class, produce a series of analogous expressions which illustrate the particular form of the model-phrase. With learners as yet unskilled in this practice, he at first reduces the expression to its simplest form, and gradually introduces various changes in the persons, tenses, moods, and forms of the verbs; he substitutes or adds various words which show its application to diverse circumstances of colloquial intercourse, being, at the same time, careful to preserve, through all the transformations, the idiomatic construction of the original expression. He multiplies the variations of each model-phrase in proportion to the usefulness of the idea which it conveys, or to the difficulty of its structure. In this way the phraseology of the foreign text is diversified indefinitely, and affords an exhaustless source of practice in speaking.

Any well written work may be used for this exercise; but the best calculated for this object is that which, by the popularity of its topics, and the idiomatic turn of its style, furnishes the most useful materials for conversation.

The exercise of phrase-making, requiring of learners to decompose model-phrases in order to construct similar ones, is a successful application of the analytical or inductive method. It is a double exercise of judgment, in which they decline, conjugate, illustrate the rules of grammar, in short, analyze the thought and its expression. It may be made, by a judicious instructor, the source of much grammatical information to his pupils. If he bring to their notice the place and the functions which the various words assume in the sentence, it will enable them to establish clear distinctions between different parts of speech, and to see the relations which exist between them. If he occasionally assist them in adding *prefaces* and *affixes* to primitive words, and show them how the sense of these primitive words is preserved and modified throughout their derivatives in diversified phraseology, they will acquire just notions of compound terms, and the power of multiplying expressions according to their wants.

When many analogous phrases have been constructed, learners should be led to observe their points of similarity; and, ascending from particulars to generals, should state the principles which govern their construction. Thus the rules of grammar will be gradually learned, as suggested by the functions of words, their inflections, and mutual dependence. These rules, inferred from the numerous phrases that illustrate them, being the result of the learner's own reflection and experience, will be easily remembered and applied. Should they escape the memory for a time, they may be retraced through the analogy and association by which they were formed.

The phraseology being at the option of the instructor, he always has it in his power to direct the attention of his pupils to the forms of speech, whose grammatical principles he wishes them to infer. But, to afford them early an opportunity of speaking idiomatically, we would recommend that, in general, preference be given to the expressions which differ in construction in the two languages, or which may illustrate some principle peculiar to the foreign idiom. He should, as much as possible, select model-phrases, or compose the native ones which he submits to his pupils for translation into the foreign language in such a manner that the principal facts under all the

rules of grammar may be through them elicited and generalized in succession; and the variations of each illustration should be so multiplied as to render the syntactical forms habits of the mind. In this practical and inductive way the whole syntax of the foreign language may be made clear, intelligible, and familiar.

Rules should not, at any time, be committed to memory: if they are well understood, and if they assist in the expression of thought, the object is gained. Real knowledge of grammar consists, not in repeating, but in applying rules, and observing them in practice without retrospective consideration of them. In speaking or writing a foreign language we ought to be able, as in the native, to ascertain the right pronunciation, orthography, gender, inflection, grammatical concord, and order of words, by an appeal to our consciousness of their correctness, resulting from reiterated impressions rather than to our recollection of rules. A learner would not possess greater fluency of speech after having recited the whole grammar than before he commenced this laborious task. On the frequent, diversified, and just application of principles depend facility and correctness in speaking and writing the language. The frequency of the applications and the diversity of examples secure the double advantage of exercising at the same time the understanding and imagination. To illustrate the rules demands more reflection than a monotonous repetition of them, and thus leaves deeper and more lasting impressions on the mind. It is in this manner that synthesis, by generalizing the phraseology acquired through analysis and practice, fixes it permanently in the memory.

If the exercise of phraseology, which has now been minutely explained, be long persevered in, conjointly with reading and hearing, it will give great command of language to the learner, who then will not have to depend on accidental recollection of school-book phrases. The exercise which appears further best calculated for initiating him into the direct and connected expression of thought in a foreign language, is that of narrating in it tales, anecdotes, or historical facts, previously studied with this intention. This exercise goes one step beyond that of phrase-making, in which the learner formed unconnected sentences. In phrase-making the ideas were given to him; in narration he provides both the ideas and the expressions. In the one he translated into the foreign language the vernacular sentences given him by the professor; in the other he transfuses his own ideas directly into the foreign language.

As the learner acquires skill in this exercise he should, in preparing a narrative, attach himself to the ideas rather than to the manner in which they are conveyed, and to the connection of incidents rather than to the order in which the words succeed each other in the book. Once in possession of his subject, he should endeavor to bring into use the materials which he has previously collected by extensive reading, and should avail himself of the expressions of the foreign writer, when they come without effort,—when they, as it were, force themselves upon his recollection as the direct expression of his ideas; thus will he be led to speak his thoughts, that is, to think in the foreign language.

The practice of narration is, in the foreign as well as in the native tongue, an excellent preparation for extemporaneous speaking, and not less useful for unfolding the mental powers than necessary for social purposes. It yields in importance to no other exercise: it calls into action memory as well as judgment, by fixing attention not only on the language but on the connected facts of the narrative, portraits of character, and descriptions of places. It cultivates the imaginative and inventive powers, by furnishing opportunities of substituting incidents necessary to the connection of the story for those which may have been forgotten. It fosters that self-confidence and presence of mind, without which words and ideas are unavailing for the purpose of public speaking: he who possesses confidence and strength of nerve sufficient to speak for some time

in a foreign language, especially before a large class, will certainly find no difficulty in doing the same in his own language.

After a year's steady practice in the exercises of phrase-making, narration, and grammatical illustration, or even in much less time, if the learner is an adult and has been diligent, conversation will present no difficulty. The learner must, even at the risk of committing frequent mistakes, make a beginning as soon as he has gained familiarity with the pronunciation. He who defers beginning to speak a language until he knows it, commits a blunder, like him who, desiring to go into the water, puts off doing so until he knows how to swim. He who has not the courage to speak badly will never speak well. Errors pave the way to perfection. To advance in the art of speaking, the learner should not only lay aside bashfulness, which trembles at the idea of a mistake, but he must also divest himself of pride, which dreads being laughed at. Those two feelings, by keeping the mind in constant awe, impede its free action. Even persons possessed of the greatest powers of language, become, under their influence, incapable of delivering their sentiments with order and precision.

The art of *writing*, which now remains to be spoken of, demands an extensive stock of ideas, great command of words, and an acquaintance with their idiomatic and grammatical arrangements, as well as with their orthography. Progress in it may be said to be commensurate with practice in the other three branches. Written composition will present little difficulty to those who have steadily pursued the course prescribed; who, by careful observation, have collected useful facts and right notions; who, by attentive and persevering study of the best writers, have their judgment developed, their memory enriched, and their taste cultivated.

This last remark in favor of the study of good models, as the best preparation for writing, is an indirect condemnation of grammatical exercises, or compositions by rules, and might alone justify our objection to them; yet, we cannot refrain from strengthening it by the authority and experience of distinguished professors. Rollin, that judicious reformer of the errors of the university of Paris, does not hesitate to recommend reading in preference to studying grammar and writing exercises illustrative of it. He observes, "to compose well in Latin, one must know the turns, the idioms, the rules of that language, and have made rather considerable provision of words, the force of which is felt, and the just application of which can be made. Now, all this can be done only by explaining authors, who are like a living dictionary and a speaking grammar, in which are learned by experience the force and the true use of words, phrases, and rules of syntax. I do not hesitate to decide that, in the beginning, we must entirely exclude exercises; they are only calculated to torment children by painful and useless labor, and to inspire them with dislike to a study which usually draws on them, from masters, nothing but reprimands and chastisements."* In this he is supported by almost all writers who have treated of classical instruction. Unwilling to swell these pages with quotations, of which we have perhaps already been too prodigal, we shall be content with naming, among those who condemn the practice, Roger Ascham, Locke, Milton, Montaigne, Lancelot, Vossius the elder, Lefèvre de Saumur, Nicole, Arnauld, Beauzée, Diderot, D'Alembert, J. J. Rousseau, Fleury, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Randonvilliers, Niemeyer, La Châlotais, Mangard, Pluche, Chompré, Weiss, Guizot, and others, to whom may be added the celebrated scholars whom we named on a preceding page, as most profoundly erudite without having ever learned grammar or written exercises.

And what applies to Latin applies with greater force to modern idioms. Not only are written grammatical exercises unnecessary for gaining acquaintance with the genius of a language, but they afford very little assistance towards acquiring the art of compo-

* *Traité des Etudes.*

sition, which is the result only of assiduous reading and reiterated imitation of good authors. They are, at the outset, even prejudicial, because the errors, which their untimely use renders unavoidable, are often confirmed rather than counteracted by ulterior practice. In writing an exercise as the illustration of a rule, the student may perhaps, so far as the rule directs him, do it correctly; but how is he, in a complicated sentence, to write that part of it for which no direction has been given? There are in such sentences subordinate parts for which no rule is given, and which are often more numerous than those to which the rule itself applies; the consequence is that such parts will often be translated incorrectly, and more time will be employed upon this incorrect portion of the exercise than upon that which exemplifies the rule.

Many persons, unwilling to reject the method of grammatical exercises, although aware of its defects, have endeavored to improve it by removing the difficulties attendant on writing in a language before it is known. Some grammars, which have of late been written, contain under the rules, exercises, in which their authors contrive every means in their power to facilitate the observance of those rules, and spare young people the trouble of reflecting; they give not only the foreign words, but their order; they indicate the gender and number, mood and tense, and point out when words are to be omitted or supplied. Learners mechanically avail themselves of this assistance, without inquiring into the difference of idiom between the two languages, often even without reading the rule, before they write the exercise; not unfrequently remaining ignorant of the rule which it was the purport of the exercise to teach, and acquiring habits of mental indolence.

Young people, also, for the sake of expedition, commonly translate the native words one after another into the foreign language, without troubling themselves about the sense conveyed by the combination of those words; so that if, afterwards, they have similar ideas to express in that language, they receive no aid whatever from the exercises which they have written. But, were they even to attend to the sense, while they thus translate the heterogeneous miscellany of their exercise-book, still they would lose sight of what should be their chief aim, namely, expression of their own thoughts and acquisition of style; for the exclusive practice of translating the words of others is not conducive to originality, nor are unconnected phrases, however grammatically correct, conducive to the formation of style.

But, inappropriate and inefficient as are grammatical exercises for acquiring the art of composition in a foreign language, they are, in evil consequences, far surpassed by the practice of translating, in the first stages of the study, from a national author into a foreign language. To enter upon the study of it by writing in it, is to begin at the wrong end, at what is most difficult; it is, in fact, to attempt what is impossible. The defects of such a course are so palpable that it is surprising how it could ever have been recommended.

To employ in translating the most appropriate expressions, those which most exactly convey the ideas of the original text, requires great command of the language into which one translates, that is, a large stock of words and perfect acquaintance with their various acceptations, as also practical knowledge of its idiomatical structure and figurative forms: it presents, as will presently be seen, great obstacles even to those most conversant with the language. How infinitely greater must the obstacles be to him who wishes to translate from the native into a foreign tongue which he is learning! It is an absurdity of the same kind as that of reading aloud before having sufficiently heard the sounds. Neither the pronunciation nor the construction can be discovered by the greatest efforts of genius: the ear and the eye must communicate them to the mind before imitation can reproduce them.

Dictionaries will give but little assistance in this respect: all the objections which were brought against them, as a means of learning to translate into the native tongue, have double force against their use in translating into a foreign language. Great, indeed, must be the perplexity of a learner in choosing, from many unknown words, that which expresses the idea of his author, when we reflect that, even in writing our own language, the national lexicons themselves are sufficiently embarrassing. "When," says Dugald Stewart, "I consult Johnson's Dictionary, I find many words of which he has enumerated forty, fifty, or sixty different significations, and, after all the pains he has taken to distinguish these from each other, I am frequently at a loss to avail myself of his definitions."*

But, if we could suppose that, by some lucky chance, a beginner has hit on the right foreign words, in what order shall he place them?—are any to be left out, and which?—what new ones shall he introduce? for the corresponding expressions of two languages are rarely composed of the same number of words. Here he meets new perplexities, nay, impossibilities. No one who is not already practically conversant with the genius and phraseology of a language, can know when it admits, or does not admit, of rendering literally the forms of another; when it has, or has not, equivalent idiomatic and figurative expressions; much less can he know what are these expressions, and what degree of elegance or vulgarity attaches to them. No knowledge of grammar can supply this information, nor is it by the routine of grammatical exercise that it can ever be acquired. Years are thus wasted in only showing learners how difficult it is to write,—disheartening them by constantly finding fault with and erasing what has cost them much time and labor; whereas, by judicious delay, and a proper course of instruction, innumerable blunders might be avoided, which necessarily must result from thus groping in the dark. In writing, as well as in speaking, *imitation* is the basis of improvement.

Merely copying, however, is not what is meant by imitation; the former is a servile mechanical operation, which, at best, teaches only orthography. To learn to compose, we must bring imagination and judgment in aid of imitation. Attempting to write in imitation of a model-composition, and after simple perusal of it, would be the other extreme, and impracticable at an early period of learning: it can be had recourse to only by a person already advanced in the foreign language, with a view to perfect his style, as is often practised in the native tongue. In the study of the fine arts it would be equally injudicious to begin by copying the outlines of a model through transparent paper, or by drawing at once from the human figure.

There is no exercise better calculated for avoiding the two extremes in the process of imitation than the writing of *double translation*, as recommended by Cicero, Pliny the younger, Quintilian, and nearly all those who, to the present day, have suggested means for acquiring the art of composition.

Double translation consists in translating from a foreign idiom into the national tongue, and from this version back into the original language. By this means the just medium alluded to may easily be attained, as will shortly be seen: and other advantages will result, which we will point out in explaining more particularly the nature of this exercise.

In the first operation,—that of translating into the vernacular,—the student must keep in mind the two great principles of translation: 1, fidelity in transfusing the original ideas; 2, conformity to the genius and idiom of the language into which the translation is made.

Strict adherence to the first point ensures perfect comprehension of the foreign author, and thus promotes improvement in the foreign language. It supplies the

* *Philosophical Essays*, Ess. v.

deficiencies necessarily resulting from the cursory and careless manner in which a reader usually passes over words when the attention is exclusively engaged in apprehending the general sense. A translator weighs the original expressions with more exactness, and analyzes the ideas more minutely. So, at an early period, this first translation helps learners to understand thoroughly the foreign idiom.

In attending to the second point, the translator acquires and practises the art of composition in the national language. The mental exercise of selecting the words which will convey the thoughts of the foreign author most accurately is perhaps the fittest that could be devised for acquiring precision in the native tongue. The essays which young people are usually required to write in their own language, not unfrequently on very abstract subjects, are to them, from the inadequacy of their information, a very difficult and painful task. Translating from a foreign language, on the contrary, offers an inexhaustible source of progressive and interesting composition: a learner, thereby, not only has a subject before him, but he practises writing under favorable circumstances; for his attention can be entirely directed to the choice of words and to their arrangement.

When original writing is attempted before the mind has reached maturity, the learner is encouraged in habits of diffuse declamation: he is led to introduce in composition none but common-place ideas, and to conceal poverty of thought under pomp of phraseology; whereas, in translating from a standard work, the subject to be treated is always valuable, and the learner habituates himself to express only what is just and sound. In writing original essays his mind is engaged on things which he already knows; in translating from a good work he is led to reflect on subjects which probably he had not previously considered, and thus his sphere of thought is enlarged. Even his intellectual character will be improved, if he aim at a faithful and elaborate translation; for ideas cannot be completely and adequately transferred from one language to another, unless the translator call forth all his reflective powers, enter into the spirit of his author, rise, as it were, to a level with him, and follow the same train of thought.

The exercise of translation is also well calculated to extend the power of expression in the native tongue, because it is more difficult to render well the ideas of others than one's own. In original composition, people employ only such words and phrases as they already know, and sometimes even modify the ideas that originally started in the mind, to suit them to their scanty stock of language; but translation not only exercises the writer as well as original composition in applying the words he already knows, it also compels him to search for others with which he is unacquainted; it binds him to the expressing of particular ideas, and thus stimulates him to grapple with the difficulties of his own idiom. Original composition teaches to avoid difficulties; translation to overcome them.

By directing his attention to the details attendant upon the formation of a good style, the translator investigates the genius of both languages, he perceives that the words and their order do not always correspond in the foreign and the native idiom; he minutely analyzes the foreign expressions, seeks words equivalent to those of his author, tries in various ways to render his identical thoughts; he considers the synonymous words, the proper and figurative terms, the grammatical and idiomatical forms which may best render in his own language the ideas and sentiments of the foreign writer. His discriminative powers are exercised in ascertaining when to follow or to abandon the literal translation, and when to modify or to supply an image unsuitable to his native tongue. The more the two idioms differ in construction, the nearer the translation resembles original composition; and the increased effort required for accomplishing it augments the merit of the triumph. In short, by this exercise, the student distinguishes the most delicate shades of ideas, acquires perspicuity of language,

extends his power of speech, and forms those mental habits of clearness, order, and precision, which are the fruit of good classical education.

It is not then merely as a means of acquiring a foreign language that translation from it should be practised; its most important office consists in exercising the intellectual faculties, and extending indefinitely the power of expression in the native idiom: it should, therefore, be frequently performed either orally or written, but especially the latter, as more conducive to the above results. The rapidity with which oral translation is usually performed does not permit the learner to polish his style: the improvement in the native tongue which he may expect from it chiefly consists in extending his vocabulary and gaining readiness of expression; but written translation, allowing more time for reflection, affords every possible means of attending to correctness, perspicuity, and harmony of style. His mode of expression can always be minutely compared with that of the original; and on this comparison depends his improvement in native composition. The better the translator conceives the thought of his author, and perceives the perspicuity, force, and grace of his style, the more conscious is he of his own deficiencies, and, consequently, the greater his chance of becoming a good writer himself.

“If it were possible,” says Dr. Tytler, “accurately to define what is meant by a *good translation*, it is evident that a considerable progress would be made towards establishing the rules of the art. But there is no subject of criticism on which there has been so much difference of opinion. On the one hand, it has been affirmed that it is the duty of a translator to attend only to the sense and spirit of his original, to make himself perfectly master of his author’s ideas, and to communicate them in those expressions which he judges to be best suited to convey them. It has, on the other hand, been maintained, that, in order to constitute a perfect translation, it is not only requisite that the ideas and sentiments of the original author should be conveyed, but likewise his style and manner of writing, which, it is supposed, cannot be done without a strict attention to the arrangement of his sentences, and even to their order and construction. According to the former idea of translation, it is allowable to improve and to embellish; according to the latter, it is necessary to preserve even blemishes and defects; and to these must likewise be superadded the harshness that must attend every copy in which the artist scrupulously studies to imitate the minutest lines or traces of his original. As these two opinions form opposite extremes, it is not impossible that the point of perfection should be found between the two. I would therefore describe a good translation to be that in which the merit of the original work is so completely transfused into another language as to be as distinctly apprehended, and as strongly felt by a native of the country to which that language belongs, as it is by those who speak the language of the original work.”* Adopting this description as our basis, we build on it the following precepts:

A learner should, in translating be faithful to the original text, and yet conform to the genius of his own idiom; he should be careful neither to add to nor take from the ideas of the original; for his business is rather to copy than to compose. Nothing but the incapacity of the language to furnish a perfect equivalent can justify the use of an expression more or less forcible or comprehensive, more or less dignified or familiar, than the original. More liberty, however, may be taken with imaginative than with didactic works. Figures of thoughts, which are independent of language, and mark the character of the foreign writer, must be preserved; but figures of words, which often cannot be transferred into another language, may be represented by other figures equivalent to them, or even by their proper terms. Proverbs and aphorisms must be rendered by corresponding ones: the moral truths which they convey have their familiar expression among all nations, and are, in different languages, presented under different

* *Essay on the principles of Translation.*

images, borrowed mostly from physical facts. But, in thus availing himself of corresponding forms of expression, he must beware of attributing to one place or time the peculiarities of another, as did Echard, in his translation of Terence, who, among many other incongruities, makes a character in one of the plays of this writer say, "He looks as grave as an alderman," a comparison, be it said, without disrespect to aldermanic gravity, rather ludicrous in the mouth of a Roman.*

The errors most frequent among translators, and against which learners should guard very carefully, as being the most easily fallen into, are those which result from diversities of meaning attached to words in all languages. The blunder committed by De Laplace, who translated "*Love's last Shift*," the title of one of Cibber's plays, by "*La dernière chemise de l'amour*," is a sample of the absurdities to which imperfect knowledge of a foreign language may lead. D'Israeli mentions, among other blunders of this kind, that a French translator, priding himself on giving a verbal translation of Shakspeare's Henry IV., rendered the last words of the line, "So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone," by "*Ainsi, douleur, va-t'en*." Another Frenchman inserted Miss Edgeworth's "*Essay on Irish Bulls*" in a catalogue of works on "Natural History," mistaking it for a treatise on horned cattle. A French military work, "*par un officier du génie*" was translated, in this country we believe, "*by an officer of genius*."

Conciseness being one of the first requisites of style, the learner must avoid translating single words by periphrases: these are excusable only when the poverty of the language which he uses renders them necessary. Before he resorts to them, he should be certain that the difficulty does not arise from his own deficiency. Although he might be justified in availing himself of the foreign terms in the absence of corresponding native words, or when the phrases by which they may be interpreted are rather complicated, nevertheless an attempt at translating them, however circuitously, is always preferable, as being to him a trial of skill in translation. The license of adopting foreign words is particularly the privilege of eminent writers, who are thus afforded a means of enriching their national language.

Literal or verbatim translation renders the words of a foreign author, and free or idiomatic translation, his ideas: the former suits a beginner; the latter, a proficient. Free translation presents great scope for reflection and invention; it permits a learner to render an idiom or a figure by its corresponding one; and to substitute new graces of style for those which are untranslatable; whereas verbatim translation, which confines him to the consideration of words, often presents but confused ideas and a mass of barbarisms. Idiomatic translation, whether oral or written, is, more than a literal one, an evidence that the translator feels the force of the original. It should be remembered that the very object of so translating is to preserve the spirit of an author, where it would be lost or weakened by a literal version; but, where such a version would be faithful to the spirit, there, of course, it should be adopted. As a general rule, the translator should guard against introducing in one language the forms of expression which mark the genius of the other, although the literal translation might not present any violation of grammar. But, however desirable elegances of style may be in a translation, whenever they are irreconcilable with the sense of the original, they should be sacrificed; correctness in the native expression is all that can be expected.

It is often suggested, as a general direction, that the foreign work should be rendered in that style which, it may be presumed, its author would have employed, had he written in the language into which the translation is made. This suggestion, although consistent with reason, must be received with some caution; for, if strictly followed, it may sometimes lead to mere imitation rather than to faithful interpretation of the original. This rule may suit a translation written for the public; but it would not

* "*Tristis severitas inest in vultu*."—TERENTIUS, *Andria*, act. V.

accomplish the object of those who, by this exercise, aim at mental culture and at learning both languages. The business of a student who translates is not to bring the author down to his own level; but, on the contrary, to elevate himself to the position of the author, and to surround himself in imagination with all the influences which formed his creative mind.

As a means of improvement in vernacular composition in the absence of an instructor, the first version may be compared with a standard translation of the foreign work, and corrected accordingly. The use of such a translation has already been, and will again be, recommended; it may, if duly appreciated, render the greatest services in linguistic studies. Any person, even one unacquainted with the foreign idiom, may assist a child in native composition, by comparing his translation, viewed as an original essay, with the printed translation, and entering with him into such discussions on grammar or style as this comparison may suggest.

With proper attention, the student will soon overcome all the hindrances to the attainment of the first object in translation, namely, *conceiving clearly the ideas of the author*; because there must be a time when comprehension of the foreign written language is perfect; but the second object, *expressing these ideas faithfully and in appropriate idiomatic language*, presents a boundless field of exertion: for the art of composition may always be improved. In language, as in the fine arts, the power of understanding, appreciating, and enjoying finished composition has its limits, whilst skill in execution admits of no limits in its improvement. Perfection, although it may be unattainable, should always be aimed at.

The second performance in double translation,—the exercise intended to teach foreign composition,—consists, as has been seen, in retranslating the first version into the original language. As it presents greater difficulties than translating into the vernacular, it demands all the attention of which the learner is capable. In translating into a foreign language, great caution is, at first, required to avoid the many errors incident to ignorance. It is not sufficient to know the rules of grammatical concord and syntax, the learner must consider every word of a sentence before he writes it; he must ascertain the gender, number, and case of each substantive, adjective, and pronoun; the mood, tense, and person of each verb he has occasion to use; the governing and the governed term; the place of each word; finally, he must refer to the grammar and dictionary, to clear up the least doubt. This careful way of proceeding, persevered in for some time, will create habits of attention and accuracy, which will render his further progress rapid and certain.

The second translation possesses this peculiar advantage, that it can be introduced at the earliest as well as at the most advanced stage of the study; for its difficulty may be diminished or increased at will. In the commencement, the first version into the native tongue should be made as literal as this language permits, and the translation back into the foreign idiom be written shortly after the other, whilst the expressions of the model-book are still vivid on the memory. The few words which the learner may forget can easily be ascertained from the dictionary, or even from the original text, if he is able to resist the temptation of reading more words than he strictly requires. The attentive perusal of that text just before effecting the retranslation, may, in the beginning, further facilitate this operation.

As the learner advances, he should gradually depend more on his knowledge of the language, and less on recollection of the original. He should, therefore, render the first translation more freely into his own language, without, however, losing sight of the precise idea of the original, and should increase proportionably to his proficiency the interval between the two translations. What has been thus prepared should afterwards be translated orally, when sufficient fluency in pronunciation has been acquired. By these means, as he progresses, memory and reflection have greater scope for exercise.

The importance of increasing the difficulty, according to the degree of proficiency of the student, has been noticed before. An exact recollection of the original would render the second translation too easy, and would not be much more beneficial than the mere exercise of copying; complete obliteration of it from the mind would be equally bad, as it would make the task of retranslation too difficult. If the two extremes be carefully avoided, the double translation will become, by proper exercise of the imitative and retentive faculties, a certain and easy method of arriving at a practical knowledge of the art of writing; for it is by decomposing that we learn to compose. Thus it is a successful application of the two methods, to which we have before adverted: the first translation is an analytical, and the second a synthetical process.

Double translation is, as a means of storing the mind with the materials of discourse, far more efficient than the learning of vocabularies or dialogues; because the retentive and the recollective powers of the memory are successively called into action by the two versions; and are, besides, exercised on words, the import of which is determined by the context, as well as on a phraseology which can be depended upon as a model. It has this other peculiar advantage, that the more idiomatic the foreign expression is, the more it engages the learner's attention in searching for its equivalent in the native tongue; and, consequently, the greater is his chance of recollecting it for his second version and for ever after. As a means of forming his style in the foreign language, the double translation is preferable to simple reading; because it keeps the model for a longer time before the mind, and thereby impresses it more permanently on the memory. Let us add, that the double opportunity which it affords of comparing the construction of the two languages, exhibits, in a striking manner, the minutest shades of difference which characterize their genius; and, consequently, points out the principles peculiar to each, or common to both, that is to say, practically teaches particular and general grammar.

The correction of the second version of the double translation, which may be effected independently of a teacher, still further adds to its advantages. The self-instructed learner carefully compares his translation of the first version, or of a standard translation, with the original text, word for word, sentence for sentence. The impressions which he receives, through the eye, of the correctly written expressions, in contrast with his errors, are more deeply engraved in his mind than if he had, through the ear, obtained the same information from an instructor. He can thus correct what is faulty by the aid of an unerring standard; he receives, in fact, a lesson from the author or translator himself, and attains critical knowledge of the foreign language by a method which is sure, easy, and universal in its application.

Let it not be objected, that learners would be apt to avail themselves of the original text which is in their possession, to copy it entirely, instead of performing the second translation. Such a practice will be improbable, if their conscience have been habitually appealed to, and if they have early imbibed regard for truth. If they are not imbued with these moral principles, they had better abandon every intellectual pursuit, and go through a course of moral training. The age to which we must postpone the comparative study of languages permits the teacher to depend, for the right fulfilment of his task, on the honor of the students and on their desire of improvement. But, under the worst circumstances, their very perversity may be turned into account by obliging them to copy the foreign text, and requiring them to translate orally from their own writing. They soon will find it their interest to copy accurately, in order to facilitate their recitation; nor will they be long in discovering that they save time by postponing the operation until the matter has been well studied. By thus transcribing intelligently passages, with the meaning of which they have made themselves previously acquainted, they not only will gain a familiarity with the foreign phraseology,

but they will also be able to use a correct spelling when required to retranslate from the vernacular into the original language, and when the presence of the parent or instructor renders recourse to the text-book impossible. Indeed, so efficacious is this mode of learning orthography, that the process may be recommended to all students indiscriminately as an introduction into the art of writing a foreign language.

As another means of learning orthography, we will suggest the practice of extracting from the best works which the student reads the passages most remarkable for beauty of style, or justness of thought, interesting anecdotes, striking truths, and maxims. These extracts would necessarily draw attention to the orthography, punctuation, &c., at the same time that they would give correct habits of writing, cultivate taste for literature, exercise judgment in reading, and furnish useful ideas,—objects vastly more important than mere knowledge of spelling. One may be free from errors in orthography and pronunciation, and be withal very ignorant.

To complete our suggestions on the art of writing in a foreign language, we will point out a series of progressive exercises which may alternate with the double translation, and through which skill in original composition may be attained.

At first, the learner should confine himself to forms of expression similar to those which he has practised orally with his teacher, as also to the use of words and phrases so familiar to him that he can readily divest himself of the corresponding native ones,—no matter how common, homely, or even childish may be the theme, if, by this practice, he acquires the habit of writing his own ideas, directly and with ease, in the foreign language. Let him introduce in these initiatory compositions the progressive combinations which have been recommended for speaking, proceeding very gradually from the simplest to the most complicated propositions,—from detached sentences to connected discourse, until, after persevering for some time in this practice, he attains the power of composing without the intervening medium of the native tongue.

Connected composition would present little difficulty to a person skilled in forming detached sentences; for these, by means of connective terms, are easily formed into continuous subjects. But, as an intermediate step between the preceding exercises and original essays, the student may occasionally write narratives from recollection, and in imitation of good writers,—anecdotes, historical facts, or passages from standard works,—previously read, heard, or studied with that intention, an exercise corresponding to that already recommended for acquiring the art of speaking. The learner should, as in the case of oral narrations, take these from the foreign works, and, especially, if possible, from the book which he is at the time engaged in reading; for the words and phraseology which in this book directly suggested the ideas, would, from the association thus formed, be likely to present themselves to his mind when he wishes to express the same ideas. If, however, he should want any other assistance, he may consult a good standard dictionary, or such as have been compiled for the express purpose of phraseological illustration,* and having found an expression analogous to that he is in want of, he may adapt it to suit his own particular case.

When learners have, by these essays, acquired some command of language, their compositions must rise in character and increase in difficulty: descriptive and argumentative subjects should, in due time and alternately, engage their attention. But, the better to effect this, they should not be satisfied with hearing or reading on the subjects to be treated of, they should themselves minutely examine what they wish to describe, and should fully discuss with their instructor the points on which they have to write an argumentative dissertation. Compositions of a purely narrative character,

* See "Roemer's Dictionary of English and French Idioms, Illustrating, by Phrases and Examples, the Peculiarities of both Languages, and designed as a Supplement to the ordinary Dictionaries now in use." New York. 1852.

resting on the concatenation of incidents, exercise more especially memory and imagination : whereas descriptions and dissertations, without rejecting the aid of these two faculties, call for higher intellectual powers : the first requires accurate investigation of things, and nice discrimination in classifying the subject ; the second depends chiefly on judgment and strict attention to logical relations. The more minute the description, and the more philosophical the dissertation, the greater will be the demand on the reflective and reasoning powers of the students ; the more extensive also will be the technological vocabulary brought into their service.

When reading, phrase-making, double translation, written narratives, and the study of grammar, have familiarized a student with the orthography, idioms, and syntactical structure of the language ; when he begins to speak and write his thoughts readily and without the intervention of his own language ; when, above all, he has enriched his mind with an extensive stock of ideas and words, and improved his taste by assiduous and critical study of the great models, then it is time to set aside all assistance, and depend, in his composition, entirely on his own resources :—the transition from free imitation to an independent and manly use of a foreign language will present no difficulty.

Original essays, whether in a foreign or in the native tongue, should, in the commencement, principally be of a narrative character, as offering less difficulty than any other kind of composition, and being more applicable to conversation or correspondence. Let the student, at first, condense in one or two pages, the matter of the last volume which he has been reading, and occasionally introduce some critical remarks of his own, on the style and sentiments of the author, or on the merit and tendency of his work. He will soon find that he can, with perfect ease, extend the matter to many pages. But he must be careful to avoid diffuseness and redundancy—very common defects of young writers. If these abstracts be given in his own words, and by thinking in the foreign idiom, the reflection which he bestows on what has lately been the subject of his reading, in order to collect, condense, and arrange his ideas, will change fugitive impressions into lasting recollections, and developé in him great powers of expression as well as of observation.

We also advise students, when they write compositions, not to be over timid at first in the choice or arrangement of words, and not to aim too soon at faultless productions, as, by doing so, they would be apt to employ only such expressions as they already know, and thereby remain stationary. They should occasionally attempt the idiomatic, syntactic, and figurative forms, of the correctness of which they are uncertain, that the professor, on perceiving their deficiencies, may communicate to them general principles for their future guidance. They should, in fact, submit their performances to him, not to obtain compliments but instruction.

A good exercise is not that which is free from error, but that which affords the instructor opportunity to communicate information, correct false notions, and assist his pupils in overcoming difficulties. The errors which spring from ignorance are a source of improvement : those which arise from inattention are, on the contrary, the bane of instruction ; and, to guard against them, learners should always carefully revise their compositions before submitting them to the inspection of the professor. Such a practice is indispensable to good writing ; the habit must be early formed by those who wish to attain critical correctness of style. All the great writers of ancient and modern times, who are distinguished for purity of style, among others, Demosthenes, Cicero, Horace, Pope, Johnson, Edmund Burke, Bossuet, Boileau, Racine, were remarkable for the extreme care with which they revised and corrected their productions before they allowed them to meet the eye of the public. Voltaire,* by his own acknowledgment,

* *Milanges Littéraires.*

corrected every day some of his works. D'Israeli observes that the manuscripts of Tasso still preserved are illegible from the vast number of corrections.† Those of Pope, which may be seen in the British Museum, are covered with erasures and interlineations. T. B. Macaulay states, that he has in his possession the variations in a fine stanza of Ariosto, which the poet has altered a hundred times. Petrarch is said to have made forty-four alterations in one verse. Pascal was frequently engaged for twenty days in writing some of his Provincial Letters. He recommenced several of them seven or eight times; and, by this means, obtained that perfection which has made his work, says Voltaire, "one of the best books ever published in France." Gibbon wrote his *Memoirs* six times over. Buffon wrote his "*Epoques de la Nature*" eighteen times before he allowed them to appear in print. "The infallible sign of mediocrity is self-admiration: it produces rapidly, and corrects little. A great mind, on the contrary, is almost always dissatisfied with its own performance."†

The method which has now been minutely detailed, and which is founded on the suggestions of the most eminent educationists, such as Pluche, Radonvilliers, Beauzée, Sicard, Lemare, Weiss, Niemeyer, and, more particularly, Marcel, of whose writings free use has been made without continued reference, will, we hope, obtain the consideration of those interested in the cause of education, now that the study of foreign languages is fast becoming an essential part of the training of American youth. Every object proposed from this study is here presented to their attention in the order and in the manner prescribed by nature; the several exercises indispensable for gaining complete knowledge of it come in succession, so that an accumulation of difficulties is avoided. This division of labor permits to do away with the heterogeneous medley of lessons which have gradually found their way into instruction, and which are only calculated to obstruct the path of study, and to confuse and dishearten the learner.

The present method, on the contrary, tends to encourage them, by enabling them to understand the reason of what they do: the means are always made consistent with the end, and their exercises the very objects aimed at in the study of a language. They cannot but be anxious to learn when thus they find that every unnecessary obstacle is removed, and that the tasks imposed on them are few, agreeable, and indispensable.

We have throughout adduced reasons for our recommendation of particular exercises, and shown the benefits which they confer. These reasons, or others which the professor may have in support of any particular plan which he adopts, he should communicate to his pupils, when they are of an age to understand and appreciate them. Being thus rendered conscious of the usefulness of their various exercises, they will perform them with more pleasure, and apply to study with more diligence and alacrity.

It has been often asserted that foreign languages could only be learned abroad. We, however, differ from this opinion, and think, on the contrary, that a proper method places the learner in a more favorable position for acquiring a foreign idiom than social intercourse in the country itself in which it is spoken; for, admitting even, what is far from being always the case, that he then mixes much with its inhabitants, he has no chance of understanding them for a considerable time; because the nature and rapidity of ordinary conversation do not permit the oral expression to be accompanied with the interpreting signs of the language of action, as when young children are spoken to. His progress in this department, and, consequently, in its counterpart, the art of speaking, must be much impeded, the more so as he cannot, with propriety, stop strangers at every word requiring explanation, as he might his instructor at home. The facility afforded to learn a foreign language abroad may be experienced in childhood, not in manhood.

If, in his native place, a learner have access to a large and select collection of foreign

* *Curiosities of Literature.*

† Victor Cousin, *Philosophie Populaire.*

works; and if he can frequently enjoy the society of an instructor who pronounces the foreign language correctly, and who, in conformity with our suggestions, will assiduously read or speak it to him, his practice of the language may be as great as if he were in the country where it is spoken, and must certainly be safer. When abroad, being in daily contact with a variety of uneducated people, whose services are indispensable, and who often speak in the most incorrect and vulgar manner, erroneous impressions must constantly be received, which will be the more easily imbibed as they are the first, and as ignorance of the language precludes the possibility of discriminating between right and wrong. The home learner does not labor under the same disadvantage; for he acquires only correct expressions from his books, hears only a pure pronunciation from his teacher, without the counteracting influence of bad example, and is sure, whether he speaks or writes, to have all his errors corrected.

The circumstance of being abroad is favorable to the learning of a foreign language only when the opportunity is afforded of frequently hearing good models and of bringing into use the materials of language as they are acquired. But the opportunity does not generally fall to the lot of travellers; many pass through a country without gaining admittance to the society of the natives, without even having either time or inclination to read,—their practice of the language being frequently confined to the exchange of some familiar ideas with servants of hotels, or an accidental fellow-traveller who chances to be communicative. The less they know the foreign language the less they avail themselves of the opportunities of hearing or speaking it, because the more reluctant are they to exhibit deficiency in the presence of well-educated natives. It must have come within the observation of our readers that not a few persons have returned from travels abroad with but a scanty stock of foreign phraseology.

It may then be fairly concluded that, at home, by adopting a proper course, a foreign language may be learned better than abroad; for the rapidity of acquisition and facility of expression which result from mixing much with the natives, when that can be effected, are almost always obtained at the expense of correctness. The most advisable plan, whenever practicable, is to acquire at home some proficiency in hearing and speaking the language, and complete the acquisition by practice abroad.

But, whether a foreign living language be learned at home or abroad, it must not be forgotten that the rapid, correct, and complete acquisition of it depends chiefly on the method adopted, and the spirit with which it is pursued. Intrinsically good as a method may be, it will sometimes fail for want of being carried on in the spirit in which it was formed. To avert this danger, we have endeavored to leave nothing important unexplained: observations apparently trifling frequently lead to the most useful results. But, however minute have been our directions, there still remain many practical details which cannot be well entered into, as their usefulness depends on particular contingencies, or circumstances which cannot be foreseen: the unfolding of these must be left to the discretion of the teacher.

We therefore will observe, in concluding, that, as the application of general principles is liable to exceptions, in order to derive from the exercises recommended throughout all the benefits which may be expected from them, it will sometimes be advisable to modify them according to the attainments proposed, or to the age and dispositions of the learners; but, so long as those who study a foreign language conform to the great principles of imitation and analogy, they are on the right road, they follow nature's course, which, in this acquisition, consists, at first, in listening and reading, then trying to speak and write. Theory comes afterwards to assist practice and complete the knowledge. Such is the method we advocate, the spirit of which may be summed up in these few words: *Imitation initiates, Practice acquires, Grammar perfects, and Habit secures the knowledge of a Language.*

POLYGLOT READER,
AND
GUIDE FOR TRANSLATION.



PART I
ANECDOTES, TALES, ETC.



POLYGLOT READER.



PART I.,

ANECDOTES, TALES, ETC.



I.—MAXIMS, PROVERBS, AND MORAL REFLECTIONS.

1. To the resolute man nothing is impossible.
2. With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes satin.
3. The patient mule, which travels night and day, will, in the end, go farther than the Arabian courser.
4. Whatever be your talents, be modest.
5. Use your learning like your watch; if you are asked what time it is, take it out of your pocket, and tell; but never take it out merely to show that you have one.
6. He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.
7. Pitch upon that course of life which is the most useful, and custom will render it the most agreeable.
8. Learn early the art of making money.
9. Pecuniary dependence is the most humiliating of all; it degrades the mind, and depraves the heart.

10. Resolve not to be poor; whatever be your income, let your expense be less.

11. The regard which we show to economy is like that which we show to an old aunt, who is to leave us something at last.

12. He is rich whose income exceeds his expense, and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

13. Be thrifty to yourself, that you may be liberal towards others.

14. Without a friend the world is but a wilderness.

15. If you would keep your friend, honor him present, praise him absent, and assist him in necessity.

16. Whoever has flattered his friend successfully, must think himself a knave and his friend a fool.

17. Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver, and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.

18. He who lies to injure another, is a malicious villain; he who lies to save himself, is a guilty coward.

19. A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

20. Always adhere strictly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture; the manner is the frame which displays it to advantage.

21. A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a disrespectful word to another than to knock him down.

22. He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

23. Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

24. To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

25. Observe carefully the behavior and manners of those who are distinguished by their good breeding, and strive to imitate the real perfections of the good company into which you may get.

26. The difference between a well-bred man and an ill-bred man is this ; one immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion. You love the one till you find reason to hate him ; you hate the other till you find reason to love him.

27. Whatever useful or engaging endowments we possess, virtue is requisite to make them shine with proper lustre.

28. The love of virtue is the love of ourselves.

29. No action can be called virtuous that is not accompanied by the sentiment of self-approbation.

30. Do nothing shameful either in the presence of others or alone ; respect yourself and others will respect you.

31. Remember that if you ever preserve life at the expense of virtue, you are not certain that you have prolonged existence for an instant ; but you are certain that you have rendered the rest of it contemptible.

32. Store your mind early with maxims of every day prudence and axioms of religious obligation : the perfection of our conduct proceeds from the purity and wisdom of our habitual thoughts.

33. Be virtuous for your own sake, though nobody were to know it, as you would be clean for your own sake though nobody were to see you.

34. There is nothing so delicate as a man's moral character, and nothing which it is his interest so much to preserve pure.

35. Do what is just, speak what is true, be what you appear, and appear what you are.

36. If any one speak ill of thee, flee home to thy own conscience, and examine thy heart : if thou be guilty, it is a just correction ; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction ; make use of both, so shalt thou distil honey out of gall, and of an open enemy make a secret friend.

II.—TRUE POLITENESS.

PRESIDENT Jefferson, while walking in the street one day with a merchant, returned with an air of kindness the bow of a negro, who passed. "How," said the merchant, "does your Excellency condescend to salute a slave?" "I should certainly be very sorry," answered the President, "if a slave could exceed me in politeness."

III.—A GOOD EXCUSE.

SHERIDAN being on a visit at a friend's in the country, an elderly maiden set her heart on being his companion in a walk. He excused himself at first on account of the bad weather. Soon afterwards, however, the lady surprised him in an attempt to escape without her. "Well," said she, "it has cleared up, I see." "Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two."

IV.—AN EXPENSIVE JOKE.

DOMINICO, the favorite buffoon of Louis XIV., being one evening admitted to the presence of the king during supper, said not a word, nor uttered the least remark, but seemed wholly absorbed in the contemplation of a dish of partridges of an exquisite appearance. The king perceiving what it was that so closely engaged his attention, and wishing to make him talk, said: "Give that dish to Dominico."—"And the partridges, too, sire?"—"And the partridges, too," replied the magnificent monarch, pleased with his wit. The dish was gold.

V.—AN ALARMING THREAT.

A STUDENT of medicine having lost an important law-suit, broke out in the most violent language against his judges, and said that it would probably cost the lives of more than a thousand persons. He was instantly arrested on account of this alarming threat, and an explanation asked for. "Nothing is more plain," said he; "in taking away from me all my property, you leave me no other resource than to become a physician."

VI.—A STRANGE COMPARISON.

THE Physicians, says the Spectator, are a most formidable body of men. This body may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time. Some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and dispatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

VII.—THE PHILOSOPHER OUTDONE.

A LEARNED philosopher being very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask him for some fire. "But," says the doctor, "you have nothing to take it in;" and, as he was going to fetch something for that purpose, the little girl stooped down at the fire-place, and taking some cold ashes in one hand, she put live embers on them with the other. The doctor, seeing this, threw down his books in astonishment, and exclaimed, "With all my learning, I should never have found out that experiment."

VIII.—RETORT COURTEOUS.

It is well known that Pope was quite small and deformed. One evening, while he was at Burton's coffee-house, with Swift, Arbuthnot, and a few other friends, poring over a manuscript of the Greek Aristophanes, they found one sentence which they could not comprehend.

As they talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged leave to look at the passage. "Oh," said Pope, sarcastically, "by all means: pray let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the book, and, considering awhile, said there wanted only a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible. "And pray, sir," said Pope, piqued at being outdone by a military man, "what is a note of interrogation?" "A note of interrogation," replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, "is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

IX.—A POOR SATISFACTION.

HENRY VIII., King of England, having quarrelled with Francis I., King of France, determined to send an ambassador to that prince, with a message couched in haughty and threatening terms, and appointed for this purpose his chancellor, Sir Thomas More. The chancellor having remarked to Henry that his embassy on this occasion might cost him his head:—"Never fear, man!" said the king, "if Francis takes your life, I will make every Frenchman in my dominions a head shorter." "There would be some satisfaction in that," replied the facetious chancellor; "but I much doubt, sire, whether, among all these heads, there would be one which would fit my shoulders so well as my own."

X.—AN INTRICATE SUIT.

A YOUNG law student was obliged, by lot, to inscribe his name among certain new levies of the Austrian imperial army. He sent a petition to the emperor, stating, that as he was on the point of being called to the bar, he flattered himself he could be of more service to his country as a lawyer than as a soldier. "My good friend," said the emperor, "you are not ignorant that I am engaged in a very intricate suit against the French Convention, and that I want the assistance of men of such talent as you appear to be. Have the goodness to accept these twelve ducats. Do your duty, and I promise you promotion."

XI.—PATRIOTISM.

WHEN the English were in possession of Boston, at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, Washington, for the purpose of driving out the enemy, consulted Congress as to the propriety of bombarding the city. John Hancock presided at the time. A member proposed that the President should first give his opinion, as being deeply interested. "Gentleman," said he, "all the property which I possess is in Boston; yet I should rejoice to see the city reduced to ashes, if by that means, the English should be driven from our country."

XII.—A VETERAN CORPS.

DURING the war of independence, eighty old German soldiers, who, after having long served under different monarchs in Europe, had retired to America, and converted their swords into ploughshares, voluntarily formed themselves into a company, and distinguished themselves in various actions in the cause of independence. The captain was nearly one hundred years old, had been in the army forty years, and present in seventeen battles. The drummer was ninety-four, and the youngest man in the corps on the verge of seventy. Instead of a cockade, each man wore a piece of black crape, as a mark of sorrow for being obliged, at so advanced a period of life, to bear arms. "But," said the veterans, "we should be deficient in gratitude, if we did not act in defence of a country which has afforded us a generous asylum, and protected us from tyranny and oppression." Such a band of soldiers never before perhaps appeared on a field of battle.

XIII.—NAVAL ORATORY.

ADMIRAL Blake, when a captain, was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies, on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. It happened in an engagement, that one of the ships blew up, which damped the spirits of the crew; but Blake, who was not to be subdued by one unsuccessful occurrence, called out to his men, "Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up; now let us see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation." This well-timed harangue raised their spirits immediately, and in less than an hour, he set his antagonist on fire. "There, my lads," said he, "I knew we should have our revenge soon."

XIV.—A SAILOR'S REPLY.

As a sailor was about to embark on a long voyage, one of his friends said to him: "I am astonished that you dare to trust yourself upon the sea, since your father, your grandfather, and great-grandfather perished all by shipwreck!" "My friend," asked the sailor, "where did your father die?" "In his bed, as all his ancestors did before him." "And how dare you, then, trust yourself in bed, since your father, grandfather, and great-grandfather died there?"

XV.—A STRATAGEM.

LAFONTAINE was in the habit of eating every evening a roasted apple. One day he was called out, and placed the apple upon the chimney-piece. While absent, one of his friends entered the room, and seeing the apple, ate it. Lafontaine returning, and missing the fruit, guessed what had happened, and exclaimed, with great assumed emotion, "What on earth has become of the apple which was left here?" "I know not," said the other. "I rejoice to hear it, for I put arsenic in it to kill rats." "O my! I am poisoned," said his visitor, in excessive alarm; "quick,—send for a doctor!" "My friend," said Lafontaine, "be calm; now that I remember, I forgot to put any in this time: still, I am sorry that a falsehood was necessary in order to discover the truth."

XVI.—LAW OF RETALIATION.

A TURKISH slater, being at work on the roof of a house, fell into the street upon a wealthy old man, whom he killed, without any serious injury to himself. The son of the deceased caused him to be arrested and conducted before the Cadi, with whom he used all his influence to have the poor man condemned; and though the innocence of the latter was clearly established, nothing would serve him but the law of retaliation. The Cadi accordingly sentenced the slater to be placed exactly on the spot where the old man was at the moment of the accident,—“and you,” said he to the son, “will go on the roof of the house, fall down upon the slater, and kill him if you can.”

XVII.—A MORTAL COMBAT.

AN apothecary, who had never fired a pistol nor drawn a sword, was once provoked to fight a duel by an officer. He went to the appointed place of meeting, and remarking to his opponent that he did not know how to fight, told him that he had another way of arranging the matter. He then took from his pocket a box of pills, and taking out two of them, said to the officer, "As you are a man of honor, I know that you desire to take no advantage of me. Here are two pills; one of them composed of the most deadly poison, the other harm-

less. If each of us swallow one of them, the contest will be equal. Please to choose." It is needless to add that the whole affair was terminated with shouts of laughter.

XVIII.—A WOODEN SWORD.

A BOASTER, who was in the habit of frightening young men, and endeavoring to provoke them to fight, well knowing that no one would quarrel with him, once unexpectedly offended a person, who challenged him. Obligated to meet his opponent, he was at first in great anxiety; but, after having thought of every possible plan to avoid the meeting, he at last resolved upon the following method. He put a wooden blade in the scabbard of his sword, and when he arrived at the appointed place, in the presence of his adversary, he exclaimed, kneeling to the ground, "Great God! grant that the blade of my sword may turn to wood; otherwise, I shall be obliged to kill this man." He then drew his wooden sword, and said to his adversary, who seemed astonished at the apparent miracle, "Be thankful to Heaven, sir, that my prayer was answered, for otherwise you would this evening have supped with Pluto."

XIX.—A DANGEROUS WOUND.

A SURGEON being sent for by a gentleman who had received a slight wound in a duel, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient turned a little pale and said, "Lord, sir, I hope there is no danger." "Yes, indeed, there is," said the surgeon, "for if the fellow does not make haste, the wound will be healed before he returns."

XX.—NO CURE, NO PAY.

THE wife of a poor man having fallen dangerously ill, the latter went to a physician equally known for his skill and for his sordid avarice. Thinking the doctor was afraid that he would not be paid for his trouble, the good man, pulling out an old purse, said to him: "Here I have twenty dollars, which is all I possess in the world; whether you kill my wife or cure her, I will give them to you." The doctor having accepted the offer, went to see the woman, but without avail:

in a few days she died. He then claimed the twenty dollars from the husband, who asked him if he had killed his wife. "No, certainly," answered the doctor. "Have you cured her?" "No." "Then you have no right to the money, and I am really astonished you should dare come and claim it."

XXI.—A RULING PASSION.

A GAMBLER on his death-bed having seriously taken leave of his physician, who told him that he could not live beyond eight o'clock next morning, exerted the little strength he had left to call the doctor back; having accomplished that with difficulty, for he could scarcely speak above a whisper—"Doctor," said he, "I'll bet you twenty dollars I will live till nine."

XXII.—A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.

HUME one day complained to some friends that he considered himself as very ill-treated by the world, by its unjust and unreasonable censures; adding that he had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that could be said to contain any reprehensible matter; and yet, for these few pages, he was abused and torn to pieces. The company remained silent for a while; but at length a gentleman dryly observed that he put him in mind of an old acquaintance, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the extreme injustice and hardship of his case, inasmuch as he had written many thousand inoffensive sheets, and now he was to be hanged for a single line.

XXIII.—HONESTY.

PASSING one night along the ramparts, Marshal Turenne was attacked by a gang of robbers, who took every thing from him except a valuable diamond, which they allowed him to retain, upon his promising to give them, the following day, a hundred louis. In the course of the day one of the robbers had the audacity to call upon him at his house, and in the midst of a large company, to demand in a whisper the fulfilment of his promise. Turenne ordered the money to be paid,

and gave him time to escape before recounting the adventure. Every one seemed surprised at such a proceeding. "An honest man," said he, "should never forfeit his word, even if given to rogues."

XXIV.—CHARITY.

A QUAKER was asked by a poor man for money as charity, or work. The Quaker observed, "Friend, I know not what I can give thee to do. Let me see; thou mayst take my wood that is in the yard up stairs, and I will give thee half a dollar." This the poor man was glad to do, and the job lasted him till about noon, when he came and told him the work was done, and asked him if he had any more to do. "My friend, let me consider," said the benevolent Quaker: "Oh! thou mayst take the wood down again, and I will give thee another half dollar."

XXV.—ABSTRACTION.

NEWTON, finding himself extremely cold one evening in winter, drew his chair very near to the grate, in which a large fire had recently been lighted. By degrees the fire having completely kindled, Newton felt the heat intolerably intense, and rang his bell with unusual violence. His servant was not at hand at the moment, but he soon made his appearance. By this time Newton was almost literally roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" he exclaimed in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and bland philosopher; "remove the grate before I am burnt to death!" "And pray, master," said the servant, "might you not rather draw back your chair?" "Upon my word," said Newton, smiling, "I never thought of that."

XXVI.—IGNORANCE.

KORSAKOF, a favorite of the Empress Catherine, possessed a handsome face and very elegant figure, but was entirely destitute of knowledge. As soon as he had been called to court, he conceived that a man like him ought of course to have a library. Accordingly, he sent without delay for the most ce-

lebrated bookseller in Saint Petersburg, and informed him that he wanted books for his house at Vasilitchilof, of which the Empress had just made him a present. The bookseller asked him what books he wanted. "You understand that better than I," answered he; "it is your business; but there must be great books at the bottom, and little ones above, as they are at the Empress's."

XXVII.—A LESSON.

A FRIEND of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot, as a present, by a servant who had frequently been on similar errands, but who had never received the most trifling mark of the Dean's generosity. Having gained admission, he opened the door of the study, and abruptly putting down the fish, cried very rudely: "Master has sent you a turbot." "Young man, said the Dean, rising from his easy chair, "is that the way you deliver your message? Let me teach you better manners; sit down in my chair; we will change situations, and I will show you how to behave in future." The boy sat down, and the Dean going to the door, came up to the table with a respectful pace, and making a low bow, said: "Sir, my master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present." "Does he?" replied the boy; "return him my best thanks, and there's half a crown for yourself." The Dean thus drawn into an act of generosity, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his wit.

XXVIII.—A. PUNGENT REPLY.

VERY soon after the close of the American Revolution a deputation of Indian chiefs, having some business to transact with the Governor, were invited to dine with some of the officials in Philadelphia. During the repast the eyes of a young chief were attracted to a caster of mustard, having in it a spoon ready for use. Tempted by its bright color, he gently drew it towards him, and soon had a brimming spoonful in his mouth. Instantly detecting his mistake, he nevertheless had the fortitude to swallow it, although it forced tears from his eyes. A chief opposite at the table, who had observed the consequence, but not the cause, asked him "what he was cry-

ing for?" He replied that he was "thinking of his father, who was killed in battle." Soon after the questioner himself, prompted by curiosity, made the same experiment with the same result, and in turn was asked by the young sachem "what he was crying for?" "Because you were not killed when your father was," was the very prompt reply.

XXIX.—THE WAY TO GET A SEAT NEAR THE FIRE

A YANKEE traveller arriving at a country inn, quite drenched with rain, found the fire so closely surrounded by guests, that he could not get near it, until he thought of an expedient to disperse them. Having called the stable boy, he ordered him, in a loud voice, to give his horse immediately six dozen of oysters. "But a horse never eats oysters," answered the boy, "Do as I tell you," said the traveller, "and you will see." Such a feed for a horse excited much surprise, and as soon as it was ready, the whole company rose, and proceeded to the stable to see a horse eat oysters. The traveller then quietly took the best seat by the fire. As might be expected the boy came back immediately to tell him that the horse would not eat the oysters. "Never mind!" said the traveller, "bring them here, I will eat them."

XXX.—A GENTLE HINT.

A CLERGYMAN who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was one day at an inn, where he observed a horse-jockey trying to take in a gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed, "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way." "Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

XXXI.—A CANDID CULPRIT.

THE Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, travelling once through Barcelona, paid a visit to the galley-slaves. He questioned many of them, and inquired what crimes they severally had committed. All endeavored to appear innocent. One said he was put there by mistake; another that his judge had been bribed to convict him; a third was there by treachery; in short, all were perfectly guiltless, and, according to their own statements, injured men. At last the Duke came to a poor fellow of more humble appearance than the rest, whom he also asked what he was there for. "My Lord," replied he, "I cannot deny that I deserve to be here; for, being in great want of money to keep from starvation, I stole a purse from a monk on his way to Tarragona." The Duke, sternly addressing him, said: "Rascal that you are, what business have you here among such honest men? Leave their company instantly, so as not to spoil them all." He was thus set at liberty, while the others remained in the galleys.

XXXII.—AN INTREPID QUAKER.

IN the war of 1812, a New York trader was chased by an English privateer, and having four guns with plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand the brush with the enemy rather than be taken prisoners. Among the other passengers was an athletic Quaker, who, though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards and forwards on the deck, without any apparent fear, the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the English, which was very soon put in execution, when the Quaker, being on the look out, unexpectedly sprang towards the first man that jumped on board, and grasping him forcibly by the collar, coolly said, "Friend, thou hast no business here," at the same time hoisting him over the ship's side.

XXXIII.—A GOOD SON.

WHILE the French troops were encamped at Boulogne, public attention was excited by the daring attempt at escape made by an English sailor. This person having escaped from the depot, and having gained the sea shore, where the woods served for concealing him, constructed, with no other instrument than a knife, a boat entirely of the bark of trees. When the weather was fair, he mounted a tree and looked out for the English flag; and having at last observed a British cruiser, he ran to the shore with his boat on his back, and was about to trust himself in his frail vessel to the waves, when he was pursued, arrested, and loaded with chains. Every body in the army was anxious to see the boat, and Napoleon, having at length heard of the affair, sent for the sailor and interrogated him. "You must," said Napoleon, "have had a great desire to see your country again, since you could resolve to trust yourself on the open sea in so frail a bark. I suppose you have left a sweetheart there." "No," said the sailor, "but a poor, and infirm mother, whom I was anxious to see." "And you shall see her," said Napoleon, giving at the same time orders to set him at liberty and to bestow upon him a considerable sum of money for his mother, observing that "she must be a good mother who had so good a son."

XXXIV.—GREAT RESULTS FROM TRIFLING CAUSES.

A VIZIER, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live beetle, a little honey, three clews—one of the finest silk, another of stout pack-thread, and another of whip-cord; and finally, a stout coil of rope." When she came again to the foot of the tower, provided with these things, he instructed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the honey, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and place the insect on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of honey, which he conceived to be in the store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of

the silk thread ; and he drew up the pack-thread by means of the silk ; the small cord by means of the pack-thread ; and by means of the cord a stout rope, capable of sustaining his own weight ; and so, at last, escaped from the place of his imprisonment.

XXXV.—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ECONOMY AND AVARICE.

ONCE, when a collection was being made to build a hospital for the poor, those who were employed to obtain subscriptions came to a small house, the door of which was half open. From the entry, they heard an old man scolding his servant-girl, who, having opened a parcel, had afterwards thrown the outer wrapping paper in the fire, without reflecting that perhaps it might be of further service. After diverting themselves awhile with listening to the dispute, they knocked and presented themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as they told him the object of their visit, he begged them to be seated while he wrote out a check for five hundred dollars. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, which they little expected, could not help testifying their surprise, and told the old gentleman what they had heard. "Friends," said he, "your surprise is occasioned by a thing of little consequence. I keep house, and save or spend money in my own way ; the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other, and both equally gratify my inclinations.—With regard to benefactions and donations, always expect most from prudent people, who keep their own accounts."

XXXVI.—UNFULFILLED COMMISSIONS.

A GENTLEMAN who was going for a few months to Europe, was besieged on all sides with requests to buy a number of articles only to be had in Paris. "Just make a little memorandum of what you want," said he, "and I shall be happy to attend to you." Every one accordingly made out his list ; one only added the money necessary to pay for the articles required. This the traveller employed according to direction ; he bought nothing for the others. On his return, they all came to him to receive their goods, but were much disappointed to hear the accident which had deprived him of the pleasure of fulfilling their commissions. "One fine morning," said he, "that I was on deck, I took out my pocketbook to

look over your notes and to arrange them in order, when suddenly a gust of wind took up all of them, and blew them into the sea." "However," observed one, "I thought you had brought for so and so every thing he asked you to." "That is true," replied the traveller, "but it was by mere chance, and only owing to his having put some money into his note, the weight of which prevented its being blown overboard."

XXXVII.—A CUNNING ASTROLOGER.

An astrologer under the reign of Louis the Eleventh, having foretold some things disagreeable to the King, his majesty, in revenge, resolved to put him to death. The next day he sent for the astrologer, and ordered his servants, at a given signal, to throw him out of the window. As soon as the astrologer entered, the king thus addressed him: "You who pretend to be so wise, and to know so perfectly the fate of others, you can inform me, perhaps, what will be your own, and how long you have to live?" The astrologer, who began to apprehend some danger, answered with great presence of mind, "I know my destiny, and am to die just three days before your majesty." The king, after that, far from having him thrown out of the window, took the greatest care of him, and did every thing in his power to retard the death of one whom he was so soon to follow.



XXXVIII.—CHEMICAL DANGERS.

A PROFESSOR of chemistry was once repeating before his class an experiment with some combustible substances, when suddenly the mixture exploded, and the vial which he held in his hand blew into a hundred pieces. "Gentlemen," said the doctor to his pupils, with the most unaffected gravity, "I have made this experiment often with the very same vial, and never knew it break in my hands before." The simplicity of this rather superfluous remark produced a general laugh, in which the learned professor, instantly discerning the cause of it, joined most heartily.

Something worse happened to Mr. Roelle, an eminent French chemist, but not the most cautious of operators. One day, while performing some experiments, he observed to his auditors, "Gentlemen, you see this cauldron upon this furnace; well, if I were to cease stirring a single moment, an

explosion would ensue, which would blow us all into the air." The company had scarcely time to reflect on this comfortable piece of intelligence before he did forget to stir, and his prediction was accomplished. The explosion took place with a horrible crash; all the windows of the laboratory were smashed to pieces, and two hundred auditors whirled away into the garden. Fortunately, no one received any serious injury, the greatest violence of the explosion having been in the direction of the chimney. The demonstrator escaped without farther harm than the loss of his wig.

XXXIX.—A CLEAR-SIGHTED BLIND MAN.

A BLIND man having saved a considerable sum of money, buried it in a little garden behind his house, where he used to visit it from time to time to assure himself of its safety, and to add his little savings. A neighbor having discovered the deposit, appropriated it to himself. The blind man perceiving that his treasure had been stolen, and suspecting his neighbor to be the thief, determined to ascertain it, and, if possible, to outwit him. He went therefore to his house, and told him that he had come to ask his advice on an important subject. "Well," said the other, "what is it?" "Why," answered the blind man, "I have a sum of money which I have hidden in a safe place—but it brings me nothing: now, having lately received a legacy, I am in doubt, whether I had better bury it with the other, or place the whole in the public funds, where it would produce me some interest." His neighbor advised him not to risk his money in the funds, which were fluctuating and uncertain; but to deposit it as he had done the other, in a secure place. As soon as the blind man left him, the thief carefully replaced the money he had taken, thinking by that means to obtain both sums. The other, expecting that such would be the result, took his money; and, shortly afterwards paying a visit to his neighbor, told him that, having suddenly changed his mind, he had now found a place for his money, which he thought would be more safe still, and asked him if he did not think that blind people were sometimes the most clear-sighted after all?

XL.—AN OVERWHELMING PROOF.

A SPANIARD, while traversing a desert part of Mexico on a lean and jaded horse, met with an Indian, extremely well mounted on a young and vigorous steed. The Spaniard asked the Indian to change horses with him, but this being refused, he proceeded to violence and forcibly seized the animal. Being remarkably swift on foot, the Indian kept close at his oppressor's heels, till they arrived at the next village, where he complained to the alcalde of the injustice that had been done him. The Spaniard, however, had the impudence to claim the beast as his own, and there being no proof of the contrary but the Indian's bare word, which would go for little against a Spaniard's, the magistrate was on the point of dismissing him, when all at once, appearing to recollect himself, he slipped off his cloak, and exclaimed, "The horse is mine, and I will prove it." At the same instant, muffling up the animal's head, he turned to the Spaniard, and said: "Since you maintain the horse to be yours, tell the magistrate, whether he be blind of the right or the left eye?" "Of the right," said the Spaniard. "It is false!" replied the Indian, "he is blind of neither;" and immediately pulling off his cloak, convinced the magistrate of his being the real owner.

XLI.—A SILENT PARTNER.

AN Italian marquis having invited the gentry of his neighborhood to a grand entertainment, all the delicacies of the season were accordingly provided. Some of the company had already arrived, in order to pay their early respects to his excellency, when the major-domo, in a hurry, entered the room—

"My lord," said he, "here is a most wonderful fisherman below, who has brought one of the finest fish, I believe, in Italy; but then he demands such a price for it!"

"Regard not his price," cried the marquis, "pay it down directly."

"So I would, please your Highness, but he refuses to take money."

"Why, what would the fellow have?"

"A hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord, he says he will not bate a single blow."

Here they all ran down to have a view of this rarity of a fisherman.

"A fine fish!" cried the marquis.

"What is your demand, my friend?—you shall be paid on the instant."

"Not a penny, my lord; I will not take money. If you would have my fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado upon my naked back; if not, I shall go and apply elsewhere."

"Rather than lose our fish," said his Highness, "let the fellow have his humor. Here," cried he to one of his grooms; "discharge this honest man's demand; but be gentle with thy stripes."

The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to put his lord's orders in execution.

"Now, my friend," cried the fisherman, "keep good account, I beseech you, for I am not covetous of a single stroke beyond my due."

They all stood suspended with amazement while this operation was carrying on. At length, on the instant that the executioner had given the fiftieth lash, "Hold," cried the fisherman, "I have already received my full share of the price."

"Your share!" questioned the marquis, "what can you mean by that?"

"Why, my lord, you must know I have a partner in this business. My honor is engaged to let him have half of whatever I should get; and I fancy your Highness will acknowledge by and by, that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke."

"And pray, my friend, who is this same partner of yours?"

"It is the porter, my lord, who guards the outer gate of your Highness's palace. He refused to admit me, but on the condition of promising him the half of what I should get for my fish."

"O, ho!" exclaimed the marquis, breaking out into a laugh, "by the blessing of heaven, he shall have his demand doubled to him in full tale."

Here the porter was sent for, and stripped to the skin, when two grooms laid on him, until they rendered him fit to be sainted for a second Bartholomew. The marquis then ordered his major-domo to pay the fisherman twenty pounds, and desired him to call yearly for the like sum, in recompense of the friendly office he had rendered him.

XLII.—A WITNESS IN COURT.

THERE is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even tempers will become ruffled at times. At the assizes held one season at Lincoln, (England), both judge and counsel had had much trouble to make the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury, and it is possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned aside from the even tenor of its way. After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of pleadings, and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied the witnesses, a young hostler was called into the box, who appeared to be simplicity personified. "Now, sir," said the counsel in a tone that would at any other time be denounced as vulgarly loud, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up?" "I hope not, sir," was shouted or rather bellowed out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building. "How dare you speak in that way, sir?" said the counsel. "Please, sir, I can't speak louder," said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly. "Have you been drinking this morning?" shouted the counsel, who had now lost the last remnant of his temper. "Yes, *zur*," was the reply. "And what have you been drinking?" "Coffee, *zur*." "And what did you have in your coffee, sir?" shouted the exasperated counsel. "*A spune, zur!*" innocently shouted the witness in his highest key, amidst the roars of the whole court, excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief and rushed out of court.

XLIII.—HOW TO USE THE ALMANAC.

ABOUT one hundred years since there lived in England a celebrated almanac-maker, named Partridge. One day, while travelling on horseback, he stopped for his dinner at a country inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the hostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the almanac-maker; "*there is sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you.*"

He proceeded on his journey, and, sure enough, he was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck by the man's prediction, and being always intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the hostler with a broad grin.

"Well, sir, you see I was right after all."

"Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you; but I give it to you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain."

"To be sure, sir," replied the man; "why, the truth is, we have an almanac at our house, called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day, we always know that it will be just the contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac as 'settled fine weather, no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

XLIV.—A FOREIGNER'S MISTAKE.

It was a custom with Frederick the Great, whenever, in his reviews, he noticed a soldier of fine appearance, whom he had not yet seen, to ask him these three questions:—"How old are you?" "How long have you been in my service?" "Do you receive regularly your pay and clothing?" A young Frenchman having applied for admission into the guards, was accepted on account of his remarkably handsome figure, though he did not understand a word of German. A year elapsed, during which he proved a noble fellow in every respect; but as to the language, he could never learn it. At that time a general review having been ordered, his captain, well knowing that he would be questioned by the king, advised him to learn at least by heart the three answers which he was to make. The day came, and, as was expected, Frederick stopped directly in front of our Frenchman, and, after looking at him for a while, approached; but happening to begin by the second question—"How long have you been in my service?" "Twenty-one years," replied the soldier. The king, not supposing that he could have carried a musket so long, asked, with an air of surprise, "How old are you, then?" "One year, your majesty." Frederick, still more astonished, *exclaimed*, "One of us has lost his senses." The soldier, *who took the remark for the third question*, said with the

utmost gravity, "The one as well as the other." "Well," said Frederick, "this is the first time that I was ever called a fool at the head of my army." The soldier, who had exhausted his stock of German, was silent; and when the king again questioned him, in order to penetrate the mystery, he told the king, in French, that he did not understand German. Frederick laughed, advised him to learn the language which was spoken in his dominions, and exhorted him, with much kindness, to strive to distinguish himself in this particular as well as in the field.

XLV.—UTILITY OF A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

THE following singular circumstance occurred in the English expedition against Quebec on landing the troops at the heights of Abraham. The French had posted sentries along shore to challenge boats and vessels and give the alarm occasionally. The first boat that contained the English troops being questioned accordingly, a captain of Fraser's regiment, who had served in Holland, and who was perfectly well acquainted with the French language and customs, answered without hesitatin to *qui vive*, which is their challenging word, *France*: nor was he at a loss to answer the second question which was more particular and difficult. When the sentinel demanded *quel regiment?* the captain replied *de la Reine*, which he knew by accident, to be one of those that composed the body commanded by Bougainville. The soldier took it for granted this was the expected convoy, and saying *passe*, allowed all the boats to proceed without further question. In the same manner the other sentries were deceived, though one more wary than the rest, came running down to the water's edge, and called "*Pourquoi ne parlez-vous pas plus haut?*" To this interrogation, which implied doubt, the captain answered, with admirable presence of mind, in a soft tone of voice: "*Tais-toi, nous serons entendus!*" Thus cautioned, the sentry retired without further altercation. SMOLLETT.

XLVI.—FRANKLIN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS STUDY OF LANGUAGES

"I HAD begun," says he, "in 1733, to study languages. I soon made myself so much a master of the French, as to be able to read the books in that language with ease. I ther

undertook the Italian. An acquaintance, who was also learning it, used often to tempt me to play chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I, at length, refused to play any more, unless on this condition, that the victor in every game should have a right to impose a task, either of parts of grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, &c., which task the vanquished was to perform upon honor before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language. I afterwards, with a little pains-taking, acquired as much of the Spanish as was requisite to read their books also. I have already mentioned that I had only one year's instruction in a Latin school, and that, when very young; after which I neglected that language entirely. But when I had attained an acquaintance with the French, Italian, and Spanish, I was surprised to find, on looking over a Latin testament, that I understood more of that language than I had imagined, which encouraged me to apply myself again to the study of it; and I met with the more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smoothed my way."

FRANKLIN.

XLVII.—UNFAIR DEALINGS.

"I TAKE the liberty, sir, of appealing to you on a subject which, though considered as a very good joke, has caused me great vexation and expense. I mean the exchange of hats which takes place in balls and soirees. There are, I believe, certain young men who consider fashionable parties as mere places to barter old hats. It was but lately I went to a private ball with a new hat, and on asking for it when I was leaving, the servant told me with a broad grin, that the new hats had been dealt out half an hour since, and they were then on the third quality. So I was obliged to put up with what I could find. I think, Mr. Editor, the ladies would do well to mention in their cards of invitation: 'Exchanging hats and shawls positively prohibited.'

"Yours, &c.

"To the Editor of the
Knickerbocker Magazine."

"W. IRVING."

XLVIII.—EXTRACT FROM A LEISURELY GENTLEMAN'S DIARY.

MONDAY, 8 o'clock. I put on my clothes and walked into the parlor.

9 o'clock. Tied my knee-strings and washed my hands. Hours 10, 11 and 12. Smoked three segars. Read the Times and Morning Chronicle. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion on them.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Scolded Frank for mislaying my segar-case.

2 o'clock. Sat down to dinner, too many plums, and no suet. Wine excellent.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked in St. James's Park. Wind south-southeast.

From six to ten. At the coffee-house. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept soundly. STEELE.

XLIX.—MAXIMS AND EXERCISES OF THE LOUNGERS.

THE fundamental maxim upon which their whole system is built, is that time, being the implacable enemy and destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that can be invented. Another favorite saying of theirs is, that business was designed only for knaves, and study for blockheads. A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives; and is this, that the devil is at home. Now for one or two of their principal exercises. The elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting the manners of many men, in getting acquainted with all the signs and windows in the town: some have arrived at so great a knowledge, that they can tell every time any butcher kills a calf, every time any old woman's cat has kittens; and a thousand other matters as important. Younger students, however, are content to carry their speculations as yet no further than bowling-alleys, billiard-tables, and such like places. But of all, it may be said that they rather suffer their time to pass than spend it, without regard to the past, or prospect of the future.

PARNELL.

L.—YOUTH THE TIME FOR IMPROVEMENT.

To no purpose are the young endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing in this case will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired. In youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years?

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labor only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which first putrifies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapors, and fills the atmosphere with death.

Fly therefore from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness is included not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth, perpetually engaged in frivolous society or public amusements, in the labors of dress or the ostentation of their persons. Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country? Amusements youth requires. It were vain, it were cruel to prohibit them; but though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business of the young. For they then become the gulf of time and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. *They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigor of youth into contemptible effeminacy.*

BLAIR.

LI.—THE STEAM ENGINE.

IN the present perfect state of the steam engine, in which the fertile genius of Watt contrived miracles of simplicity and usefulness, it appears a thing almost endowed with intelligence. It regulates with perfect accuracy and uniformity the number of its strokes in a given time, and counts and records them moreover, to tell how much work it has done, as a clock records the beats of its pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam admitted to work, the briskness of the fire, the supply of water to the boiler, the supply of coals to the fire; it opens and shuts its valves with absolute precision as to time and manner; it oils its joints; it takes out any air which may accidentally enter into parts that should be vacuous; and when any thing goes wrong which it cannot of itself rectify, it warns its attendants by ringing a bell: yet with all these talents and qualities, and even when possessing the power of six hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child; its aliment is coal, wood, charcoal or other combustible; it consumes none while idle; it never tires, and wants no sleep; it is not subject to malady when originally well made; and only refuses to work when worn out with age; it is equally active in all climates, and will do work of any kind; it is a water pumper, a miner, a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller, &c.; and a small engine in the character of a steam-pony may be seen dragging after it on a railroad a hundred tons of merchandise, or a regiment of soldiers with greater speed than that of our fleetest coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realization of the genii of Eastern fable, whose supernatural powers were occasionally at the command of man.

ARNOTT.

LII.—THE DERVIS AND THE KING.

A DERVIS, travelling through Tartary, having arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture, before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was

his business in that place? The Dervis told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the Dervis, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? "Sir," said the Dervis, "give me leave to ask your Majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?" The king replied, "My ancestors." "And who," says the dervis, "was the last person that lodged here?" The king replied, "My father." "And who is it," says the dervis, "that lodges here at present?" The king told him that it was he himself. "And who," says the Dervis, "will be here after you?" The king answered, "The young prince, my son." "Ah, sir," said the Dervis, "a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary."

ADDISON.

LIII.—A PROMISE IS SACRED.

A SPANISH cavalier, having assassinated a Moorish gentleman, instantly fled from justice. He was vigorously pursued; but, availing himself of a sudden turn in the road, he leaped unperceived over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was also a Moor, happened to be at that time walking in the garden, and the Spaniard falling upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his case, and, in the most pathetic manner, implored concealment. The Moor listened to him with compassion, and generously promised his assistance. He then locked him up in a summer-house, and left him with the assurance that, when night came, he would provide for his escape. A few hours afterwards, the dead body of his son was brought to him, and the description of the murderer exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard whom he had then in custody. He concealed the horror and suspicion which he felt, and retiring to his chamber, he remained there till midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the summer-house, and thus accosted the cavalier: "Christian, the youth whom you have murdered was my only son. Your crime deserves the severest punish-

ment. But I have solemnly pledged my word not to betray you, and I disdain to violate a rash engagement even with a cruel enemy." He then conducted the Spaniard to the stables, and furnishing him with one of his swiftest mules: "Flee," said he, "while the darkness of night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood; but God is just; and I humbly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment to him." GIBBON.

LIV.—TOLERATION, A PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION.

In imitation of Scripture language.

1. AND it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham rose and met him, and said unto him: "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."

4. But the man said: "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him: "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered and said: "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying: "Abraham, Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered and said: "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name, therefore I have driven him out before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said: "Have I borne with him these

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adred ninety and eight years, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

12. And Abraham said: "Let not the anger of the Lord be hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee."

13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

PALEY.

LV.—INTRODUCTION OF ASSEMBLIES IN RUSSIA.

WHEN Catharine the First was made Empress of Russia, women were in an actual state of bondage: but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe; she altered the women's dress by substituting the fashions of England; instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffeta and damask; and cornets and commodes instead of robes of sable. The women now found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company, visited each other, and were present at every entertainment.

But as the laws to this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough to see the manner in which the finances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them; the czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for she found it impossible to render them polite. An ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding, which, as it is a curiosity, we shall give our readers.

I. The person at whose house the assembly is to be held, to signify the same, by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

II. The assembly shall not be sooner open than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than ten at night.

III. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet guests, or conduct them out, or keep them company; but though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, tables, liquors, and all other necessaries the company may want: he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

IV. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away; it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

V. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game, as he pleases; nor shall anyone go about to hinder him, or take exceptions at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint bowl full of brandy); it shall likewise be sufficient on entering or retiring to salute the company.

VI. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants and tradesmen of note, head workmen, especially carpenters and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assembly, as likewise their wives and children.

VII. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

VIII. No ladies are to get drunk upon any pretence whatever; nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.

IX. Ladies who play at forfeitures, questions and commands, &c., shall not be riotous; and no person shall offer to strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion.

GOLDSMITH.

LVI.—FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

A VERY rich foreigner, named Sunderland, formerly a banker in Russia, was high in favor with the Queen. Early one morning he was informed that his house was surrounded by a guard, and that the commandant of the police desired to speak with him. This officer, named Relieu, entered with a sorrowful countenance. "Sir," said he, "I am grieved to have been charged, by my gracious sovereign, with the execution of an order extremely severe, and I am ignorant by what means you have excited, to such a degree, the resentment of Her Majesty." "I am as ignorant as yourself. My astonishment surpasses yours. But what are your orders?" "Sir, I have hardly the courage to tell you." "What! have I lost the confidence of the Empress?" "If that was all, I should not be so loth to acquaint you with it." "Well! does she intend to send me to my own country?" "That would be no severe punishment, since with your wealth you could live well any where." "Alas! she has then banished me to Siberia." "No! worse even than that." "Good God! am I to be knouted?" "That would be terrible, but would not destroy

life." "Is it possible," said the banker, groaning, "that my life is to be sacrificed? The mild, gracious Empress, who accosted me but two days since so kindly, can she? but I will not believe it. For Heaven's sake tell me at once, unless you wish to drive me mad." "Well, then," said the officer, mournfully, "my sovereign has ordered me to flay you, and stuff your skin with straw." "Merciful God! you must have lost your reason, or the Queen has lost hers. You surely could not have received such an order without protesting against the barbarity?" "Alas, my poor friend, I did all that I dared: I expressed surprise and horror; I even ventured most humble remonstrances; but the Empress, irritated, reproached me for my hesitation, and commanded me to go instantly, adding the following words, which yet ring in my ears: "Go instantly, and forget not that it is your duty to perform, without delay, any commission with which I may deign to charge you." It would be impossible to depict the astonishment, the rage, and the despair of the poor banker. After abandoning himself for some moments to excessive grief, he was told by the officer that half an hour only would be granted him, to put his affairs in order. Then Sunderland besought that he might be allowed to write to the Queen; and Relieu, after much entreaty, finally consented to carry a note. Having received it, he went out, but not daring to appear before his sovereign with her commands unaccomplished, he proceeded hastily to Count Bruce his friend. The latter was much amazed at the whole recital, but promised to go at once to the Empress. Catherine received the letter, read it, and exclaimed, "Just Heaven! Surely Relieu has lost his senses! Run, Count, and order that fool to free my banker forthwith from his fright, and place him at liberty." The Count hastened to execute the order, returned, and found Catherine convulsed with laughter. "I have at length discovered," said she, "the cause of a scene as ludicrous as it is extraordinary. I have had, for many years past, a little dog, which was a great favorite, and whom I named Sunderland, as my banker presented it to me. This dog died last week. I just ordered Relieu to have it stuffed with straw; and, as he hesitated, I grew angry, supposing that, by a foolish pride, he considered such a thing beneath his dignity. He misunderstood me, the stupid fellow. Stuff my poor banker! *Is it not too ridiculous?*"

LVII.—A SORCERER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

TOWARDS the close of the last century a traveller, modest in his appearance and in his baggage, alighted at the principal tavern of Wurtzburg, a small city of Germany, and asked for a room in a remote part of the building, where nobody could disturb him. This alone would have been enough to excite curiosity, but every thing about this man was so strange and so mysterious, that all were struck by it from the moment he entered the house. At first there might be discovered, notwithstanding the simplicity of his dress, something that betrayed the man of distinction. Although not a youth, he wore his hair long, like the students of the University, and his pale and melancholy visage wore, even when he smiled, a sombre cast. The next day after his arrival, instead of asking his hostess, as all other travellers did, either the address of some citizen, to present to him his letters, or where the curiosities and antiquities of the city might be seen, he had gone out without saying a word, and when he returned at supper time his dusty clothes testified that he had been walking all day. The day following he did the same thing. A shepherd boy said that he saw him walking rapidly along the banks of the Rhine, then stopping suddenly and gesticulating and throwing his arms about like one possessed; and the young girls passed close to him without his paying any attention to them.

All these things, it must be confessed, were even more than enough to awaken conjectures as to the stranger. All that the hostess could say of him was, that he was a very sober, quiet man, always satisfied with what was set before him. Curiosity, however, continued to increase. It was remarked that the unknown man went to his chamber immediately after supper, but did not go to bed; and some of the family, who happened to be awake in the middle of the night, saw a light in his chamber. One of the youngest servants came running down stairs one evening, terribly frightened, and rushed into the hall, in which stood her mistress and two or three neighbors. She solemnly protested that the stranger was talking earnestly with some one in his chamber, "although no one but himself had entered—by the door at least," added she. This made the auditors tremble. The little hussy was scolded soundly by her mistress for having listened at the lodger's door; but the next evening the good lady went herself, so as the better to ascertain, and having applied her ear to the

key-hole, she distinctly heard—what? nobody will ever know. The truth is, she came down stairs with her spirit more troubled than had been observed in her since the death of her husband. She threw on her cloak, and hastened to the burgomaster's.

The following morning, the traveller went out as customarily, and returning in the evening, entered his room tranquilly. But this time precautions had been taken: at each side of the door were two policemen, some of the hardy citizens of Wurtzburg, and on the stairs, in the hall, and in the street, were all the women in the city remarkable for their curiosity. The number was very great.

Suddenly the voice of the stranger was heard, rising and falling at intervals, as if he was discoursing with some one. Those who were near the door heard the following horrible invocation: "Here!—thou whom I have so long sought—thou shalt escape me no longer.—Answer me, infernal power!—demon!—show thyself, and speak to thy master."

At that call, a sharp, shrill voice, that seemed to come up from the lower regions, answered, with an ironical humility, "Master, what dost thou desire of thy servant?"

At once, all the women who heard the awful voice fled with screams of terror. The men burst open the door, although not fastened, and seized the traveller, whom they found seated in an arm-chair, at a little distance from the table. As to the demon, he had disappeared; but a distinct and strong sulphurous smell remained, as many witnesses testified.

The stranger was dragged before a magistrate, and charged with using magic and sorcery, and of holding commerce with the devil. The following was his only response:—

"I had begun a tragedy, but as my friends disturbed me continually in Weimar, where I live, I came to write here. The hero of my tragedy is a man who invokes the devil, and to whom the devil appears. I confess that I have an unfortunate habit for which I ask pardon of the inhabitants of Wurtzburg, of reading aloud what I compose, as fast as I write it. As to my invoking, personally, the evil spirit, I am too good a Christian to do that, and you, Mr. Burgomaster, too enlightened to believe it."

The sorcerer was named Goethe, the author of *Werther*, &c., and then engaged in the composition of *Faust*.

LVIII.—ADVENTURE OF A MASON.

THERE was once upon a time a poor mason, or bricklayer, in Grenada, who kept all the Saints' days, and holidays, and Saint Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest.

"Hark ye, honest friend!" said the stranger; "I have observed that you are a good Christian, and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Señor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection; so, being hood-winked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor, and a spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before daybreak, the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Señor Padre, provided I am so well paid."

"Well, then, to-morrow at midnight I will call again."

He did so, and the vault was completed.

"Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words: he followed the priest, with trembling steps, into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or

four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labor that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all the traces of the work obliterated. The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand: "Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you." So saying, he departed. The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand, and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Xenil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work; after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little, and pray a good deal, and keep Saints' days and holidays, from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and as ragged as a crew of gypsies.—As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses, and being a griping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious shagged eyebrows.

"I am told, friend, that you are very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, Señor—it speaks for itself."

"I presume then you will be glad of a job, and will work cheap."

"As cheap, my master, as any mason in Grenada."

"That's what I want. I have an old house fallen into decay, that costs me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up and keep it together at as small expense as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment, for a dreaming-recollection of the place came over him.

"Pray," said he, "who occupied this house formerly?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord, "it was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the Church. He died suddenly, and the priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth; but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leathern purse. The worst luck has fallen on me, for, since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, the stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough," said the mason sturdily: "let me live in your house rent-free until some better tenant present, and I will engage to put it in repair, and to quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good Christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the Devil himself, even though he should come in the shape of a big bag of money!"

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state; the clinking of the gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in Grenada: he gave large sums to the Church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault until on his death-bed to his son and heir."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LIX.—THE BASHFUL MAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

I LABOR under a species of distress which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property : and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school ; but my mother being dead and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he imagined would make him happy, namely, a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying me for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion and light flaxen hair ; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life, particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct. I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz., my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention ; and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often felt by persons whose education has been better than that of their parents, that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language had often made me blush to think I was his son ; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of that which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy ; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of *which he died*, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, *sir, behold me*, at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with

Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in any gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me as the *wealthy learned clown*.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighborhood; and when you reflect upon my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, especially by those who have marriageable daughters. From these gentlemen I have received familiar calls and the most pressing invitations; and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day with one whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a Baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a year, joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at *Friendly Hall*, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons from a professor who teaches "grown gentlemen" to dance; and although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting that my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity. But, alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual practice! As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At m

first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description, the number, I believe, is very small. The Baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her Ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature; and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics; in which the Baronet's ideas exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a China inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy then understood that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suit of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat between Lady Friendly and her *eldest daughter* at the table. Since the fall of the wooden *Xenophon*, my face had been continually burning like a fire.

brand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewed in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toes, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a saltcellar; rather let me hasten to the second course where fresh disasters quite overwhelmed me.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the heat, and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness: but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which he filled my mouth already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain over all the dishes,—and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide *her daughters*, for the measure of my shame, and their diver-

sion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh, while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

LX.—LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

DAFFYDOWNDILLY was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than any body else in the world.—Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he has dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the school-room with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the school-room of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed away with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change, to be sent away from the

good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find any body half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie, in all his life.—Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"O, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger.—"Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far when the road passed by a field, where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing

sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly.

"Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his school-room.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travellers had gone but little further, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clapboards, and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-axe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself—and then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste! Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger: and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed to feel that they had a task-master over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

"O no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little further, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly, they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's school-room, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a

long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the school-room.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"O, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again, but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"O, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; *but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers.*"

"Pray, let us go a little further," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler, at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Every where there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid, of all those lazy, and heavy, and torpid people, who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be, again, but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"O, take me back!—take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the school-house!"

"Yonder it is,—there is the school-house!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle, instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even

while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

N. HAWTHORNE.

POLYGLOT READER,
AND
GUIDE FOR TRANSLATION.



PART II
HISTORY AND ROMANCE.



PART II.

HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

LXL—DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

NEXT morning, being Friday the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention.

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that he had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot, nor those of the other ships, had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted, or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds, and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, which their own credulity, or the artifice of their commander, had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been

altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse, concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings, they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign, with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain, while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favorable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once, of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance, and of fear, in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavored to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of *authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sove-*

reign if, by their dastardly behavior, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses, which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded the indications of approaching land, seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance.—All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny, so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men, that he would comply with their request, provided, they would accompany him and obey his commands for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did

not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during the night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, controller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy, and transports of congratulation. *This office of gratitude to Heaven, was followed by an act of justice to their commander.* They threw themselves at the feet

of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had caused him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all the boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island, with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the New World, which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skin, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be

rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncured, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper color, their features singular, rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first, through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy, received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation, which were approaching their country!

ROBERTSON.

LXII.—COLUMBUS'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE INTO BARCELONA.

THE letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs, announcing his discovery, had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event it communicated was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign; and following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled and bewildered by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent, and apparently boundless wealth; and their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach or question of competition. Shortly after his arrival

in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them, expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. As the summer was already advancing, the time favorable for a voyage, they desired him to make any arrangements at Seville, or elsewhere, that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them by the return of the courier what was necessary to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the Ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands discovered in the Indies;" at the same time he was promised still further rewards. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions that would be requisite; and having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out for his journey for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions which he had brought from the New World.

The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him, and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much admiration as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants, at every stage, with innumerable questions; popular rumor as usual had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly found country with all kinds of wonders.

It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather, in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos of gallant bearing, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accus-

tomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers, and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world; or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them; and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon; all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly *deserved*, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus ap-

proached, the sovereigns rose, as receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest, since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sunk on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example, a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem of *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious accompaniments of the instruments, rose up from the midst in a full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LXIII.—THE ANCIENT CITY OF MEXICO AND COURT OF MONTEZUMA.

THE ancient city of Mexico covered the same spot occupied by the modern capital. The great causeways touched it in the same points; the streets ran in much the same direction, nearly from north to south, and from east to west; the cathedral in the *plaza mayor* stands on the same ground that was covered by the temple of the Aztec war-god; and the four principal quarters of the town are known among the Indians by their ancient names. Yet an Aztec of the days of Montezuma, could he behold the modern metropolis, which has risen with such phoenix-like splendor from the ashes of the old, would not recognize its site as that of his own Tenochtitlan. For the latter was encompassed by the salt floods of Tezcuco, which flowed in ample canals through every part of the city; while the Mexico of our day stands high and dry on the main land, nearly a league distant, at its centre, from the water. The cause of this apparent change in its position is the diminution of the lake, which, from the rapidity of evaporation in these elevated regions, had become perceptible before the conquest, but which has since been greatly accelerated by artificial causes.

The rude founders of Tenochtitlan built their frail tenements of reeds and rushes on the group of small islands in the western part of the lake. In process of time, these were supplanted by more substantial buildings. A quarry in the neighborhood of a red porous amygdaloid, *tetzontli*, was opened, and a light brittle stone drawn from it, and wrought with little difficulty. Of this their edifices were constructed, with some reference to architectural solidity, if not elegance. Mexico was the residence of the great chiefs, whom the sovereign encouraged, or rather compelled, from obvious motives of policy, to spend part of the year in the capital. It was also the temporary abode of the great lords of Tezcuco and Tlacopan, who shared, nominally at least, the sovereignty of the empire. The mansions of these dignitaries, and of the principal nobles, were on a scale of rude magnificence corresponding with their state. They were low, indeed, seldom of more than one floor, never exceeding two. But they spread over a wide extent of *ground*; were arranged in a quadrangular form, with a court *in the centre*, and were surrounded with porticos embellished

with porphyry and jasper, easily found in the neighborhood, while not unfrequently a fountain of crystal water in the centre shed a grateful coolness over the atmosphere. The dwellings of the common people were also placed on foundations of stone, which rose to the height of a few feet, and were then succeeded by courses of unbaked bricks, crossed occasionally by wooden rafters. Most of the streets were mean and narrow; some few, however, were wide and of great length. The principal street, conducting from the great southern causeway, penetrated in a straight line the whole length of the city, and afforded a noble vista, in which the long lines of low stone edifices were broken occasionally by intervening gardens, rising on terraces, and displaying all the pomp of Aztec horticulture.

The great streets, which were coated with a hard cement, were intersected by numerous canals. Some of these were flanked by a solid way, which served as a footwalk for passengers, and as a landing-place where boats might discharge their cargoes. Small buildings were erected at intervals, as stations for the revenue officers who collected the duties on different articles of merchandise. The canals were traversed by numerous bridges, many of which could be raised, affording means of cutting off communication between different parts of the city.

A careful police provided for the health and cleanliness of the town. A thousand persons are said to have been daily employed in watering and sweeping the streets, so that a man—to borrow the language of an old Spaniard—"could walk through them with as little danger of soiling his feet as his hands." The water, in a city washed on all sides by the salt floods, was extremely brackish. A liberal supply of the pure element, however, was brought from Chapultepec, "the grasshopper's hill," less than a league distant. It was brought through an earthen pipe, along a dike constructed for the purpose. That there might be no failure in so extensive an article when repairs were going on, a double course of pipes was laid. In this way, a column of water of the size of a man's body was conducted into the heart of the capital, where it fed the fountains and reservoirs of the principal mansions.

While Montezuma encouraged a taste for architectural magnificence in his nobles, he contributed his own share towards the embellishment of the city. It was in his reign that the famous calendar-stone, weighing probably, in its primitive

state, nearly fifty tons, was transported from its native quarry, many leagues distant, to the capital, where it still forms one of the most curious monuments of Aztec science. Indeed, when we reflect on the difficulty of hewing such a stupendous mass from its hard basaltic bed without the aid of iron tools, and that of transporting it such a distance across land and water without the help of animals, we may well feel admiration at the mechanical ingenuity and enterprise of the people who accomplished it.

Not content with the spacious residence of his father, Montezuma erected another on a yet more magnificent scale. This building, or, as it might more correctly be styled, pile of buildings, spread over an extent of ground so vast, that, as one of the conquerors assures us, its terraced roof might have afforded ample room for thirty knights to run their courses in a regular tourney. Adjoining this edifice were others devoted to various objects. One was an armory, filled with the weapons and military dresses worn by the Aztecs, all kept in the most perfect order, ready for instant use. The emperor was himself very expert in the management of the *maquahuitl*, or Indian sword, and took great delight in witnessing athletic exercises, and the mimic representation of war by his young nobility. Another building was used as a granary, and others as warehouses for the different articles of food and apparel contributed by the districts charged with the maintenance of the royal household.

There were, also, edifices appropriated to objects of quite another kind. One of these was an immense aviary, in which birds of splendid plumage were assembled from all parts of the empire. Here was the scarlet cardinal, the golden pheasant, the endless parrot tribe, with their rainbow hues, and that miniature miracle of nature, the humming-bird, which delights to revel among the honeysuckle bowers of Mexico. Three hundred attendants had charge of this aviary, who made themselves acquainted with the appropriate food of its inmates, oftentimes procured at great cost, and in the moulting season were careful to collect the beautiful plumage, which, with its many-colored tints, furnished the materials for the Aztec painter.

A separate building was reserved for the fierce birds of prey; the voracious vulture tribes and eagles of enormous size, *whose home was in the snowy solitudes of the Andes*. No *less than five hundred turkeys*, the cheapest meat in Mexico,

were allowed for the daily consumption of these tyrants of the feathered race.

Adjoining this aviary was a menagerie of wild animals, gathered from the mountain forests, and even from the remote swamps of the *tierra caliente*, or hot region. The collection was still further swelled by a great number of reptiles and serpents remarkable for their size and venomous qualities, among which the Spaniards beheld the fiery little animal "with the castanets in his tail," the terror of the American wilderness. The serpents were confined in long cages lined with down or feathers, or in troughs of mud and water. The beasts and birds of prey were provided with apartments large enough to allow of their moving about, and secured by a strong lattice-work, through which light and air were freely admitted. The whole was placed under the charge of numerous keepers, who acquainted themselves with the habits of their prisoners, and provided for their comfort and cleanliness.

I must not omit to notice a strange collection of human monsters, dwarfs, and other unfortunate persons, in whose organization Nature had capriciously deviated from her regular laws. Such hideous anomalies were regarded by the Aztecs as a suitable appendage of state. It is even said they were in some cases the result of artificial means employed by unnatural parents desirous to secure a provision for their offspring by thus qualifying them for a place in the royal museum.

Extensive gardens were spread out around these buildings, filled with fragrant shrubs and flowers, and especially with medicinal plants. No country has afforded more numerous species of these last than New Spain; and their virtues were perfectly understood by the Aztecs, with whom medical botany may be said to have been studied as a science. Amidst this labyrinth of sweet-scented groves and shrubberies, fountains of pure water might be seen throwing up their sparkling jets, and scattering refreshing dews over the blossoms. Ten large tanks, well stocked with fish, afforded a retreat on their margins to various tribes of water-fowl, whose habits were so carefully consulted, that some of these ponds were of salt water, as that which they most loved to frequent. A tessellated pavement of marble inclosed the ample basins, which were overhung by light and fanciful pavilions, that admitted the perfumed breezes of the gardens and offered a grateful shelter to the monarch in the sultry heats of summer.

The domestic establishment of Montezuma was on the same scale of barbaric splendor as every thing else about him. He could boast as many wives as are found in the harem of an eastern sultan. They were lodged in their own apartments and provided with every accommodation, according to their ideas, for personal comfort and cleanliness. They passed their hours in the usual feminine employments of weaving and embroidery, especially in the graceful feather-work, for which such rich materials were furnished by the royal aviaries. The palace was supplied with numerous baths, and Montezuma set the example in his own person, of frequent ablutions. He bathed at least once, and changed his dress four times, it is said, every day. He never put on the same apparel a second time, but gave it away to his attendants.

Besides his numerous female retinue, the halls and ante-chambers were filled with nobles in constant attendance on his person, who served also as a sort of body-guard. It had been usual for plebeians of merit to fill certain offices in the palace. But the haughty Montezuma refused to be waited upon by any but men of noble birth. They were not unfrequently the sons of the great chiefs, and remained as hostages in the absence of their fathers ; thus serving the double purpose of security and state.

His meals the emperor took alone. The well-matted floor of a large saloon was covered with hundreds of dishes. Sometimes Montezuma himself, but more frequently his steward, indicated those which he preferred, and which were kept hot by means of chafing-dishes. The royal bill of fare comprehended, besides domestic animals, game from the distant forests, and fish which the day before were swimming in the Gulf of Mexico. They were dressed in manifold ways, for the Aztec *artistes* had penetrated deep into the mysteries of culinary science.

The meats were served by the attendant nobles, who then resigned the office of waiting on the monarch to maidens selected for their personal grace and beauty. A screen of richly gilt and carved wood was drawn around him so as to conceal him from vulgar eyes during the repast. He was seated on a cushion, and the dinner was served on a low table, covered with a delicate cotton cloth. The dishes were of the finest ware of Cholula. He had a service of gold, which was reserved for religious celebrations. Indeed, it would scarcely have comported with even his princely revenues to have used

it on ordinary occasions, when his table equipage was not allowed to appear a second time, but was given away to his attendants. The saloon was lighted by torches made of resinous wood, which sent forth a sweet odor, and, probably, not a little smoke, as they burned. At his meal, he was attended by five or six of his ancient counsellors, who stood at a respectful distance, answering his questions, and occasionally rejoiced by some of the viands with which he complimented them from his table.

This course of solid dishes was succeeded by another of sweetmeats and pastry, for which the Aztec cooks, provided with the important requisites of maize-flour, eggs, and rich sugar of the alvi, were famous. The emperor took no other beverage than the *chocolatl*, a potation of chocolate, flavored with vanilla and other spices, and so prepared as to be reduced to a froth of the consistency of honey, which gradually dissolved in the mouth. This beverage, if so it could be called, was served in golden goblets, with spoons of the same metal or of tortoise-shell finely wrought. The emperor was exceedingly fond of it, to judge from the quantity,—no less than fifty jars or pitchers being prepared for his own daily consumption! Two thousand more were allowed for that of his household.

The general arrangement of the meals seems to have been not very unlike that of Europeans. But no prince in Europe could boast a dessert which could compare with that of the Aztec emperor. For it was gathered fresh from the most opposite climes; and his board displayed the products of his own temperate region, and the luscious fruits of the tropics, plucked the day previous from the green groves of the *tierra caliente*, and transmitted with the speed of steam, by means of couriers, to the capital. It was as if some kind fairy should crown our banquets with the spicy products that but yesterday were growing in a sunny isle of the far-off Indian seas.

After the royal appetite was appeased, water was handed to him by the female attendants in a silver basin, in the same manner as had been done before commencing his meal; for the Aztecs were as constant in their ablutions at these times as any nation of the East. Pipes were then brought, made of a varnished and richly gilt wood, from which he inhaled, sometimes through the nose, at others through the mouth, the fumes of an intoxicating weed, "called tobacco," mingled with liquid amber. While this soothing process of fumigation was going

on, the emperor enjoyed the exhibitions of his mountebanks and jugglers, of whom a regular corps was attached to the palace. No people, not even those of China and Hindostan, surpassed the Aztecs in feats of agility and legerdemain.

Sometimes he amused himself with his jester; for the Indian monarch had his jesters as well as his more refined brethren of Europe, at that day. Indeed, he used to say, that more instruction was to be gathered from them than from wiser men, for they dared to tell the truth. At other times, he witnessed the graceful dances of his women, or took delight in listening to music,—if the rude minstrelsy of the Mexicans deserve that name,—accompanied by a chant in slow and solemn cadence, celebrating the heroic deeds of great Aztec warriors, or of his own princely life.

When he had sufficiently refreshed his spirits with these diversions, he composed himself to sleep, for in his *siesta* he was as regular as a Spaniard. On awaking he gave audience to ambassadors from foreign states or his own tributary cities, or to such caciques as had suits to prefer to him. They were introduced by the young nobles in attendance, and, whatever might be their rank, unless of the blood royal, they were obliged to submit to the humiliation of shrouding their rich dresses under the coarse mantle of *nequen*, and entering barefooted, with downcast eyes, into the presence. The emperor addressed few and brief remarks to the suitors, answering them generally by his secretaries; and the parties retired with the same reverential obeisance, taking care to keep their faces turned towards the monarch. Well might Cortés exclaim, that no court, whether of the Grand Seignior or any other infidel, ever displayed so pompous and elaborate a ceremonial.

PRESCOTT.

LXIV.—INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

WHEN the day dawned, De Soto set out with a hundred infantry, and a hundred horse, to reconnoitre the village.—Arrived on the opposite bank, Juan Ortiz, and Pedro, the Indian boy, shouted to the natives to come over, and receive a message for their cacique.

The Indians, terrified at the strange sight of the Spaniards, and their horses, ran back to the village to spread the news.—*In a little while a large canoe was launched, and came directly across the river, managed by several rowers. Six Indians, of*

noble appearance, all about forty or fifty years of age, landed from it.

The governor, perceiving that they were persons of consequence, received them with much ceremony, seated in a kind of chair of state, which he always carried with him for occasions of the kind. As they advanced they made three profound reverences, one to the sun, with their faces to the eastward, the second to the moon, turning to the west, the third to the governor. They then made him the usual demand, whether he came for peace or war? He replied, Peace; and a free passage through their lands. He moreover requested provisions for his people, and assistance with canoes or rafts in passing the river.

The Indians replied that their supplies were small, the country having been ravaged by pestilence in the preceding year, so that most of the people had abandoned their houses and villages, and taken refuge in the woods, neglecting to sow their corn. They added that they were governed by a young female, just of marriageable age, who had recently inherited the sway. They would return and repeat to her the circumstances of their interview, and made no doubt, from her discreet and generous nature, she would do every thing in her power to serve the strangers. With these words they departed.

They had not long returned to the village when the Spaniards perceived movements of preparation, and observed a kind of litter borne by four men to the water's side. From this alighted the female cacique, and entered a highly decorated canoe. A kind of aquatic procession was then formed; a grand canoe, containing the six ambassadors, and paddled by a large number of Indians, led the van, towing after it the state bark of the princess, who reclined on cushions in the stern, under a canopy supported by a lance. She was accompanied by eight female attendants. A number of canoes filled with warriors closed the procession.

The young princess stepped on shore, and as she approached the Spaniards, they were struck with her appearance. She was finely formed, with great beauty of countenance, and native grace and dignity. Having made her obeisance to the governor, she took her seat in a kind of stool placed by her attendants, and entered into conversation with him, all her subjects preserving a most respectful silence.

Her conversation confirmed what had been said by the ambassadors. The province had been ravaged by pestilence du-

ring the preceding year, and provisions were very scanty.— She offered, however, to share with the strangers a quantity of maize collected for the relief of her village, and to put them in the way of getting similar supplies from other villages.— She proffered, likewise, her own house for the accommodation of the governor, and half of the village for that of his officers and principal soldiers; and promised that wigwams of bark and branches should be put up for the rest. She added, that rafts and canoes should be provided for the army to cross the river on the following day. De Soto was overpowered by the generosity of the princess, and endeavored, in the best manner, to express his sense of her kind and hospitable offers, assuring her of the constant friendship of his sovereign and himself. The cavaliers, too, listened with admiring attention to her discourse, and to the answers she gave to various inquiries concerning her province; leaving them as much charmed with her intelligence and judgment as they had been with her beauty, and wondering to find such dignity and grace, and true politeness, in a savage brought up in a wilderness.

While the princess of Cofachiqui was conversing with the governor, she was slowly disengaging a string of large pearls, which passed three times round her neck, and descended to her waist. The conference ended she told Juan Ortiz, the interpreter, to present the necklace to the general. Ortiz replied, that the gift would be more valuable if presented with her own hand; but she scrupled to do it, through a dread of infringing the propriety which females should always maintain. When De Soto was apprised of her scruples, he directed Ortiz to tell her, that he would more highly prize the favor of receiving the gift from her own hand, than he would value the jewel itself, and that she would commit no breach of decorum, as they were persons unknown to each other, treating of peace and amity.

This being interpreted to her, she rose, and placed the string of pearls about the neck of De Soto; he likewise stood up; and, taking from his finger a ring of gold, set with a ruby, presented it to her, as a token of peace and friendship. She received it very respectfully, and placed it on one of her fingers. This ceremony ended, she returned to her village, leaving the Spaniards much struck with her native talent, and personal beauty.

THEODORE IRVING.

LXV—INDIAN WORSHIP.

Speech of the Chief SA-GU-YU-WHAT-HAH, called RED JACKET, in answer to the offer of an American missionary, to teach among the Indians the principles of Christianity.

FRIEND AND BROTHER—It was the will of the great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

Brother—Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the earth, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, and granted their request; and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return.

The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land. They wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us. It was strong, and powerful, and has slain thousands.

Brother—Our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a

(place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied ; you want to force your religion among us.

Brother—Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

Brother—You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agreed, as you can all read the book?

Brother—We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers, and was handed down to their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive ; to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

Brother—The Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts. To these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right: he knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied.

Brother—We do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you. We only wish to enjoy our own.

Brother—We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what *you have said.*

Brother—You have now heard our answer to your talk. This is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.

LXVI.—INDIAN FORTITUDE.

Address of BLACK HAWK to GENERAL STREET.

You have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved; for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understood Indian fighting. I determined to rush upon you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them, and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war.—It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. They smile in the face of the poor Indian, to cheat him; they shake him by the hand, to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, and to deceive him. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We looked up to the Great Spirit.—We went to our father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction; things were growing worse. There were no dear

in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled. The springs were drying up, and our squaws and papposes without victuals to keep them from starving.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose, and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him. Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the Nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. Farewell my Nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are crushed. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!

LXVII.—FATE OF THE INDIAN RACE.

THERE is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Every where, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone for ever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida; from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers *played with their infants*, and gazed on the scene with warm

hopes for the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies.

Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart cores; a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still."

The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never! Yet there lies not between

us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of the race.

STORY.

LXVIII.—THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE United States of America constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth. At a period when the force of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the precedence in the practice and in the defence of the equal rights of man. The sovereignty of the people is here a conceded axiom, and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished with faithful patriotism. While the nations of Europe aspire after change, our Constitution engages the fond admiration of the people, by which it has been established. Prosperity follows the execution of even justice; invention is quickened by the freedom of competition; and labour rewarded with sure and unexampled returns. Domestic peace is maintained without the aid of a military establishment; public sentiment permits the existence of but few standing troops, and those only along the seaboard and on the frontiers. A gallant navy protects our commerce, which spreads its banners on every sea, and extends its enterprise to every clime. Our diplomatic relations connect us on terms of equality and honest friendship with the chief powers of the world; while we avoid entangling participation in their intrigues, their passions, and their wars. Our national resources are developed by an earnest culture of the arts of peace. Every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry; every mind is free to publish its convictions. Our government, by its organization, is necessarily identified with the interests of the people, and relies exclusively on their attachment for its durability and support. Even the enemies of the State, if there are any among us, have liberty to express their opinions undisturbed; and are safely tolerated, where reason is left free to combat their errors. Nor is the Constitution a dead letter, unalterably fixed; it has the capacity for improvement; adopting whatever changes time and the public will may require, and safe from decay, as long as that will retains its energy. New States are forming in the wilderness; canals, intersecting our plains and crossing *our highlands*, open numerous channels to internal commerce;

manufactures prosper along our watercourses; the use of steam on our rivers and railroads annihilates distance by the acceleration of speed. Our wealth and population, already giving us a place in the first rank of nations, are so rapidly cumulative, that the former is increased fourfold, and the latter is doubled in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years. There is no national debt; the community is opulent; the government economical, and the public treasury full. Religion, neither persecuted nor paid by the State, is sustained by the regard for public morals and the convictions of an enlightened faith. Intelligence is diffused with unparalleled universality; a free press teems with the choicest productions of all nations and ages. There are more daily journals in the United States than in the world beside. A public document of general interest is, within a month, reproduced in at least a million of copies, and is brought within the reach of every freeman in the country. An immense concourse of emigrants of the most various lineage, is perpetually crowding to our shores; and the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into harmonious union. Other governments are convulsed by the innovations and reforms of neighboring States; our Constitution, fixed in the affections of the people, from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation.

And yet it is but little more than two centuries, since the oldest of our States received its first permanent colony. Before that time the whole territory was an unproductive waste. Throughout its wide extent the arts had not erected a monument. Its only inhabitants were a few scattered tribes of feeble barbarians, destitute of commerce and of political connection. The axe and the ploughshare were unknown. The soil, which had been gathering fertility from the repose of centuries, was lavishing its strength in magnificent but useless vegetation. In the view of civilization, the immense domain was but a solitude.

BANCROFT.

LXIX.—THE FIRST SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

SOME of the Puritans having conceived the design of withdrawing to Virginia, where they hoped that distance would at least mitigate the violence of oppression, a small party of them did actually repair thither; and a large number were preparing to follow, when Bancroft apprised of their intention, obtained a proclamation from the king, commanding that none of his subjects should settle in Virginia without the authority of an express license under the great seal. Thus harrassed and oppressed in England, and denied a refuge in Virginia, the Puritans began to retire in considerable numbers to the Protestant States of the Continent of Europe. In the year 1610, a congregation of Brownists, expelled by royal and ecclesiastical tyranny from their native land, removed to Leyden, where they were permitted to establish themselves under the ministry of their pastor, John Robinson. Enjoying the counsel and direction of this excellent person, the English exiles composing this congregation remained there for ten years, in harmony with each other, and in peace with their neighbors. But at the end of that period, the same pious views that had prompted their original departure from England invited them to undertake a more distant migration. They beheld with strong concern the prevalence around them of manners which they esteemed loose and profane; more particularly the neglect among the Dutch of a reverential observance of Sunday; and they reflected with apprehension on the danger to which their children were exposed from the natural contagion of habits so inimical to serious piety. Their country, too, still retained a hold on their affections; and they were loath to behold their posterity commingled and identified with the Dutch population. The smallness of their numbers, together with the difficulties occasioned by difference of language discouraged them from attempting to propagate in Holland the principles which, with so much peril and suffering, they had hitherto maintained; and the conduct of the English Government extinguished every hope of toleration in their native land. In these circumstances, it occurred to them that they might combine the indulgence of their patriotic attachment with the propagation of their religious principles, by establishing themselves in some remote, sequestered part of the *British dominions*; and after many days of earnest supplication

for the counsel and direction of Heaven, they unanimously determined to transport themselves and their families to the territory of America. It was resolved that a select portion of the congregation should proceed thither before the rest, to prepare a settlement for the whole; and that the main body meanwhile should continue at Leyden with their pastor. In choosing the particular scene of their establishment, they hesitated for some time between the territory of Guiana, of which Sir Walter Raleigh had published a most dazzling and attractive description (mainly the offspring of his own lively and fertile imagination), and the province of Virginia, to which they finally gave the preference; but Providence had ordained that their residence should be established in New England.

By the intervention of agents, whom they deputed to solicit the sanction of the English Government to their enterprise, they represented to the king "that they were well weaned from the delicate milk of their mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land; that they were knit together in a strict and sacred bond, by virtue of which they held themselves bound to take care of the good of each other, and of the whole; and that it was not with them as with other men, whom small things could discourage, or small discontent cause to wish themselves at home again. The king, wavering between his desire to promote the colonization of America, and his reluctance to suffer the consciences of any portion of his subjects to be emancipated from his control, refused to grant them a charter, assuring the full enjoyment of ecclesiastical liberty; but promised to connive at their practices, and to refrain from molesting them. Then, having procured from the Plymouth Company, a grant of a tract of land, situated, as was supposed, within the limits of its patent, some members of the congregation sold their estates, and expended the purchase-money in the equipment of two vessels, in which a hundred and twenty of their number were appointed to embark from an English port for North America.

All things being prepared for the departure of this detachment of the congregation from Delfthaven, where they took leave of their associates, for the English port of ultimate embarkation, Robinson and his people devoted their last meeting in Europe to an act of solemn and social worship, intended to implore a blessing from Heaven upon the hazardous enterprise. After this he exchanged with them embraces

and affectionate farewells; and kneeling down with them ail on the sea-shore, commended them, in a fervent prayer, to the blessing and protection of Heaven. Such were the men whom the English monarch cast out of his dominions; and such the scenes of wisdom and piety, which the control of Divine Providence elicited from the folly, arrogance, and bigotry of a tyrant.

The emigrants were at first driven back by a storm, which destroyed one of their vessels; but finally re-embarking in the other at Plymouth, on the 6th of September, they succeeded, after a long and dangerous voyage, in reaching the coast of America (9th Nov., 1620). Hudson's River was the place where they had proposed to disembark, and its banks were the scene of their intended settlement; but the Dutch, who conceived that a preferable right to this territory accrued to them from its discovery by Captain Hudson, had maintained there for some years a small commercial establishment, and were actually projecting a scheme of more extensive occupation; which they were neither disposed to forego, nor yet prepared to defend. In order to defeat the design of the English, they bribed the captain of the vessel in which the emigrants sailed, to carry the passengers so far towards the north, that the first land which they reached was Cape Cod, a region not only beyond the precincts of their grant; but beyond the territories of the company from which the grant was derived. The advanced period of the year, and the sickness occasioned by the hardships of a long voyage, compelled the adventurers to settle on the soil to which they were thus conducted, and which seemed to have been expressly prepared and evacuated for their reception by a pestilential disease, which, during several preceding years, had swept away nine tenths of its savage and idolatrous population. After exploring the coast, they chose for their station a place afterwards included within the province of Massachusetts, to which they gave the name of New Plymouth, in commemoration of the city with which their last recollections of England were associated. To supply, in some measure, the absence of a more formal title, they composed and subscribed an instrument declaratory of the purpose with which they had come to America, recognizing the sovereign authority of the English Crown, and expressing their own combination into a body politic, and their determination to enact just and righteous laws, and to evince and enforce a strict obedience to them.

The speedy approach and intense severity of their first winter in America painfully convinced the settlers that a more unfavorable season of the year could not have been selected for the plantation of their colony; and that the slender stores with which they were provided were greatly short of what was requisite to comfortable subsistence, and formed a very inadequate preparation to meet the rigor of the climate. Their exertions to procure for themselves suitable dwellings were obstructed, for a time, by the hostile attacks of the neighboring Indians; and the colonists had scarcely succeeded in repulsing them when sickness, occasioned by scarcity of provisions, and the increasing horrors of the season, afflicted them with a calamity, perhaps less dangerous to their virtue, but more fatal to their strength and security, than the perils of war. More than one half of their number, including John Carver, their first governor, perished by hunger or disease before the return of spring; and during the whole of the winter, only a few were capable of providing for themselves, or rendering assistance to the rest; but hope and virtue survived; and, rising in vigor beneath the pressure of accumulated suffering, surmounted and ennobled every circumstance of distress. Those who retained their strength became the servants of the weak, the afflicted, and the dying; and none distinguished himself more in this humane employment than Carver, the governor. He was a man of large estate, but more enlarged benevolence; he had spent his whole fortune in the colonial project; and now, willingly contributing his life to its accomplishment, he exhausted a feeble body in laboriously discharging the humblest offices of kindness and service to the sick. He was succeeded by William Bradford, who, inheriting the merit and the popularity of his predecessor, was re-elected to the same office for many successive years—notwithstanding his own earnest desire to be released from the charge, and his oft-repeated remonstrance that “if this office were an honor, it should be shared by his fellow-citizens, and if it were a burden, the weight of it should not always be imposed upon him.”

On the arrival of summer, the health of the colonists was restored; and their numbers continued to be recruited occasionally, by successive emigrations of oppressed Puritans from Europe. But these additions fell far short of their expectations, and of the reinforcements which they had mainly looked for from the accession of the remanent congregation at

Leyden, they were unhappily disappointed. The unexpected death of Robinson, their pastor, deprived his people of the only leader whose animating counsels could have overcome the timidity inspired by the accounts of the manifold hardships and distresses sustained by their friends in New England; and upon that event the greater part of those who had remained behind at Leyden now retired to join the other English exiles at Amsterdam, and very few had the courage to proceed to New Plymouth. This small colony, however, had displayed a hardy virtue that showed it was formed for endurance; and having surmounted its first misfortunes, continued to flourish in the cultivation of piety, and the enjoyment of religious and political freedom. A generous attachment was formed to the soil which had been so worthily earned, and to the society whose continuance attested so manly and glorious a struggle with every variety of ill. While the colonists demonstrated a proper respect for the claims of the original inhabitants of the country, by purchasing from them the territory over which their settlement extended, they neglected no preparation to defend by force what they had acquired with justice; and, alarmed by the tidings of the massacre of their countrymen in Virginia, they erected a timber fort, and adopted other prudent precautions for their security. This purchase from savages, who rather occasionally traversed, than permanently occupied the territory, is, perhaps, the first instance on record of the entire prevalence of the principles of justice in a treaty between a civilized and a barbarous people.

GRAHAME.

LXX.—ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF PLYMOUTH.

OUR fathers came hither to a land from which they were never to return. Hither they had brought, and here they were to fix their hopes, their attachments, and their objects. Some natural tears they shed, as they left the pleasant abodes of their fathers, and some emotions they suppressed when the white cliffs of their native country, now seen for the last time, grew dim to their sight. They were acting however upon a resolution not to be changed. With whatever stifled regrets, with whatever occasional hesitation, with whatever appalling apprehensions, which must sometimes arise with force to shake the firmest purpose, they had yet committed themselves to *heaven and the elements*; and a thousand leagues of water

soon interposed to separate them for ever from the region which gave them birth. A new existence awaited them here; and when they saw these shores, rough, cold, barbarous, and barren, as then they were, they beheld their country. That mixed and strong feeling, which we call love of country, and which is in general never extinguished in the heart of man, grasped and embraced its proper object here. Whatever constitutes *country*, except the earth and the sun, all the moral causes of affection and attachment which operate upon the heart, they had brought with them to their new abode. Here were now their families, and friends, their homes, and their property.— Before they reached the shore, they had established the elements of a social system, and at a much earlier period had settled their forms of religious worship. At the moment of their landing, therefore, they possessed institutions of government, and institutions of religion; and friends and families, and social and religious institutions, established by consent, founded on choice and preference, how nearly do those fill up our whole idea of country! The morning that beamed on the first night of their repose, saw the Pilgrims already established in their country. There were political institutions, and civil liberty, and religious worship. Poetry has fancied nothing in the wanderings of heroes so distinct and characteristic. Here was man indeed unprotected, and unprovided for, on the shore of a rude and fearful wilderness; but it was politic, intelligent, and educated man. Every thing was civilized but the physical world. Institutions containing in substance all that ages had done for human government, were established in a forest. Cultivated mind was to act on uncultivated nature; and, more than all, a government and a country were to commence with the very first foundations laid under the divine light of Christian religion. Happy auspices of a happy future! Who would wish that his country's existence had otherwise begun? Who would desire the power of going back to the ages of fable? Who would wish for an origin obscured in the darkness of antiquity? Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say that her first existence was with intelligence; her first breath the inspirations of liberty; her first principle the truth of divine religion?

WEBSTER.

LXXI.—NATIONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the store-house of its historic recollections? Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ; and going back to read in obscure texts of Greek and Latin of the exemplars of patriotic virtue? I thank God that we can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil; that strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man, are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue;—that the colonial and provincial councils of America exhibit to us models of the spirit and character, which gave Greece and Rome their name and their praise among the nations. Here we ought to go for our instruction; the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country in the face of his foe. But when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism, to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his own child, if it had happened to be a sickly babe,—the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead,—from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus. We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon, by ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the work-shops and door posts of their masters, to go and fight the battles of freedom. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times; they possible increase that interest by the very contrasts they exhibit. But they do warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home; out of the exploits and sacrifices of which our country is the theatre; out of the characters of our own fathers. Them we know,—the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen heroes. We know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry, about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance for conscience and liberty's

sake, not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits, and native love of order and peace.

Above all, their blood calls to us from the soil which we tread; it beats in our veins; it cries to us not merely in the thrilling words of one of the first victims in this cause,—“My sons, scorn to be slaves!”—but it cries with a still more moving eloquence—“My sons, forget not your fathers!” Fast, oh! too fast, with all our efforts to prevent it, their precious memories are dying away. Notwithstanding our numerous written memorials, much of what is known of those eventful times dwells but in the recollections of a few revered survivors, and with them is rapidly perishing unrecorded and irretrievable. How many prudent counsels, conceived in perplexed times; how many heart-stirring words, uttered when liberty was treason, how many brave and heroic deeds, performed when the halter, not the laurel, was the promised meed of patriotic daring,—are already lost and forgotten in the graves of their authors! How little do we,—although we have been permitted to hold converse with the venerable remnants of that day,—how little do we know of their dark and anxious hours; of their secret meditations; of the hurried and perilous events of the momentous struggle! And while they are dropping around us like the leaves of autumn, while scarce a week passes that does not call away some member of the veteran ranks, already so sadly thinned, shall we make no effort to hand down the traditions of their day to our children; to pass the torch of liberty,—which we received in all the splendor of its first enkindling,—bright and flaming, to those who stand next us on the line; so that, when we shall come to be gathered to the dust where our fathers are laid, we may say to our sons and our grandsons, “If we did not amass, we have not squandered your inheritance of glory?”

EDW. EVERETT.

LXXII.—SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

On the 25th of September, the last division of the allied troops arrived in James River, and were disembarked at the landing near Williamsburg; soon after which the preparations for the siege were completed.

York is a small village on the south side of the river which bears that name, where the long peninsula between the York and the James, is only eight miles wide. In this broad and

bold river, a ship of the line may ride in safety. Its southern banks are high, and, on the opposite shore, is Gloucester Point, a piece of land projecting deep into the river, and narrowing it, at that place, to the space of one mile. Both these posts were occupied by Lord Cornwallis. The communication between them was commanded by his batteries, and by some ships of war which lay under his guns.

The main body of his army was encamped on the open grounds about Yorktown, within a range of outer redoubts and field works, calculated to command the peninsula, and impede the approach of the assailants; and Lieutenant Colonel Dundass, with a small detachment consisting of six or seven hundred men, held the post at Gloucester Point. He was afterwards reinforced by Lieutenant Colonel Tarlton.

The legion of Lauzun, and a brigade of militia under General Weedon, the whole commanded by the French General de Choisé, were directed to watch the enemy on the side of Gloucester; and, on the twenty-eighth, the grand combined army moved down on the south side of the river, by different roads, towards Yorktown. About noon, the heads of the columns reached the ground assigned them respectively; and, after driving in the piquets and some cavalry, encamped for the evening. The next day, the right wing, consisting of Americans, extended farther to the right, and occupied the ground east of Beaverdam Creek; while the left wing, consisting of French, was stationed on the west side of that stream. In the course of the night, Lord Cornwallis withdrew from his outer lines; and the works he had evacuated were, the next day, occupied by the besieging army, which now invested the town completely on that side.

Two thousand men were stationed on the Gloucester side, for the purpose of keeping up a rigorous blockade. On approaching the lines, a sharp skirmish took place which terminated unfavorably for the British; after which they remained under cover of their works, making no attempt to interrupt the blockade.

On the night of the sixth of October, until which time the besieging army was incessantly employed in disembarking their heavy artillery and military stores, and drawing them to camp, the first parallel was commenced within six hundred yards of the British lines. This operation was conducted with so much silence, that it appears not to have been perceived until the return of daylight disclosed it to the garrison; by which time

the trenches were in such forwardness as to cover the men. By the evening of the ninth, several batteries and redoubts were completed, and the effect of their fire was soon perceived. New batteries were opened the next day, and the fire became so heavy that the besieged withdrew their cannon from the embrasures, and scarcely returned a shot. Shells and red hot balls from the batteries of the allied army reached the ships in the harbor, and, in the evening, set fire to the Charon of forty-four guns, and to three large transports, which were entirely consumed. Reciprocal esteem, and a spirit of emulation between the French and Americans, being carefully cultivated by the Commander-in-chief, the siege was carried on with great rapidity. The second parallel was opened, on the night of the eleventh, within three hundred yards of the British lines. The three succeeding days were devoted to the completion of this parallel, during which, the fire of the garrison, which had opened several new embrasures, became more destructive than at any previous time. The men in the trenches were particularly annoyed by two redoubts, advanced three hundred yards in front of the British works, which flanked the second parallel of the besiegers. Preparations were made on the fourteenth, to carry them both by storm. The attack of one was committed to the Americans, and of the other to the French. The Marquis de Lafayette commanded the American detachment, and the Baron de Viominel the French. Towards the close of the day, the two detachments marched with equal firmness to the assault. Colonel Hamilton, who had commanded a battalion of light infantry throughout this campaign, led the advanced corps of the Americans; and Colonel Laurens turned the redoubt at the head of eighty men, in order to take the garrison in reverse, and intercept their retreat. The troops rushed to the charge without firing a gun, and without giving the sappers time to remove the abattis and palisades. Passing over them, they assaulted the works with irresistible impetuosity on all sides at the same time, and entered them with such rapidity that their loss was inconsiderable. This redoubt was defended by Major Campbell, with some inferior officers, and forty-five privates. The major, a captain, a subaltern, and seventeen privates, were made prisoners, and eight privates were killed while the assailants were entering the works.

The redoubt attacked by the French was defended by a greater number of men; and the resistance being greater, was not overcome so quickly, or with so little loss. One hundred

and twenty men, commanded by a lieutenant colonel, were in this work, eighteen of whom were killed, forty-two, including a captain, and two subaltern officers, were made prisoners. The assailants lost, in killed and wounded, near one hundred men.

During the same night, these redoubts were included in the second parallel; and, in the course of the next day, some howitzers were placed in them, which, by five in the afternoon, were opened on the besieged.

The situation of Lord Cornwallis was becoming desperate. His works were sinking, in every quarter, under the fire of the besiegers. The batteries already playing on him had silenced nearly all his guns, and the second parallel was about to open, which must in a few hours render the town untenable. To suspend a catastrophe which appeared almost inevitable, he resolved on attempting to retard the completion of the second parallel, by a vigorous sortie against two batteries which appeared to be in the greatest forwardness, and were guarded by French troops. The party making this sortie was led by Lieutenant Colonel Abercrombie, who attacked the two batteries with great impetuosity, about four in the morning, and carried both with inconsiderable loss; but the guards from the trenches immediately advancing on the assailants, they retreated without being able to effect any thing of importance.

About four in the afternoon, the besiegers opened several batteries in their second parallel; and it was apparent that, in the course of the ensuing day, the whole line of batteries in that parallel would be ready to play on the town. The works of the besieged were not in a condition to sustain so tremendous a fire. In this extremity, Lord Cornwallis formed the bold design of forcing his way to New York.

He determined to leave his sick, and baggage behind, and, crossing over in the night with his effectives, to the Gloucester shore, to attack De Choisé. After cutting to pieces or dispersing the troops under that officer, he intended to mount his infantry on the horses taken from that detachment, and on others to be seized on the road, and, by a rapid march to gain the fords of the great rivers, and forcing his way through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Jersey, to form a junction with the army in New York.

This desperate attempt would be extremely hazardous; but the situation of the British general had become so hopeless, that it could scarcely be changed for the worse.

Boats prepared under other pretexts were held in readiness to receive the troops at ten in the evening, and convey them over the river. The arrangements were made in such secrecy that the first embarkation arrived at the point unperceived, and part of the troops were landed, when a sudden and violent storm interrupted the execution of this hazardous plan, and drove the boats down the river. The storm continued till near daylight, when the boats returned. But the plan was necessarily abandoned, and the boats were sent to bring back the soldiers, who were relanded on the southern shore in the course of the forenoon without much loss.

In the morning of the seventeenth, several new batteries were opened in the second parallel, which poured in a weight of fire not to be resisted. The place being no longer tenable, Lord Cornwallis, about ten in the forenoon, beat a parley, and proposed a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, that commissioners might meet at Moore's house, which was just in the rear of the first parallel, to settle terms for the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester. To this letter General Washington returned an immediate answer declaring his "ardent desire to spare the further effusion of blood, and his readiness to listen to such terms as were admissible;" but, as in the present crisis he could not consent to lose a moment in fruitless negotiations, he desired that, "previous to the meeting of the commissioners, the proposals of his lordship might be transmitted in writing, for which purpose a suspension of hostilities for two hours should be granted." The general propositions stated by Lord Cornwallis as forming the basis of the capitulation, though not all admissible, being such as led to the opinion that no great difficulty would occur in adjusting the terms, the suspension of hostilities was prolonged for the night. In the mean time, to avoid the delay of useless discussion, the Commander-in-chief drew up and proposed such articles as he would be willing to grant. These were transmitted to Lord Cornwallis with the accompanying declaration that, if he approved them, commissioners might be immediately appointed to digest them into form.

In consequence of this message, the Viscount De Noailles, and Lieutenant Colonel Laurens, were met next day by Colonel Dundass, and Major Ross; but, being unable to adjust the terms of capitulation definitively, only a rough draught of them could be prepared, which was to be submitted to the consideration of the British general. Determined not to expose him-

self to those accidents which time might produce, General Washington could not permit any suspense on the part of Lord Cornwallis. He therefore immediately directed the rough articles which had been prepared by the commissioners to be fairly transcribed, and sent them to his lordship early next morning, with a letter expressing his expectation that they would be signed by eleven, and that the garrison would march out by two in the afternoon. Finding all attempts to obtain better terms unavailing, Lord Cornwallis submitted to a necessity no longer to be avoided, and, on the 19th of October, surrendered the posts of Yorktown and Gloucester Point, with their garrisons, and the ships in the harbor with their seamen, to the land and naval forces of America and France.

MARSHALL.

LXXIII.—BATTLE ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

DURING the summer of 1814, the English at the northern, and the Americans at the southern portion of the lake, had been busy in building ships to contest the supremacy of this sheet of water, whose head pierces so deep into the bosom of New York. The latter had at length assembled a flotilla consisting of four vessels—the largest carrying twenty-six guns—and ten galleys, the whole under the command of Macdonough. After some skirmishing, this little fleet, which, early in the season lay in Otter Creek, was got into the lake and steered for Plattsburgh Bay, to assist Macomb in his defence of the town. This bay opens to the southward, and instead of piercing the mainland at right angles, runs north nearly parallel with the lake itself. A narrow strait divides it from the main water, the extremity of which is called Cumberland Head. Just within this strait, and opposite where the turbulent Saranac empties into the lake, Macdonough anchored his vessels, on the western side of which, between him and the mainland was a long, low, sandy point, which effectually blocked the approach of the English.

The English fleet sent to the lake consisted of four vessels—the largest mounting 24 guns. The American force, all the frigates, schooners, and gunboats, mounting 850 men, and carrying 96 guns, the largest, the *Confiance*, by her superior size and

was considered a match for any two vessels in Macdonough's squadron. Captain Downie, who commanded the British fleet, joined his gun-boats at the Isle au Motte on the 8th of September, where he lay at anchor till the 11th. In the mean time, Prevost, whose batteries were all erected, remained silent behind his works, waiting the arrival of the fleet before he should commence his fire.

During those sleepless nights and days of agitation, young Macdonough lay calmly watching the approach of his superior foe, while Macomb was straining every nerve to complete his defences. Fearless, frank, and social, the young General moved among his soldiers with such animation and confidence, that they caught his spirit, and like the Green Mountain boys and yeomanry of New York at Saratoga, resolved to defend their homes to the last.

At length, on Sunday morning, September 11th, just as the sun rose over the eastern mountains, the American guard boat, on the watch, was seen rowing swiftly into the harbor. It reported the enemy in sight. The drums immediately beat to quarters, and every vessel was cleared for action. The preparations being completed, young Macdonough summoned his officers around him, and there, on the deck of the *Saratoga*, read the prayers of the ritual before entering into battle, and that voice, which soon after rung like a clarion amid the carnage, sent heavenward, in earnest tones, "Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us, for thou givest not always the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few." It was a solemn and thrilling spectacle, and one never before witnessed on a vessel of war cleared for action. A young commander who had the courage thus to brave the derision and sneers which such an act was sure to provoke, would fight his vessel while there was a plank left to stand on. Of the deeds of daring done on that day of great achievements, none evinced so bold and firm a heart as this act of religious worship.

At eight o'clock the crews of the different vessels could see, over the tongue of land that divided the bay from the lake, the topsails of the enemy, moving steadily down. They had also been seen from shore, and every eminence around was covered with anxious spectators. The house of God was deserted, and the light of that bright Sabbath morning, with its early stillness, flooded a scene at once picturesque and terrible. On one side was the hostile squadron, coming down

to the sound of music—on the other, stood the armies on shore in order of battle, with their banners flying—between, lay Macdonough's silent little fleet at anchor, while the hills around were black with spectators, gazing on the strange and fearful panorama.

The English vessels, under easy sail, swept one after another round Cumberland Head, and hauling up in the wind, waited the approach of the galleys.

As Macdonough lay anchored with his vessels in line north and south—his galleys on their sweeps forming a second line in rear—the English fleet, as it doubled the head, was compelled to approach with bows on. The Eagle was furthest up the bay, the Saratoga second, Ticonderoga third, and Preble fourth. The impressive silence which rested on the American fleet was at last broken by the Eagle, which opened her broadsides. Startled by the sound, a cock on board the Saratoga, which had escaped from the coop, flew up onto a gun slide and crowed. A loud laugh and three hearty cheers acknowledged the favorable omen, and spread confidence through the ship. Macdonough, seeing the enemy were at too great a distance to be reached by his guns, reserved his fire, and watched the *Confiance* standing boldly on till she came within range. He then sighted a long twenty-four himself, and fired her. The heavy shot passed the entire length of the deck of the *Confiance*, killing many of her men and shivering her wheel into fragments. This was the signal for every vessel to open its fire, and in a moment that quiet bay was in an uproar. The *Confiance*, however, though suffering severely, did not return a shot, but kept boldly on till she got within a quarter of a mile, when she let go her anchors and swung broadside to the Saratoga. Sixteen long twenty-fours then opened at once with a terrific crash. The Saratoga shook from keelson to cross-trees under the tremendous discharge. Nearly half her crew were knocked down by it, while fifty men were either killed or wounded, and among them Lieutenant Gamble. He was in the act of sighting a gun, when a shot entered the port and struck him dead. The effect of this first broadside was awful, and the Saratoga was for a moment completely stunned. The next, however, she opened her fire with a precision and accuracy that told fatally on the English ship. But the latter soon commenced pouring in her broadsides so rapidly that she seemed enveloped in flame. The Eagle could not withstand it, and changed her position, falling in nearer shore,

leaving the *Saratoga* to sustain almost alone the whole weight of the unequal contest. She gave broadside for broadside, but the weight of metal was against her, and she was fast becoming a wreck. Her deck soon presented a scene of the most frightful carnage. The living could hardly tumble the wounded down the hatchway as fast as they fell. At length, as a full broadside burst on the staggering ship, a cry of despair rang from stem to stern, "the Commodore is killed!—the Commodore is killed;" and there he lay on the blood-stained deck amid the dead, senseless and apparently lifeless. A spar, cut in two by a cannon shot, had fallen on his back and stunned him. But after two or three minutes he recovered, and cheering on his men, took his place again beside his favorite gun that he had sighted from the commencement of the action. As the men saw him once more at his post they took new courage.

But a few minutes after, the cry of "the Commodore is killed," again passed through the ship. Every eye was instantly turned to a group of officers gathered around Macdonough, who lay in the scuppers, between two guns covered with blood. He had been knocked clean across the ship, with a force sufficient to have killed him. Again he revived, and limping to a gun, was soon coolly hulling his antagonist. Maimed and suffering, he fought on, showing an example that always makes heroes of subordinates.

At length every gun on the side of his vessel toward the enemy was silenced, but one; and this, on firing it again, bounded from its fastenings, and tumbled down the hatchway. Not a gun was left with which to continue the contest, while the ship was on fire. A surrender, therefore, seemed inevitable. Macdonough, however, resolved to wind his ship, so as to get the other broadside to bear. Failing in the first attempt, the sailing-master, Brum, bethought him of an expedient, which proved successful—the crippled vessel slowly swung her stern around, until the uninjured guns bore. The *Confiance*, seeing the manœuvre, imitated it, but she could not succeed, and lay with her crippled side exposed to the fire of the *Saratoga*.

Captain Downie had fallen some time before—not a gun could be brought to bear—the ship had been hulled *a hundred and five times*—while half of her men were killed and wounded. Farther resistance was therefore useless; and she surrendered.

The Eagle, commanded by Capt. Henley, behaved gallantly in the engagement, while the Ticonderoga, under Lieutenant Cassin, was handled in a manner that astonished those who beheld her. This fearless officer walked backward and forward over his deck, encouraging his men and directing the fire, apparently unconscious of the balls that smote and crashed around him. His broadsides were so rapid and incessant, that several times the vessel was thought to be on fire.

The surrender of the Confiance virtually terminated the contest, which had lasted two hours and a quarter; and as flag after flag struck, the galleys took to their sweeps and escaped.

In the midst of this tremendous cannonade, came, at intervals, the explosions on shore. The first gun in the bay was the signal for Prevost on land, and as the thunder of his heavy batteries mingled in with the incessant broadsides of the contending squadrons, the very shores trembled, and far over the lake, amidst the quiet farm-houses of Vermont, the echoes rolled away, carrying anxiety and fear into hundreds of families. Its shore was lined with men, gazing intently in the direction of Plattsburgh, as though from the smoke that rolled heavenward some tidings might be got of how the battle was going.

To the spectators on the commanding heights around Plattsburgh, the scene was indescribably fearful and thrilling. It was as if two volcanoes were raging below—turning that quiet Sabbath morning into a scene wild and awful as the strife of fiends. But when the firing in the bay ceased, and the American flag was still seen flying, and the Union Jack down, there went up a shout that shook the hills. From the water to the shore, and back again, the deafening huzzas echoed and re-echoed. The American army took up the shout, and sending it high and clear over the thunder of cannon, spread dismay and astonishment into the heart of the enemy's camp.

The American loss in killed and wounded, was one hundred and ten, of whom all but twenty fell on board the Saratoga and Eagle—that of the English was never fully known, though it was supposed to be nearly double.

J. T. HEADLEY.

LXXIV.—THE AMERICAN PRIVATEER "GEN. ARMSTRONG."

*From an English gentleman resident at Fayal, to WILLIAM COBBETT,
London.*

Fayal, October 15th, 1814.

SIR—The American privateer brig General Armstrong, of New York, Captain Samuel C. Reid, of seven guns, and ninety men, entered here on the 26th ultimo, about noon, 17 days from that place, for the purpose of obtaining water. The captain, seeing nothing on the horizon, was induced to anchor. Before the lapse of many hours, his Majesty's brig Carnation came in, and anchored near her.

About six, his Majesty's ship, Plantagenet, of 74 guns, and the Rota frigate, came in and anchored also. The captain of the privateer and his friends consulted the first authorities here about her security. They all considered her perfectly secure, and that his Majesty's officers were too well acquainted with the respect due to a neutral port to molest her. But to the great surprise of every one, about 9 in the evening, four boats were dispatched, armed and manned from his Majesty's ships, for the purpose of cutting her out. It being about the full of the moon, the night perfectly clear and calm, we could see every movement made. The boats approached rapidly towards her, when, it appears, the captain of the privateer hailed them, and told them to keep off, several times. They notwithstanding pushed on, and were in the act of boarding, before any defence was made from the privateer. A warm contest ensued on both sides. The boats were finally dispersed with great loss.

The American now calculating on a very superior force being sent, cut his cables and rowed the privateer close in alongside of the fort, within half cable's length, where he moored her, head and stern, with four lines.

The governor now sent a remonstrance to Captain Lloyd, of the Plantagenet, against such proceedings, and trusted that the privateer would not be further molested; she being in the dominions of Portugal, and, under the guns of the castle, was entitled to Portuguese protection.

Captain Lloyd's answer was, that he was determined to destroy the vessel, at the expense of all Fayal; and should any protection be given her by the fort, he would not leave a house standing in the village. All the inhabitants were gathered about the walls, expecting a renewal of the attack. At mid-

night 14 launches were discovered to be coming, in rotation, for the purpose.

When they got within clear gun-shot, a tremendous and effectual discharge was made from the privateer, which threw the boats into confusion. They now returned a spirited fire; but the privateer kept up so continual a discharge, it was almost impossible for the boats to make any progress. They finally succeeded, after immense loss in getting alongside of her, and attempted to board at every quarter, cheered by the officers, with a shout of "*no quarter*," which we could distinctly hear, as well as their shrieks and cries. The termination was near about a total massacre.

Three of the boats were sunk, and but one poor solitary officer escaped death, in a boat that contained fifty souls; he was wounded. The Americans fought with great firmness; some of the boats were left without a single man to row them; others with three or four; the most that any one returned with, was about ten. Several boats floated on shore, full of dead bodies.

With great reluctance I state, that they were manned with picked men, and commanded by the first, second, third, and fourth lieutenants of the *Plantagenet*; first, second, third, and fourth ditto, of the frigate, and the first officers of the brig; together with a great number of midshipmen. Our whole force exceeded 400 men; but three officers escaped, two of which are wounded. This bloody and unfortunate contest lasted about 40 minutes,

After the boats gave out, nothing more was attempted till daylight next morning, when the *Carnation* hauled alongside and engaged her. The privateer still continued to make a most gallant defence. These veterans reminded me of Lawrence's dying words, of the *Chesapeake*, "Don't give up the ship!" The *Carnation* lost one of her topmasts, and her yards were shot away; she was much cut up in the rigging, and received several shot in her hull. This obliged her to haul off to repair, and to cease firing.

The Americans now finding their principal gun (*Long-Tom*) and several others dismounted, deemed it folly to think of saving her against so superior a force; they therefore cut away her masts to the deck, blew a hole through her bottom, took out their small arms, clothing, &c., and went on shore. *I discovered only two shot-holes in the hull of the privateer although much cut up in the rigging.*

Two boats' crews were afterwards dispatched from our vessels, which went on board, took out some provisions, and set her on fire.

For three days after, we were employed in burying the dead that washed on shore in the surf. The number of British killed exceeds 120, and 90 wounded. The enemy [the Americans], to the surprise of mankind, lost only *two* killed, and *seven* wounded. We may well say "God deliver us from our enemies," if this is the way the Americans fight.

After burning the privateer, Captain Lloyd made a demand of the governor to deliver up the Americans as prisoners—which the governor refused. He threatened to send 500 men on shore, and take them by force. The Americans immediately retired with their arms to an old Gothic convent; knocked away the adjoining drawbridge, and determined to defend themselves to the last. The captain, however, changing his mind, made no further attempt; only demanded two men, which he said deserted from his vessel when in America. The governor sent for the men, but found none of the description given.

Many houses received much injury on shore from the guns of the *Carnation*. A woman, sitting in the fourth story of her house, had her thigh shot off; and a boy had his arm broken. The American Consul here has made a demand on the Portuguese government for a hundred thousand dollars for the privateer; which our Consul, Mr. Parkin, thinks in justice will be paid; and that they will claim on England. Mr. Parkin, Mr. Edward Bayley, and other English gentlemen, disapprove of the outrage and depredation committed by our vessels on this occasion. The vessel [a ship-of-war] that was dispatched to England with the wounded, was not permitted to take a single letter from any person. Being an eye-witness to this transaction, I have given you a correct statement as it occurred.

With respect, I am, &c.,

H. K. F.

LXXV.—THE OCEAN.

At sea, October 18th.

I HAVE emerged from my berth this morning, for the first time since we left the Capes. We have been running six or seven days before a strong northwest gale, which, by the scuds in the sky, is not yet blown out, and my head and hand, as

you will see by my penmanship, are any thing but at rights. If you have ever plunged about in a cold rain-storm at sea for seven successive days, you can imagine how I have amused myself.

The day of our sailing, some ten or fifteen vessels, bound on different voyages, lay in the roads waiting for a pilot-boat, and as she came down the river, they all weighed anchor together, and we got under way. It was a beautiful sight—so many sail in close company under a smart breeze, and I stood on the quarter-deck, and watched them in a mood of mingled happiness and sadness, till we reached the Capes.

We made Cape Henlopen about sundown, and all shortened sail and came to. The little boat passed from one to another, taking off the pilots, and in a few minutes every sail was spread again, and away they went with a dashing breeze, some on one course and some on another, leaving us, in less than an hour, apparently alone on the sea. By this time the clouds had grown black, the wind had strengthened into a gale, with fits of rain; and as the order was given to "close-reef the topsails," I took a last look at Cape Henlopen, just visible in the far edge of the horizon, and went below.

This is the first day that I have been able to come on deck. It is a day to make one in love with life. The remains of the long storm, before which we have been driven for a week, lie in white, turreted masses around the horizon, the sky overhead is spotlessly blue, the sun is warm, the wind steady and fresh, but soft as a child's breath, and the sea—I must sketch it to you more elaborately. We are in the Gulf stream. The water here, as you know, even to the cold banks of Newfoundland, is always blood warm, and the temperature of the air mild at all seasons, and just now, like a south wind on land in June. Hundreds of seabirds are sailing around us—the spongy sea-weeds, washed from the West Indian rocks, a thousand miles away in the Southern latitudes, float by in large masses—the sailors, barefooted and bareheaded, are scattered over the rigging, doing "fair-weather work," and just in the edge of the horizon, hidden by every swell, stand two vessels, with all sail spread, making, with the first fair wind they have had in many days, for America.

I came on deck this morning and looked around, and for an hour or two I could scarce realize that it was not a dream. Much as I had watched the sea from our bold promontory at Nahant, and well as I thought I knew its character in storms

and calms, the scene which was before me surprised and bewildered me utterly. At the first glance, we were just in the gorge of the sea, and, looking over the leeward quarter, I saw, stretching up from the keel, what I can only describe as a hill of dazzling blue, thirty or forty feet in real altitude, but sloped so far away that the white crest seemed to me a cloud, and the space between, a sky of the most wonderful beauty and brightness. A moment more, and the crest burst over with a splendid volume of foam; the sun struck through the thinner part of the swell in a line of vivid emerald, and the whole mass swept under us, the brig rising and riding on the summit with the buoyancy and grace of a bird.

The single view of the ocean which I got at that moment, will be impressed upon my mind for ever. Nothing that I ever saw on land at all compares with it for splendor. No sunset, no lake scene of hill and water, no fall, not even Niagara, no glen or mountain-gap ever approached it. The waves had had no time to "knock down" as the sailors phrase it, and it was a storm at sea, without the hurricane and the rain. I looked off to the horizon, and the long majestic swells were heaving into the sky upon its distant limit, and between it and my eye lay a radius of twelve miles, an immense plain flashing with green and blue and white, and changing place and color so rapidly as to be almost painful to the sight. I stood holding by the taffrail an hour, gazing on it with a childish delight and wonder. The spray had broken over me repeatedly, and as we shipped half a sea at the scuppers at every roll, I was standing half the time up to my knees in water; but the warm wind on my forehead, after a week's confinement to my berth, and the excessive beauty lavished upon my sight, were so delicious, that I forgot all, and it was only in compliance with the captain's repeated suggestion that I changed my position. I mounted the quarter-deck, and pulling off my shoes, like a schoolboy, sat over the leeward rails, and with my feet dipping into the warm sea at every lurch, gazed at the glorious show for hours. I do not hesitate to say that the formation, progress, and final burst of a sea-wave, in a bright sun, are the most gorgeously beautiful sight under heaven.

N. P. WILLIS.

LXXVI.—A MAN OVERBOARD.

It is a dreadful night. The passengers are clustered, trembling, below. Every plank shakes; and the oak ribs groan, as if they suffered with their toil. The hands are all aloft; the captain is forward shouting to the mate in the cross-trees, and I am clinging to one of the stanchions, by the binnacle. The ship is pitching madly, and the waves are toppling up, sometimes as high as the yard-arm, and then dipping away with a whirl under our keel, that makes every timber in the vessel quiver. The thunder is roaring like a thousand cannons; and at the moment, the sky is cleft with a stream of fire, that glares over the tops of the waves, and glistens on the wet decks, and the spars,—lighting up all so plain, that I can see the men's faces in the main-top, and catch glimpses of the reefers on the yard-arm, clinging like death; then all is horrible darkness.

The spray spits angrily against the canvas; the waves crash against the weather-bow like mountains; the wind howls through the rigging, or, as a gasket gives way, the sail bellying to leeward, splits like the crack of a musket. I hear the captain in the lulls, screaming out orders; and the mate in the rigging, screaming them over, until the lightning comes, and the thunder, deadening their voices as if they were chirping sparrows.

In one of the flashes, I see a hand upon the yard-arm lose his foothold, as the ship gives a plunge; but his arms are clenched around the spar. Before I can see any more the blackness comes, and the thunder, with a crash that half deafens me. I think I hear a low cry, as the mutterings die away in the distance; and at the next flash of lightning, which comes in an instant, I see upon the top of one of the waves alongside, the poor reefer who has fallen. The lightning glares upon his face.

But he has caught at a loose bit of running rigging, as he fell; and I see it slipping off the coil upon the deck. I shout madly—Man overboard!—and catch the rope, when I can see nothing again. The sea is too high, and the man too heavy for me. I shout, and shout, and shout, and feel the perspiration starting in great beads from my forehead, as the line slips through my fingers.

Presently the captain feels his way aft, and takes hold *with me*; and the cook comes, as the coil is nearly spent, and

we pull together upon him. It is desperate work for the sailor; for the ship is drifting at a prodigious rate; but he clings like a dying man.

By and by at a flash, we see him on a crest, two oars length away from the vessel.

"Hold on, my man!" shouts the captain.

"For God's sake be quick!" says the poor fellow; and he goes down in a trough of the sea. We pull the harder, and the captain keeps calling to him to keep up courage, and hold strong. But in the hush, we can hear him say—"I can't hold out much longer;—I'm most gone!"

Presently we have brought the man where we can lay hold of him, and are only waiting for a good lift of the sea to bring him up, when the poor fellow groans out,—*"It's no use—I can't—good-bye!"* And a wave tosses the end of the rope clean upon the bulwarks.

At the next flash, I see him going down under the water.

MITCHELL.

LXXVIL—CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

THE cockswain cast a cool glance at the crests of foam that were breaking over the tops of the billows within a few yards of where their boat was riding, and called aloud to his men—

"Pull a stroke or two; away with her into dark water."

The drop of the oars resembled the movements of a nice machine, and the light boat skimmed along the water like a duck that approaches to the very brink of some imminent danger, and then avoids it at the most critical moment, apparently without an effort. While this necessary movement was making, Barnstable arose, and surveyed the cliffs with keen eyes, and then, turning once more in disappointment from his search, he said—

"Pull more from the land, and let her run down at an easy stroke to the schooner. Keep a look-out at the cliffs, boys; it is possible that they are stowed in some of the holes in the rocks, for it's no daylight business they are on."

The order was promptly obeyed, and they had glided along for near a mile in this manner, in the most profound silence, when suddenly the stillness was broken by a heavy rush of air, and a dash of water, seemingly at no great distance from them.

"By heaven! Tom," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, with undisturbed composure; "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward; the easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward!"

"The fellow takes it coolly, too! he's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head to take himself back into blue water."

"'Tis a fin-back!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "he will soon make headway, and be off."

"No, sir, 'tis a right whale," answered Tom; "I saw his spout: he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-butt, that fellow!"

Barnstable laughed, turned himself away from the tempting sight, and tried to look at the cliffs; and then unconsciously bent his eyes again on the sluggish animal, who was throwing his huge carcass at times for many feet from the water, in idle gambols. The temptation for sport, and the recollection of his early habits, at length prevailed over his anxiety in behalf of his friends, and the young officer inquired of his cockswain—

"Is there any whale-line in the boat to make fast to that harpoon which you bear about with you in fair weather or foul?"

"I never trust the boat from the schooner without part of a shot, sir," returned the cockswain; "there is something nateral in the sight of a tub to my old eyes."

Barnstable looked at his watch, and again at the cliffs, when he exclaimed in joyous tones—

"Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whale-boat sprang forward like a courser for the goal. *During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game,*

long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparations to strike the whale as the occasion required. The tub, containing about half of a whale-line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled round when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without an apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise that sounded like the rushing of winds. The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow, but, when he beheld the creature assume this formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which echoed along the cliffs, like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After this wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of pure air; send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true, for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed for half its length in the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After this evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and *seemed to rest from further efforts.*

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing towards one of the fins, which was at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted with singular earnestness—

“Starn all!”

“Stern all!” echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

“Snub him!” shouted Barnstable; “hold on, Tom; he rises already.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manoeuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more gradually round the large loggerhead that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched forward, and, rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to reappear. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point, before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but who cast the waters aside as he forced his way with prodigious velocity along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried—

“Ay, I’ve touched the fellow’s life! It must be more

than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean ! ”

“ I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance,” said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits ; “ feel your line, Master Coffin ; can we haul alongside of our enemy ? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner.”

“ ‘Tis the creater’s way, sir,” said the cockswain ; “ you know they need the air in the nostrils when they run, the same as a man ; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him.”

The seamen now seized their whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

“ Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom ? ” cried Barnstable ; “ a few sets from your bayonet would do it.”

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory—

“ No, sir, no—he’s going into his flurry ; there’s no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier’s weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off ! the creater’s in his flurry ! ”

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these effects subsided, and when the discolored water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side, and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

COOPER.

LXXVIII.—A NIGHT AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

[The author visited the Marquesas Islands as a sailor before the mast, in an American vessel, brought thither by the attractions of the sperm-whale fishery. He left his ship on reaching the isle of Nukuheva, in company with another sailor, named Toby, and both went in search of adventure. Having crossed the mountain, and descended into the valley, they suddenly fell in with a tribe of savages called Typees, who, with their neighbors, the Happers, were said to be cannibals of the worst kind. Contrary to their expectations, they met with a most cordial welcome from the natives, especially from their chief, Mehevi. It was on a visit to the latter, accompanied by Kori-Kori, a native assigned to their service, that the following incident occurred.]

IMMEDIATELY after our arrival, Mehevi seated us upon some mats, and Kory-Kory gave utterance to some unintelligible gibberish. In a few moments a boy entered with a wooden trencher of pœe-pœe, an article of food manufactured from the produce of the bread-fruit tree. Various other dishes followed, the chief manifesting the most hospitable importunity in pressing us to partake, and, to remove all bashfulness on our part, set us no despicable example in his own person.

The repast concluded, a pipe was lighted, which passed from mouth to mouth, and yielding to its soporific influence, the quiet of the place, and the deepening shadows of approaching night, my companion and I sank into a kind of drowsy repose, while the chief and Kory-Kory seemed to be slumbering beside us.

I awoke from an uneasy nap, about midnight, as I supposed; and, raising myself partly from the mat, became sensible that we were enveloped in utter darkness. Toby lay still asleep, but our late companions had disappeared.

Apprehensive of some evil, I roused my comrade, and we were engaged in a whispered conference concerning the unexpected withdrawal of the natives, when all at once, from the depths of the grove, in full view of us where we lay, shoots of flame were seen to rise, and in a few moments illuminated the surrounding trees, casting, by contrast, into still deeper gloom the darkness around us.

While we continued gazing at this sight, dark figures appeared moving to and fro before the flames; while others, *dancing and capering about*, looked like so many demons.

Regarding this new phenomenon with no small degree of trepidation, I said to my companion, "What can all this mean, Toby?"

"Oh, nothing," replied he; "getting the fire ready, I suppose."

"Fire!" exclaimed I, while my heart took to beating like a trip-hammer, "what fire?"

"Why, the fire to cook us, to be sure; what else would the cannibals be kicking up such a row about if it were not for that?"

"Oh, Toby! have done with your jokes; this is no time for them; something is about to happen, I feel confident."

"Jokes, indeed!" exclaimed Toby, indignantly. "Did you ever hear me joke? Why, for what do you suppose the devils have been feeding us up in this kind of style during the last three days, unless it were for something that you are too much frightened to talk about? Look at that Kory-Kory there!—has he not been stuffing you with his confounded mushes, just in the way they treat swine before they kill them? Depend upon it, we will be eaten this blessed night, and there is the fire we shall be roasted by."

This view of the matter was not at all calculated to allay my apprehensions, and I shuddered when I reflected that we were indeed at the mercy of a tribe of cannibals, and that the dreadful contingency to which Toby had alluded was by no means removed beyond the bounds of possibility.

"There! I told you so! they are coming for us!" exclaimed my companion the next moment, as the forms of four of the islanders were seen in bold relief against the illuminated background, mounting the pi-pi (hillock), and approaching towards us.

They came on noiselessly, nay, stealthily, and glided along through the gloom that surrounded us as if about to spring upon some object they were fearful of disturbing before they should make sure of it. Gracious heaven! the horrible reflections which crowded upon me at that moment. A cold sweat, stood upon my brow, and, spell-bound with terror, I awaited my fate!

Suddenly the silence was broken by the well-remembered tones of Mehevi, and at the kindly accents of his voice my fears were immediately dissipated. "Tommo, Toby, ki ki" (eat). He had waited to address us, until he had assured himself that we were both awake, at which he seemed some-

what surprised. "Kiki! is it?" said Toby, in his gruff tones; "well, cook us first, will you—but what's this?" he added, as another savage appeared, bearing before him a large trencher of wood, containing some kind of steaming meat, as appeared from the odors it diffused, and which he deposited at the feet of Mehevi. "A baked baby, I dare say; but I will have none of it, never mind what it is. A pretty fool I should make of myself, indeed, waked up here in the middle of the night, stuffing and guzzling, and all to make a fat meal for a parcel of bloody-minded cannibals one of these mornings! No, I see what they are at very plainly, so I am resolved to starve myself into a bunch of bones and gristle, and then, if they serve me up, they are welcome! But I say, Tommo, you are not going to eat any of that mess there, in the dark, are you? Why, how can you tell what it is?"

"By tasting it, to be sure," said I, masticating a morsel that Kory-Kory had just put in my mouth; "and excellently good it is, too, very much like veal."

"A baked baby, by the soul of Captain Cook!" burst forth Toby, with amazing vehemence; "Veal? why there never was a calf on the island till you landed. I tell you, you are bolting down mouthfuls from a dead Happar's carcass, as sure as you live, and no mistake!"

Emetics and lukewarm water! What a sensation in the abdominal regions! Sure enough, where could the fiends incarnate have obtained meat? But I resolved to satisfy myself at all hazards; and turning to Mehevi, I soon made the ready chief understand that I wished a light to be brought. When the taper came, I gazed eagerly into the vessel, and recognized the mutilated remains of a juvenile porker! "Puar-kee!" exclaimed Kory-Kory, looking complacently at the dish; and from that day to this I have never forgotten that such is the designation of a pig in the Typee lingo.

MELVILLE.

LXXIX.—A NUKUHEVAN NOBLEMAN.

THE next morning I went on shore, but duties of the garrison prevented the officers from leaving until the morning was somewhat advanced—too late to cross the dividing ridges to the adjacent glens, and we accordingly changed the destination, for an excursion up the valley at the head of the harbor.

A pair of native boys preceded us, with baskets. Walking briskly through paths lined with a thick, wild undergrowth of tobacco, arrow-root, ginger, and guavas, we mounted a number of acclivities, and then striking the bed of a water-course, in two hours reached a comparatively level space, which my friend, a Frenchman, informed me was *la cour de l'ancienne Noblesse*, and the spot where high festivals of the Nukuhevans were held. The court was a parallelogram, paved with smooth, round stones, and on three sides surrounded by native-built houses, unoccupied, but very large and commodious, all in good repair, and ready for a perspective feast. At the lower ends of the square coursed a little stream, and the place was dark with shade of lofty cocoanuts, bread-fruit, iron-wood, maple and gigantic hibiscus. All was silent, gloomy and deserted; the imperative decrees of Taboo preserved its sacred from native footsteps during the intervals between their sacrifices and feasts—even our *cumulees*—boys, made a wide circuit, with bowed heads and averted faces.

Closely scrutinizing this field of heathenish revels, we continued on up the ravine, and in a few minutes familiarly paid our respects to the king's father, by unceremoniously bobbing through his doorway, and slapping him smartly on the back.

The hut was large, in accordance with the position, rank and wealth of the owner. A trickling rivulet in front filled a scooped-out bowl in the rocks, some yards in diameter, and then flowed over a little natural channel, worn at the side, like the gutter to a fountain. Around and above, the cocoanuts were rustling in the sea-breeze.

We were cordially greeted by the host, who was seated on his hams and heels, with no other apparel than a *maro* wound around the loins, and a necklace of straggling, snow-white hairs hanging on his meagre breast; it was the honored beard of his ancestors, which was, I suppose, retained merely to swear by, as it did not appear either valuable or ornamental. He was a remarkable and venerable Goblin, and he informed us that his existence comprised nine hundred moons. This would have made him somewhere verging on eighty years; but he appeared as aged as Saturn.

He was tattooed all over the body and limbs, face alone exempted. It must have occupied as much time to delineate him as it did Rafael to fresco the galleries of the Vatican! But his hide was so ancient and worm-eaten, that many fine touches were almost illegible. Around his knees were play-

ing two little dusky imps, scarcely a year old! God knows where they came from—may have been a present, as it is all the fashion among the Marquesans. Nevertheless, he regarded them with the most affectionate interest, and watched their every movement, even to sucking his mouldering toes and pulling his grizzly top-knot, with the tenderest solicitude. Presently they crawled in front of the dwelling, and actually toddled into the pool. I instantly started up to fish them out, but the old Goblin only chuckled, and the little elfs kept bobbing about the surface of the water with the buoyancy of corks—crowing and smiling bravely. I never was more amazed, and taking a dip myself afterwards, found the basin up to my neck.

Native attendants soon produced clusters of cocoanuts, with the crowns of their heads knocked off, ready for consumption. We made cocoanut-milk punch—every man his own punch-bowl; with a sprinkle of lime juice, and syrup of powdered sugar-cane—gently agitated within the milky shells—which made as delicious a beverage as ever a regent brewed: it is worth a trip to Polynesia alone to enjoy it. Then exploring the resources of the baskets, we discovered a case of sardines, bread, bananas, and oranges; made luncheon, and fed the children on the crumbs.

Pipes were filled, and a native boy quickly brought forth two sticks, and cutting the hardest to a point, and holding the other firmly fixed against a stone, began to wear a groove with the pointed stick in the softest by a measured movement along the surface. Presently a fine dust was deposited at the lower end; the white wood turned dark; quicker and quicker, stronger and stronger traversed the pointed stick; the dust began to smoke, some dry fibres and leaves were laid across, and in an instant burst into a blaze. The operation lasted three or four minutes, and was skilfully performed. I had plenty of lucifers in my pocket, but not having witnessed the native process of striking fire, and thinking a little wholesome exertion would not injure the young *Cumulee*, I did not produce them.

Throwing ourselves at full length on the mats, we devoted the time to conversation and tobacco. The old Goblin fascinated me, I could not remove my gaze from his lineaments, but by and by I opined that there was a singular odor pervading the habitation; and, upon reflection, I experienced something unpleasant upon first entering; but then there are so

many villanous compounds surrounding native dwellings, and being moreover deeply engaged brewing punch, eating luncheon, smoking, and surveying the Goblin, I forgot other matters for the time being, until a pause in the conversation induced me to inquire the cause of the annoyance. Ah! said the Frenchman, giving a few agonizing sniffs, and looking around: *Ah! le voici!* Casting my eyes upward, I beheld a long object, enveloped in native cloth and tappa, hanging slantingly across a beam, like a *fantoccino*, just before throwing a summerset on the slack-wire! It was a near relative, lately deceased, who from an elevated and unchristian notion of respect, had been suspended under the paternal roof, until dry enough to be deposited in a raised native tomb of stones and thatch. Dropping the pipe, I gained my feet, and bidding our antique host a hasty farewell, rushed into the open air; where, after swallowing a modicum of eau-de-vie neat, I swore a mental vow never-more to visit Nukuhevan nobility.

WISE.

LXXX.—NEW YORK IN THE DUTCH TIMES.

In those happy days, a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes or noblesse; that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of pre-

served peaches and pears ; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls, of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and doughnuts, olykoecks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delf tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was made by a shrewd economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany ; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting or coqueting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings ; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *Ja, Mynheer*, or *Ja, Jufvrouw*, to any question that was asked them : behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fire-places were decorated ; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage ; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet : and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say,

by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present: if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LXXXI.—A SHORT TRIP TO PARIS.

Paris, October.

* * * * *

WE were dismally sea-sick. And I cared for nothing but arriving. Oh! dear, I would even have given up Paris, at least I thought so. But, oh! how *could* I think so! Just fancy a place where not only your own maid speaks French, but where every body, the porters, the coachmen, the chambermaids, can't speak any thing else! Where the very beggars beg, and the commonest people swear, in French! Oh! it's inexpressibly delightful. Why, even the dogs understand it; every body rolls in a luxury of French, and, of course, is happy.

Every body—but poor Mr. Potiphar!

He has a terrible time of it.

When we arrived we alighted at Meurice's,—all the fashionable people do; at least Gauche Boosey said, Lord Brougham did, for he used to read it in Galignani, and I suppose it is fashionable to do as Lord Brougham does. D'Orsay Firkin said that the Hotel Bristol was more *recherché*.

"Does that mean cheaper?" inquired Mr. Potiphar.

Mr. Firkin looked at him compassionately.

"I only want," said Mr. Potiphar, in a kind of gasping way, for it was in the cars on the way from Boulogne to Paris that we held this consultation—"I only want to go where there is somebody who can speak English."

My dear sir, there are commissionnaires at all the hotels who are perfect linguists," said Mr. Firkin in a gentlemanly manner.

"Oh! dear me!" said Mr. P., wiping his forehead with the red bandanna that he always carries, despite Mrs. P. "what is a commissionnaire?"

An interpreter, a cicerone," said Mr. Firkin.

"A guide, philosopher, and friend," said Kurz.

"Kurz, do you speak French?" inquired Mr. P., nervously, as we rolled along.

"Oh! yes," replied he.

"Oh! dear me!" said Mr. Potiphar, looking disconsolately out of the window.

We arrived soon after.

"We are now at the *Barrière*," said Mr. Firkin.

"What do we do there?" asked Mr. Potiphar.

"We are inspected," said Mr. Firkin.

Mr. Potiphar drew himself up with a military air.

We alighted and walked into the room where all the baggage was arranged.

Est-ce qu'il y a quelque chose à déclarer? "asked an officer addressing Mr. Potiphar.

"Good Heavens! what did you say?" said Mr. P., looking at him.

The officer smiled, and Kurz said something, upon which he bowed and passed on. We stepped outside upon the pavement, and I confess that even I could not understand every thing that was said by the crowd and the coachmen. But Kurz led the way to a carriage, and we drove off to Meurice's.

"It's awful, isn't it?" said Mr. Potiphar, panting.

When we reached the hotel, a gentleman (Mr. Potiphar said he was sure he was a gentleman, from a remark he made—in English) came bowing out. But before the door of the carriage was opened, Mr. P. thrust his head out of the window, and holding the door shut, cried out, "Do you speak English here?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the clerk; and that was the remark that so pleased Mr. Potiphar.

My room was next to the Potiphars, and I heard a great deal, you may be sure. I didn't mean to, but I couldn't help it. The next morning when they were about coming down, I heard Polly say—

"Now, Mr. Potiphar, remember if you want to speak of your room it is *numero quatre-vingt-cinq*," and she pronounced it very slowly. "Now try, Mr. P."

"Oh! dear me. Kattery vang sank," said he.

"Very good," answered she; "*au troisième*; that means on the third floor. Now try."

"O tror—O trorsy—O trorsy—Oh! dear me!" muttered he in a tone of despair.

"*ème*," said Mrs. P.

"Aim," said he.

"Well?" said Mrs. P.

"O trorsyaim," said he.

"That's very well, indeed!" said Mrs. Potiphar, and they went out of the room. I joined them in the hall, and we ran on before Mr. P., but we soon heard some one speaking, and stopped.

"*Monsieur, veut il prendre un commissionnaire?*"

Kattery—vang—sank," replied Mr. Potiphar, with great emphasis.

"*Comment?*" said the other.

"O tror—O tror—Oh! Polly—seeaim—seeaim!" returned Mr. P.

"You speak English?" said the commissionnaire.

"Why! good God! do *you*?" asked Mr. P., with astonishment.

"I speaks every languages, sare," replied the other, and we will use de English, if you ptes. But Monsieur speaks *très bien* de French language."

"Are you speaking English now?" asked Mr. Potiphar.

The commissionnaire answered him that he was,—and Mr. P. thrust his arm through that of the commissionnaire and said—

"My dear sir, if you are disengaged I should be very glad if you would accompany me in my walks through the town."

"Mr. Potiphar!" said Polly, "come!"

"Coming, my dear," answered he, as he approached with the commissionnaire. It was in vain that Mrs. P. winked and frowned. Her husband would not take hints. So taking his other arm, and wishing the commissionnaire good morning, she tried to draw him away. But he clung to his companion and said,

"Polly, this gentleman speaks English."

"Don't keep his arm," whispered she; "he is only a servant."

"Servant, indeed!" said he; "you should have heard him speak French, and you see how gentlemanly he is."

It was some time before Polly was able to make her husband comprehend the case.

"Ah!" said he at length; "Oh! I understand."

It would charm you to hear how intelligently Mrs. P. speaks about French society, though she has only seen it from a distance. When we return, you will find how accomplished she is. We've been here only a few weeks, and we already know all the fashionable shops, and a little more French, and we go to the confectioners, and eat *savarins* every morning at 12, and we drive in the *Bois de Boulogne* in the afternoon, and we dine splendidly, and in the evening we go to the opera or a theatre. To be sure we don't have much society beside our own party. But then the shop-girls point out the distinguished women to Mrs. Potiphar, so that she can point them out when we drive; and our banker calls and keeps us up in gossip; and Mrs. Potiphar's maid, Adèle, is inestimable in furnishing information; and Mr. Potiphar gets a great deal out of his commissionnaire, and goes about studying his Galignani's Guide, and frequents the English Reading Room, where, I am told, he makes himself a little conspicuous when he finds that Englishmen won't talk, by saying, "Oh! dear me!" and wiping his face with a bandanna. He usually opens his advances by making sure of an Englishman, and saying, "*Bong mating*,—but, perhaps, sir, you don't speak French."

"You evidently do not, sir," replied one gentleman.

"No, sir; you're right there," answered Mr. P. But he couldn't get another word from his companion.

The other day he was taken to a darkened room in a grand old house, in a lonely, aristocratic street; and there a picture agent showed him a splendid *Nicolas Poussin*, painted in his prime for the family, whose heir in reduced circumstances must now part with it at a tearful sacrifice. Honored P.'s friend, the commissionnaire, interprets this story, while the agent stands sadly meditating the sacrifice with which his duty acquaints him. He informs the good P., through the friendly commissionnaire, that he has been induced to offer him the picture, not only because all Americans have so fine a taste (as his experience has proved to him) in paintings, nor because they are so much more truly munificent than the nobility of other nations, but because the heir in reduced circumstances wishes to think of the picture as entirely removed from the possibility of being seen in France. Family pride, which is almost crushed in disposing of so great and valued a work, would be entirely quenched if the sale were to be known, and the picture recognized elsewhere in the country. *Monsieur is a gentleman*, and he will understand the feelings of a gen-

tleman under such circumstances.—The agent adds that it is not unusual for the owner to visit the picture about that very hour to hear what chance there is for its sale. If this knock should be he, it would not be very remarkable. The heir enters. He has a very heavy moustache, dark hair, and a slightly Hebrew cast of countenance.

Mr. Potiphar is introduced. The heir contemplates the picture sadly, and he and the agent point out its beauties to each other. In fine, my honored Potiphar buys the work of art. To any one else, of course, in France, for instance, the price should be eleven thousand francs. But the French and the Americans have fraternized; a thousand francs shall be deducted.

Mr. Potiphar is delighted with his bargain, and when asked where the thing shall be sent, says, in a loud, slow voice—
“Hotel Miureece, Kattery—vang—sank—o—trorsy aim.”

GEO. W. CURTIS.

LXXXII.—A TOURNAMENT.

THE lists presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful, in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators, rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and, at the same time, setting off its splendor.

The heralds ceased their proclamation with their usual cry of “largesse, largesse, gallant knights;” and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of “Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honor to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!” To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters, the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them, save the marshals of the field, who, armed

cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite end of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets, and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, entered slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed; they advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of their riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard, from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells, seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance to the knights as they advanced up to the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to which he wished to oppose himself. The lower order of spectators in general—nay, many of the higher, and it is even said several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons, who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out *against each other* at full gallop; and such was the superior

dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break his weapon athwart the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than being actually unhorsed; because the one might happen from accident, whereas the other evinced awkwardness, and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds, and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors, and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of the number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted with the applauses of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and third party of knights took to field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from the charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerable damped by their success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the luck of the field, the challengers were still successful; one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*, that is in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was desirous of renew

ing the contest. At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion whom these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *desdichado*, signifying disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by crying, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said De Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and

compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and a tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templar, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau*.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its hams. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur, and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal,

as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions, a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield; but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them, that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but *the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate.* The Disinherited Knight returned to his

first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them, that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them all in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both champions broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque, that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth encounter with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force, that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

WALTER SCOTT.

LXXXIII.—A COUNTRY SQUIRE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

WE should be much mistaken if we pictured to ourselves the esquires of the seventeenth century as men bearing a close resemblance to their descendants, the county members and chairmen of quarter sessions, with whom we are familiar. The modern country gentleman generally receives a liberal education, passes from a distinguished school to a distinguished college, and has every opportunity to become an excellent scholar. He has generally seen something of foreign countries. A considerable part of his life has generally been passed in the capital; and the refinements of the capital follow him into the country. There is, perhaps, no class of dwellings so pleasant as the rural seats of the English gentry. In the parks and pleasure grounds, Nature, dressed, yet not disguised by art, wears her most alluring form. In the buildings, good sense and good taste combine to produce a happy union of the comfortable and the graceful. The pictures, the musical instruments, the library, would in any other country be considered as proving the owner to be an eminently polished and accomplished man. A country gentleman who witnessed the Revolution was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed, that of the esquires whose names were in King Charles's commissions of peace and lieutenancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family, with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall, and then, unless his mind was very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employ-

ment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accents of his province. It was easy to discern from the first word which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced any thing but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bed-chamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty, and guests were cordially welcomed to it; but, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed those days was indeed enormous; for beer then was to the middle and lower classes, not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits, now are. It was only at great houses or on great occasions that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table.

Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. When the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet-street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against porters, and stood under the water spouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendor of the lord mayor's show. Money-droppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest, friendly gentlemen that he had

ever seen. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of every thing that nobody else would buy, of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee-house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops, and the grave waggery of templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone. There he once more felt himself a great man; and he saw nothing above him except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the lord lieutenant. /

It was, therefore, seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world, and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery. His animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. On the other hand, he was devotedly attached to hereditary monarchy, and still more to the Church of England. This love of Church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from scripture or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her doctrines, her ritual, and her polity; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects. But the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey. /

It is hardly necessary to say that books were then very scarce. Few knights of the shire had libraries so good as may now perpetually be found in a servants' hall, or in the back parlor of a small shopkeeper. An esquire passed among his neighbors for a great scholar if Hudibras and Baker's *Chronicle*, Tarlton's *Jests* and the *Seven Champions* of

Christendom, lay in his hall window among the fishing-rods and fowling-pieces. As to the lady of the manor and her daughters, their literary stores generally consisted of a prayer book and a receipt book. But, in truth, they lost little by living in rural seclusion; for even in the highest ranks, and in those situations which afforded the greatest facilities for mental improvement, the English women of that generation were decidedly worse educated than they have been at any other time since the revival of learning. At an earlier period they had studied the master-pieces of ancient genius. In the present day they seldom bestow much attention on the dead languages; but they are familiar with the tongue of Pascal and Molière, with the tongue of Dante and Tasso, with the tongue of Goethe and Schiller; nor is there any purer or more graceful English than that which accomplished women now speak and write. But during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the culture of the female mind seems to have been almost entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature, she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quickwitted, were unable to write a line in their mother tongue without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity-girl would now be ashamed to commit. In the country they generally did not know how to write at all, and most of them were, in tastes and acquirements, below a housekeeper or a still-room maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty. †

From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or alehouse keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many, both of the good and bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He was a magistrate, and as such administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the trainbands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his

ighbors. Nor, indeed, was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles the First after the battle of Edgehill. Another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby. A third had defended his house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the Parliament, had, from childhood, been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles.

Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we are not accustomed to find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian; yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high place, and accustomed to authority, to observance, and to self-respect. It is not easy for a generation which is accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners, to imagine to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and ready to risk his life rather than to see a stain cast on the honor of his house. It is only, however, by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles the First, and which long supported with strange fidelity the interest of his descendants.

MACAULAY.

LXXXIV.—A PARVENU OF 1712.

I AM a person of no extraction, having begun the world with a small parcel of rusty iron, and was for some years commonly known by the name of Jack Anvil. I have naturally a very happy genius for getting money, insomuch, that by the

age of twenty-five I had scraped together 4,200 pounds, five shillings, and a few odd pence. I then launched out into considerable business, and became a bold trader by sea and land, which in a few years raised me a very considerable fortune. For these my good services, I was knighted in the thirty-fifth year of my age, and lived with great dignity among my city neighbors by the name of Sir John Anvil. Being in my temper very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a family; and accordingly resolved that my descendants should have a dash of good blood in their veins. In order to this, I made love to the Lady Mary Oddly, an indigent young woman of quality. To cut short the marriage treaty, I threw her a *carte blanche*, as our newspapers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own terms. She was very concise in her demands, insisting only that the disposal of my fortune and the regulation of my family should be entirely in her hands. Her father and brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and would not see me for some time, but at present are so well reconciled, that they dine with me almost every day, and have borrowed considerable sums of me; which my Lady Mary very often twits me with, when she would show me how kind her relations are to me. She had no portion, as I said before, but what she wanted in fortune, she makes up in spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir John Enville, and at present, writes herself Mary Enville. I have had some children by her, whom she has christened with the surnames of her family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the homeliness of their parentage by the father's side. Our eldest son, is the honorable Oddly Enville, Esq.; and our eldest daughter, Harriot Enville. Upon her first coming into my family, she turned off a parcel of very careful servants, who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of blackamoors, and three or four very genteel fellows in laced liveries, besides her French woman, who is perpetually making a noise in the house in a language which nobody understands, except my Lady Mary. She next set herself to reform every room of my house, having glazed all my chimney-pieces with looking-glass, and planted every corner with such heaps of china, that I am obliged to move about my own house, with the greatest caution and circumspection, for fear of hurting some of our brittle furniture. She makes an illumination once a week with wax-candles, in one of the largest rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to see company. At which time she always desires me to

be abroad, or to confine myself to the cockloft, that I may not disgrace her among her visitants of quality. Her footmen, as I said before, are such beaux, that I do not much care for asking them questions; when I do, they answer me with a saucy frown, and say that every thing, which I find fault with, was done by my Lady Mary's order. She tells me that she intends they shall wear swords with their next liveries, having lately observed the footmen of two or three persons of quality, hanging behind the coach with swords by their sides. As soon as the first honey-moon was over, I represented to her the unreasonableness of those daily innovations which she made in my family, but she told me I was no longer to consider myself as Sir John Anvil, but as her husband; and added with a frown, that I did not seem to know who she was. I was surprised to be treated thus, after what had passed between us. But she has since given me to know, that if we do live on terms of familiarity, she expects in general to be treated with the respect that is due to her birth and quality. Our children have been trained up from their infancy, with so many accounts of their mother's family, that they know the stories of all the great men and women it has produced. Their mother tells them, that such a one commanded in such a sea-engagement, that their great-grandfather had a horse shot under him at Edge-hill, that their uncle was at the siege of Buda, and that her mother danced at a ball at court, with the Duke of Monmouth; with abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature. I was, the other day, a little out of countenance at a question of my little daughter Harriot, who asked me, with a great deal of innocence, why I never told them of the generals and admirals that had been in my family. As for my eldest son, Oddly, he has been so spirited up by his mother, that if he do not mend his manners, I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me, that he expected to be used like a gentleman; upon my offering to correct him for his insolence, my Lady Mary stepped in between us, and told me, that I ought to consider there was some difference between his mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out the features of her own relations in every one of my children, though, by the way, I have a little chub-faced boy, as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so; but what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of *them upon my knee*, she has begged me more than once to *converse with the children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward tricks.*)

You must farther know, since I am opening my heart to you, that she thinks herself my superior in sense, as much as she is in quality, and therefore treats me like a plain well-meaning man, who does not know the world. She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right in points of trade, and if I disagree with her about any of my ships at sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that her grandfather was a flag-officer.

To complete my sufferings, she has teased me for this quarter of a year past, to remove into one of the squares, at the other end of the town, promising for my encouragement, that I shall have as good a cockloft as any gentleman in the square; to which the honorable Oddly Enville, Esq. always adds, like a jackanapes as he is, that he hopes it will be as near the court as possible.

In short, I am so much out of my natural element, that to recover my old way of life, I would be content to begin the world again, and be plain Jack Anvil; but alas! I am in for life, and am bound to subscribe myself, with great sorrow of heart,

Your humble servant,

JOHN ENVILLE, KNT.

LONDON, *Feb.* 12th, 1712.

ADDISON.

LXXXV.—A CHINAMAN'S VIEW OF ENGLAND.

LONDON, *June*, 1770.

THINK not, O thou guide of my youth! that absence can impair my respect, or interposing trackless deserts blot your reverend figure from my memory. The farther I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you, are still unbroken. By every remove, I only drag a greater length of chain.

Could I find aught worth transmitting from so remote a region as this, to which I have wandered, I should gladly send it; but instead of this you must be contented with a renewal of my former professions, and an imperfect account of a people with whom I am as yet but superficially acquainted. The remarks of a man who has been but three days in the country, can only be those obvious circumstances which force themselves upon the imagination: I consider myself here as a newly created being introduced into a new world; every object strikes with wonder and surprise. The imagination, still

unsated, seems the only active principle of the mind. The most trifling occurrences give pleasure, till the gloss of novelty is worn away. When I have ceased to wonder, I may possibly grow wise; I may then call the reasoning principle to my aid, and compare those objects with each other, which were before examined without reflection.

Behold me then in London, gazing at the strangers, and they at me. It seems they find somewhat absurd in my figure; and had I been never from home, it is possible I might find an infinite fund of ridicule in theirs; but by long travelling I am taught to laugh at folly alone, and find nothing truly ridiculous but villany and vice.

When I had just quitted my native country, and crossed the Chinese wall, I fancied every deviation from the custom and manners of China was a departing from nature; I smiled at the blue lips and red forehead of the Tonguese; and could hardly contain when I saw the Daures dress their heads with horns; the Ostiacks powdered with red earth; and the Calmuck beauties, tricked out in all the finery of sheepskin, appeared highly ridiculous; but I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them but in me; that I falsely condemned others of absurdity, because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice or partiality.

I find no pleasure therefore in taxing the English with departing from nature in their external appearance, which is all I yet know of their character; it is possible they only endeavor to improve her simple plan, since every extravagance in dress proceeds from a desire of becoming more beautiful than nature made us; and this is so harmless a vanity, that I not only pardon but approve it. A desire to be more excellent than others is what actually makes us so; and as thousands find a livelihood in society by such appetites, none but the ignorant inveigh against them.

You are not insensible, most reverend Fum Hoam, what numberless trades, even among the Chinese, subsist by the harmless pride of each other. Your nose-borers, feet-swathers, tooth-stainers, eyebrow pluckers, would all want bread, should their neighbors want vanity. These vanities, however, employ much fewer hands in China than in England; and a fine gentleman or fine lady here, dressed up to the fashion, seems scarcely to have a single limb that does not suffer some distortions from art.

To make a fine gentleman several trades are required, but

chiefly a barber: you have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion, whose strength lay in his hair: one would think that the English were for placing all wisdom there. To appear wise nothing more is requisite here, than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbors, and clap it like a bush upon his own: the distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities, that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and hair.

Those whom I have been now describing affect the gravity of the lion; those whom I am going to describe more resemble the pert vivacity of smaller animals. The barber, who is still master of the ceremonies, cuts their hair close to the crown; and then, with a composition of meal and hog's lard, plasters the whole in such a manner as to make it impossible to distinguish whether the patient wears a cap or a plaster: but to make the picture more perfectly striking, conceive the tail of some beast, a greyhound's tail, or a pig's tail, for instance, appended to the back of the head, and reaching down to that place where tails in other animals are general seen to begin; thus be-tailed and be-powdered, the man of taste fancies he improves in beauty, dresses up his hard-featured face in smiles, and attempts to look hideously tender. Thus equipped, he is qualified to make love, and hopes for success, more for the powder on the outside of the head, than the sentiments within.

Yet, when I consider what sort of a creature the fine lady is, to whom he is supposed to pay his addresses, it is not strange to find him thus equipped in order to please. She is herself every whit as fond of powder, and tails, and hog's lard as he: to speak my secret sentiments, most reverend Fum, the ladies here are horridly ugly; I can hardly endure the sight of them; they no way resemble the beauties of China: the Europeans have a quite different idea of beauty from us; when I reflect on the small-footed perfections of an Eastern beauty, how is it possible I should have eyes for a woman whose feet are ten inches long? I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nangfew. How very broad their faces; how very short their noses; how very little their eyes; how very thin their lips; how very black their teeth; the snow on the tops of the Bao is not fairer than their cheeks; and their eyebrows are small as the line by the pencil of Quamsi. Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful; Dutch and Chinese beauties, indeed, have some resem-

blance, but English women are entirely different; red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of the most odious whiteness, are not only seen here, but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet, as actually serve some for walking!

Yet, uncivil as nature has been, they seem resolved to undo her in unkindness; they use white powder, blue powder, and black powder, for their hair, and a red powder for their face on some particular occasions.

They like to have the face of various colors, as among the Tartars of Coreki, frequently sticking on, with spittle little black patches on every part of it; except on the tip of the nose, which I have never seen with a patch. You will have a better idea of their manner of placing these spots, when I have finished a map of an English face patched up to the fashion, which shall shortly be sent to increase your curious collection of paintings, medals, and monsters.

But what surprises more than all the rest is, what I have just now been credibly informed of by one of this country: "Most ladies here," says he, "have two faces; one face to sleep in, and another to show in company; the first is generally reserved for the husband and family at home, the other put on to please strangers abroad; the family face is often indifferent enough, but the out-door one looks somewhat better, this is always made at the toilet, where the looking-glass and toadeater sit in council, and settle the complexion of the day."

I cannot ascertain the truth of this remark; however, it is actually certain that they wear more clothes within doors than without; and I have seen a lady, who seemed to shudder at a breeze in her apartment, appear half naked in the streets. Farewell.—

LIEN CHI ALTANGI.

To FUM HOAM, Peking.

GOLDSMITH.

LXXXVI.—THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD AND HIS FAMILY.

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding gown—not for a fine glossy surface, but such *qualities as would wear well*. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for education, there were few

country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also on being an excellent contriver in housekeeping: though I could never find that we grew richer, with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements, in visiting our rich neighbors, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or the stranger visit us, to taste our gooseberry-wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted, that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table: so that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors. My orchard

was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well-formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who had lately been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was by her directions called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country:"—"Ay, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them—handsome enough, if they be good enough: for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads, who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty, with which painters draw Hebe—open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, and the other by efforts successively repeated.

My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing

the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and properly speaking, they had but one character—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

GOLDSMITH.

LXXXVII.—AN EXCURSION INTO THE COUNTRY.

MR. PICKWICK found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare, and the appetites of its consumers.

"Now about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman; and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen?—Fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road.—Post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir—beg your pardon, sir.—Very nice four wheel chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir—that 'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen like to ride, sir," suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester, bring 'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Now Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it of all things."

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource.

"Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bed-rooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine bin for two behind and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near it, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."*

"He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir?—he wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys,† with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf "erected beneath it, for that purpose."

"Now, shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbins." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Woo!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

* *A hinfant*, an infant. † *Vaggin*, wagon.

"Wo-o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head-hostler, encouragingly, "jist kitch* hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"Tother side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy, to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler,—*"hold him in, sir;"* and away went the chaise, and the saddle horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was going up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail to the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this, or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

* *Jist kitch*, just catch. Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up, I will be hanged if the gentleman was not getting up.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manoeuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Woo!" said that gentleman, "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise. "Pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definitive and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle, soothingly,—"*poor fellow*—good old horse." The "*poor fellow*" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get near him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do! I can't get on him?"

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come," roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come, and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back; and having

descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest any thing should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him, with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance; but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still, to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

DICKENS.

LXVIII.—THE HIGHWAYMEN.

WHEN the moon rose that night, there was one spot upon which she palely broke, about ten miles distant from Warlock, which the forewarned traveller would not have been eager to pass, but which might not have afforded a bad study to such artists as have caught from the savage painter of the Apennines a love for the wild and adventurous. Dark trees, scattered far and wild over a broken, but verdant sward, made the background; the moon glimmered through the boughs as she came slowly forth from her pavilion of cloud, and poured a broader beam on two figures just advanced beyond the trees. More plainly brought into light by her rays than his companion, here a horseman, clad in a short coat that barely covered the crupper of his steed, was looking to the priming of a large pistol, which he had just taken from his holster. A slouched hat, and a mask of black crape, conspired with the action to throw a natural supposition on the intention of the rider. His horse, a beautiful dark gray, stood quite motionless, with arched neck, and its short ears quickly moving to and fro, demonstrative of that sagacious and anticipative attention which characterizes the noblest of all tamed animals: you would not have perceived the impatience of the steed, but for the white foam that gathered round the bit, and for an occasional and unfrequent toss of the head. Behind this horseman, and partially thrown into the dark shadow of the trees, another man, similarly clad, was busied in tightening the girths of a horse, of great strength and size. As he did so, he hummed, with no unmusical murmur, the air of a popular drinking song.

"Sdeath, Ned," said his comrade, who had for some time been plunged in a silent reverie—"Sdeath! why can you not stifle your love for the fine arts, at a moment like this? That hum of thine grows louder every moment, at last I expect it will burst out into a full roar; recollect we are not at gentleman George's now!"

"The more's the pity, Augustus," answered Ned, who was rather a grumbler, as, having finished his groomlike operation, he now slowly mounted. "Curse it, Oliver (1) looks out as broadly as if he were going to blab. For my part, I love a dark night, with a star here and there winking at us, as much as to say, 'I see you, my boys, but I won't say a word about it,' and a small pattering, drizzling, mizzling rain that pre-

(1) *Oliver*, the moon.

vents Little John's hoofs from being heard, and covers one's retreat, as it were. Besides, when one is a little wet, it is always necessary to drink the more, to keep the cold from one's stomach, when one gets home."

"Or, in other words," said Augustus, who loved a maxim from his very heart, "a light wet cherishes a heavy wet!"

"Good!" said Ned, yawning; "hang it, I wish the captain would come. Do you know what o'clock it is?—Not far short of eleven, I suppose?"

"About that!—Hist, is that a carriage?—No—it is only a sudden rise in the wind. No!—some one is coming, see my horse's ears! Keep watch!"

The robbers became silent, the sound of distant hoofs was indistinctly heard, and, as it came nearer, there was a crash of boughs, as if a hedge had been ridden through; presently the moon gleamed picturesquely on the figure of a horseman, approaching through the copse in the rear of the robbers. Now he was half seen among the sinuosities of his forest-path; now in full sight, now altogether hid; then his horse neighed impatiently; now he again came in sight, and in a moment more, he had joined the pair! The new comer was of a tall and sinewy frame, and in the first bloom of manhood. A frock of dark green, edged with a narrow silver lace, and buttoned from the throat to the middle, gave due effect to an upright mien, a broad chest, and a slender, but rounded waist, that stood in no need of the compression of the tailor. A short riding-cloak, clasped across the throat with a silver buckle, hung picturesquely over one shoulder, while his lower limbs were cased in military boots, which, though they rose above the knee, were evidently neither heavy nor embarrassing to the vigorous sinews of the horseman. The caparisons of the steed—the bit, the bridle, the saddle, the holster—were according to the most approved fashion of the day; and the steed itself was in the highest condition, and of remarkable beauty. The horseman's air was erect and bold; and a small, but coal-black moustachio heightened the resolute expression of his short, curved lip; and, from beneath the large hat which overhung his brow, his long locks escaped, and waved darkly in the keen night air. Altogether, horseman and horse exhibited a gallant, and even chivalrous appearance, which the hour and the scene heightened to a dramatic and romantic effect.

"Ha! Lovett."

"How are you, my merry men?" were the salutations exchanged.

"What news?" said Ned.

"Brave news! look to it. My lord and his carriage will be by in ten minutes at most."

"Have you got any thing more out of the parson I frightened so gloriously?" asked Augustus.

"No; more of that hereafter. Now for our new prey!"

"Are you sure our noble friend will be so soon at hand?" said Tomlinson, patting his steed, that now pawed in excited hilarity.

"Sure! I saw him change horses; I was in the stableyard, at the time; he got out for half an hour, to eat, I fancy;—be sure that I played him a trick in the mean while."

"What force?" asked Ned.

"Self and servant."

"The post-boys?"

"Ay, I forget them. Never mind, you must frighten them."

"Forwards!" cried Ned, as his horse sprang from his armed heel.

"One moment," said Lovett; "I must put on my mask--Soho--Robin, sobo! Now for it--forwards!"

As the trees rapidly disappeared behind them, the riders entered, at a hand-gallop, on a broad track of waste land, interspersed with dykes and occasionally fences of hurdles, over which their horses bounded like quadrupeds well accustomed to such exploits.

So briskly leaped the heart of the leader of the three, that, as they now came in view of the main road, and the distant wheel of a carriage *whirred* on the ear, he threw up his right hand with a joyous gesture, and burst into a boyish exclamation of hilarity and delight.

"Whist, captain!" said Ned, checking his own spirits with a mock air of gravity, "let us conduct ourselves like gentlemen; it is only your low fellows who get into such confoundedly high spirits; men of the world, like us, should do every thing as if their hearts were broken."

"Melancholy ever cronies with sublimity, and courage is sublime," said Augustus, with the pomp of a maxim-maker.

"Now for the hedge!" cried Lovett, unheeding his comrades, and his horse sprang into the road.

The three men now were drawn up quite still and motion-

less by the side of the hedge. The broad road lay before them, curving out of sight on either side; the ground was hardening under an early tendency to frost, and the clear ring of approaching hoofs sounded on the ear of the robbers, ominous, haply, of the chinks of "more attractive metal," about, if Hope told no flattering tale, to be their own.

Presently the long-expected vehicle made its appearance at the turn of the road, and it rolled rapidly on behind four fleet post-horses.

"You, Ned, with your large steed, stop the horses; you, Augustus, bully the post-boys; leave me to do the rest," said the Captain.

"As agreed," returned Ned, laconically. "Now, look at me!" and the horse of the vain highwayman sprang from its shelter. So instantaneous were the operations of these experienced tacticians, that Lovett's orders were almost executed in a briefer time than it had cost him to give them.

The carriage being stopped and the post-boys white and trembling, with two pistols cocked at their heads, Lovett dismounting, threw open the door of the carriage, and in a very civil tone, and with a very bland address, accosted the inmate.

"Do not be alarmed, my lord, you are perfectly safe; we only require your watch and purse."

"Really," answered a voice still softer than that of the robber, while a marked and somewhat *French* countenance, crowned with a fur cap, peered forth at the arrester,— "really, sir, your request is so modest that I were worse than cruel to refuse you. My purse is not very full, and you may as well have it as one of my rascally duns—but my watch I have a love for—and—"

"I understand you, my lord," interrupted the highwayman. "What do you value your watch at?"

"Humph—to you it may be worth some twenty guineas."

"Allow me to see it!"

"Your curiosity is extremely gratifying," returned the nobleman, as with great reluctance he drew forth a gold repeater, set, as was sometimes the fashion of that day, in precious stones. The highwayman looked slightly at the bauble.

"Your lordship," said he, with great gravity, "was too modest in your calculation—your taste reflects greater credit on you; allow me to assure you, that your watch is worth fifty guineas to us at the least. To show you that I think so most sincerely, I will either keep it, and we will say no more on the

matter; or I will return it to you upon your word of honour, that you will give me a check for ~~fifty guineas~~ payable by your *real* bankers to 'bearer for self.' Take your choice; it is quite immaterial to me!"

"Upon my honor, sir," said the traveller, with some surprise struggling to his features, "your coolness and self-possession are quite admirable. I see you know the world."

"Your lordship flatters me!" returned Lovett, bowing. "How do you decide?"

"Why, is it possible to write drafts without ink, pen, or paper?"

Lovett drew back, and while he was searching in his pockets for writing implements, which he always carried about him, the traveller seized the opportunity, and, suddenly snatching a pistol from the pocket of the carriage, levelled it full at the head of the robber. The traveller was an excellent and practised shot—he was almost within arm's length of his intended victim—his pistols were the envy of all his Irish friends. He pulled the trigger—the powder flashed in the pan, and the highwayman, not even changing countenance, drew forth a small ink-bottle, and placing a steel pen in it, handed it to the nobleman, saying with incomparable *sang-froid*, "Would you like, my lord, to try the other pistol? if so, oblige me by a quick aim, as you must see the necessity of despatch. If not, here is the back of a letter, on which you can write the draft."

The traveller was not a man apt to become embarrassed in any thing—save his circumstances; but he certainly felt a little discomposed and confused, as he took the paper, and uttering some broken words, wrote the check. The highwayman glanced over it, saw it was writ according to form, and then with a bow of cool respect, returned the watch, and shut the door of the carriage.

Meanwhile the servant had been shivering in front—boxed up in that solitary convenience termed, not euphoniously, a dickey. Him the robber now briefly accosted:

"What have you got about you belonging to your master?"

"Only his pills, your honor! which I forgot to put in the—"

"Pills!—throw them down to me!" The valet tremblingly extracted from his side pocket a little box, which he threw down, and Lovett caught in his hand.

He opened the box, counted the pills—

"One,—two,—four,—twelve,—Aha!" he re-opened the carriage door.

"Are these your pills, my lord?"

The wondering peer, who had begun to resettle himself in the corner of his carriage, answered that they were!

"My lord, ~~these~~ you are in a high state of fever; you were a little delirious just now when you snapped a pistol in your friend's face. Permit me to recommend you a prescription—Swallow off all these pills!"

"My God!" cried the traveller, startled into earnestness: what do you mean?—twelve of those pills would kill a man."

"Hear him!" cried the robber, appealing to his comrades, who roared with laughter, "What, my lord, would you rebel against your doctor?—Fie, fie! be persuaded."

And with a soothing gesture he stretched the pill box towards the recoiling nose of the traveller. But, though a man who could as well as any one make the best of a bad condition, the traveller was especially careful of his health, and so obstinate was he where that was concerned that he would rather have submitted to the effectual operation of a bullet, than incurred the chance operation of an extra pill. He, therefore, with great indignation, as the box was still extended towards him, snatched it from the hand of the robber, and, flinging it across the road, said, with dignity,—

"Do your worst, rascals! But, if you leave me alive, you shall repent the outrage you have offered to one of his Majesty's household!" Then, as if becoming sensible of the ridicule of affecting too much in his present situation, he added in an altered tone: "And now, for God's sake, shut the door! and if you must kill somebody, there's my servant on the box—he's paid for it."

This speech made the robbers laugh more than ever; and Lovett, who liked a joke even better than a purse, immediately closed the carriage-door, saying,—

"Adieu! my lord; and let me give you a piece of advice: whenever you get out at a country inn, and stay half an hour while your horses are changing, take your pistols with you, or you may chance to have the charge drawn."

With this admonition the robber withdrew; and seeing that the valet held out to him a long green purse, he said, gently shaking his head,—

"Rogues should not prey on each other, my good fellow. You rob your master—so do we—let each keep what he has got."

Long Ned and Tomlinson then backing their horses, the car-

riage was freed ; and away started the post-boys at a pace which seemed to show less regard for life than the cabbies themselves had evinced.

Meanwhile the captain remounted his steed, and the three confederates, bounding in gallant style over the hedge through which they had previously gained the road, galloped off in the same direction they had come, the moon, ever and anon, bringing into light their flying figures, and the sound of many a joyous peal of laughter, ringing through the distance along the frosty air.

BULWER

LXXXIX.—THE ADVENTURES OF TIMOTHY, IN HIS SEARCH AFTER JAPHET.

I USED to lie in bed, Japhet, continued Timothy, and think upon the best method of proceeding. At last, I agreed to myself, that to look for you, as you looked after your father, would be a wild-goose chase, and that my money would soon be gone ; so I reflected whether I might not take up some roving trade which would support me, and, at the same time, enable me to proceed from place to place. What do you think was my first speculation ? Why I saw a man with a dog harnessed in a little cart, crying dog's meat and cat's meat, and I said to myself, " Now there's the very thing—there's a profession—I can travel and earn my livelihood." I entered into conversation with him, as he stopped at a low public-house, treating him to a pot of beer ; and having gained all I wanted as to the mysteries of the profession, I called for another pot, and proposed that I should purchase his whole concern, down to his knife and apron. The fellow agreed, and, after a good deal of bargaining, I paid him three guineas for the *set up*.—He asked me whether I meant to hawk in London or not, and I told him no, that I should travel the country. He advised the western road, as there were more populous towns in it. Well, we had another pot to clench the bargain, and I paid down the money and took possession, quite delighted with my new occupation. Away I went to Brentford, selling a bit here and there by the way, and at last arrived at the very bench where we had sat down together and eaten our meal.

I had taken up my quarters at that inn, and for three days had done very well in Brentford. On the third evening I had *just come back*, it was nearly dusk, and I took my seat on the *bench, thinking of you*. My dog, rather tired, was lying down

before the cart, when all of a sudden I heard a sharp whistle. The dog sprang on his legs immediately, and ran off several yards before I could prevent him. The whistle was repeated, and away went the dog and cart like lightning, I ran as fast as I could, but could not overtake him; and I perceived that his old master was running ahead of the dog as hard as he could, and this was the reason why the dog was off. Still I should, I think, have overtaken him, but an old woman coming out of a door with a saucepan to pour the hot water into the gutter, I knocked her down, and tumbled right over her into a cellar without steps. There I was, and before I could climb out again, man, dog, cart, cat's meat and dog's meat had all vanished, and I have never seen them since. The rascal got clear off, and I was a bankrupt. So much for my first set up in business.

However, after receiving a very fair share of abuse from the old woman, and a plaster of hot greens in my face—for she went supperless to bed, rather than not have her revenge—I walked back to the inn, and sat down in the tap. The two men next me were hawkers; one of them carried a large pack of dimities and calicoes, and the other a box full of combs, needles, tapes, scissors, knives, and mock-gold trinkets. I entered into conversation with them, and, as I again stood treat, I soon was very intimate. They told me what their profits were, and how they contrived to get on, and I thought, for a rambling life, it was by no means an unpleasant one; so, having obtained all the information I required, I went back to town, took out a hawker's license, for which I paid two guineas, and purchasing at a shop, to which they gave me a direction, a pretty fair quantity of articles in the tape and scissors line, off I set once more on my travels. I took the north road this time, and picked up a very comfortable subsistence, selling my goods for a few halfpence here, and a few halfpence there, at the cottages as I passed by; but I soon found out, that without a newspaper, I was not a confirmed hawker. A newspaper will pay half the expenses of a hawker, if he can read. At every house, particularly every small hedge ale-house, he is received, and placed in the best corner of the chimney, and has his board and lodging, with the exception of what he drinks, gratis, if he will pull out the newspaper and read it to those around him who cannot read, particularly if he can explain what is unintelligible. Now I became a great politician. I lived well, slept well, and sold my wares very fast. I did not

take more than three shillings in the day, yet, as two out of the three were clear profit, I did pretty well. However, a little accident happened, which obliged me to change my profession, or at least, the nature of the articles which I dealt in.

I had arrived late at a small ale-house, had put up my pack, which was in a painted deal box, on the table in the tap-room, and was very busy, after reading a paragraph in the newspaper, making a fine speech, which I always found was received with great applause, and many shakes of hand, as a prime good fellow.

The people had all gathered around me, applauding violently, when I thought I might as well look after my pack, which had been for some time hidden from my sight by the crowd, when, to my mortification, I found out that some of my listeners had walked off with my pack and its contents. Unfortunately, I had deposited in my boxes all my money, considering it safer there than in my pockets, and had nothing left but about seventeen shillings in silver, which I had received within the last three days. Every one was very sorry, but no one knew any thing about it; and when I challenged the landlord as answerable, he called me a blackguard, and turned me out of the door.

I walked off to the nearest town, and commenced in a more humble way. I purchased a basket, and then, with the remainder of my money, I bought the commonest crockery ware, such as basins, jugs, mugs, and putting them on my head, off I went again upon my new speculation. I wandered about with crockery, but it was hard work. I could not reap the profits which I did as hawker and pedler. I averaged, however, from seven to nine shillings a week, and that was about sufficient for my support. Sometimes a cook replaced a basin she had broken, by giving me as much meat as had cost her mistress five shillings; and thus avoided a scolding, for an article which was worth only two-pence. At other times, a cottager would give me a lodging, and would consider himself rewarded with a mug that only cost me one penny. I was more than three months employed carrying crockery in every direction, and never, during the whole time, broke one article, until one day, as I passed through Eton, there was a regular smash of the whole concern. I met about a dozen of Eton boys, and they proposed a cocksby, as they called it; that is I was to place my articles on the top of a post, and they were to throw stones at them, at a certain distance, paying me a

certain sum for each throw. Well, this I thought a very good bargain, so I put up a mug (worth one penny), at one penny a throw. It was knocked down at the second shot, so it was just as well to put the full price upon them at once, they were such remarkable good aimers at any thing. Each boy had a stick, upon which I notched off their throws, and how much they would have to pay when all was over. One article after another was put on the post until my basket was empty, and then I wanted to settle with them; but as soon as I talked about that, they all burst into a loud laugh, and took to their heels. I chased them, but one might as well have chased eels. If I got hold of one, the others pulled me behind until he escaped, and at last they were all off, and I had nothing left; for while I was busy after some that ran one way, the others kicked my basket before them like a foot ball, until it was fairly out of sight. I had only eight-pence in my pocket, so you perceive, Japhet, how I was going down in the world.

Well, I walked away, cursing all the Eton boys, and all their tutors, who did not teach them honesty as well as Latin and Greek, and put up at a very humble sort of abode, where they sold small beer, and gave beds at two-pence per night, and I may add, with plenty of fleas in the bargain. There I fell in with some ballad-singers and mumpers, who were making very merry, and who asked me what was the matter. I told them how I had been treated, and they laughed at me, but they gave me some supper, so I forgave them. An old man, who governed the party, then asked me whether I had any money. I produced my enormous capital of eight-pence. "Quite enough if you are clever," said he; "quite enough—many a man with half that sum has ended in rolling in his carriage. A man with thousands has only the advance of you a few years. You will pay for your lodging, and then spend this sixpence in matches, and hawk them about the town. If you are lucky, it will be a shilling to-morrow night. Besides, you go down to the areas, and sometimes enter a kitchen, when the cook is up stairs. There are plenty of things to be picked up." "But I am not dishonest," said I. "Well, then, every man to his liking; only if you were you would ride in your own coach the sooner." "And suppose I should lose all this, or none would buy my matches, what then?" replied I, "I shall starve." "Starve!—no, no—no one starves in this country; all you have to do is to get into gaol—committed for a month—you will live better perhaps than you ever did before.

I have been in every gaol in England, and I know the good ones, for even in gaols there is a great difference. Now the one in this town is one of the best in all England, and I patronizes it during the winter." I was much amused with the discourse of this old mumper, who appeared to be one of the merriest old vagabonds in England. I took his advice, bought six pennyworth of matches, and commenced my new vagrant speculation.

The first day I picked up three-pence, for one quarter of my stock, and returned to the same place where I had slept the night before, but the fraternity had quitted on an expedition. I spent my two-pence in bread and cheese, and paid one penny for my lodging, and again I started the next morning, but I was very unsuccessful; nobody appeared to want matches that day, and after walking from seven o'clock in the morning, to past seven in the evening, without selling one farthing's worth, I sat down at the porch of a chapel, quite tired and worn out. At last I fell asleep, and how do you think I was awake? By a strong sense of suffocation, and up I sprang, coughing, and nearly choked, surrounded with smoke. Some mischievous boys, perceiving that I was fast asleep, had set fire to my matches, as I held them in my hand between my legs, and I did not wake until my fingers were severely burnt. There was an end of my speculation in matches, because there was an end of all my capital.

I felt very miserable, and walked off, thinking about the propriety of getting into gaol as soon as I could, for the beggar had strongly recommended it. I was at the outskirts of the town, when I perceived two men tussling with one another, and I walked towards them. "I says," says one, who appeared to be a constable, "you must come along with I.—Don't you see that ere board? All wagrants shall be taken up, and dealt with according to *la*." "Now may the devil hold you in his claws, you old psalm-singing thief—an't I a sailor—and an't I a wagrant by profession, and all according to law?" "That won't do," says the other; "I commands you in the king's name, to let me take you to prison, and I commands you also, young man," says he—for I had walked up to them—"I commands you, as a lawful subject, to assist me." "What will you give the poor fellow for his trouble?" said the sailor. "*It's his duty, as a lawful subject, and I'll give him nothing; but I'll put him in prison if he don't.*" "Then you old rhinoceros, I'll give him five shillings if he'll help me, and so now

he may take his choice." At all events, thought I, this will turn out lucky one way or the other; but I will support the man who is most generous; so I went up to the constable, who was a burly sort of a fellow, and tripped up his heels, and down he came on the back of his head.

"Well," the sailor says to me, "I've a notion you've damaged his upper works, so let us start off, and clap on all sail for the next town. I know where to drop an anchor. Come along with me, and as long as I've a shot in the locker, I will always share it with one who has proved a friend in need." The constable did not come to his senses: he was very much stunned, but we loosened his neckcloth, and left him there, and started off as fast as we could. My new companion, who had a wooden leg, stopped by a gate, and clambered over it. "We must lose no time," said he; "and I may just as well have the benefit of both legs." So saying, he took off his wooden stump, and let down his real leg, which was fixed up. I made no comments, but off we set, and at a good round pace gained a village about five miles distant. "Here we will put up for the night; but they will look for us to-morrow at daylight, or a little after, therefore we must be starting early. I know the law-beggars well; they won't turn out afore sunrise." He stopped at a paltry ale-house, where we were admitted, and soon were busy with a much better supper than I had ever imagined they could have produced; but my new friend ordered right and left, with a tone of authority, and every body in the house appeared at his beck and command. After a couple of glasses of grog, we retired to our beds.

The next morning we started before break of day, on our road to another town, where my companion said the constables would never take the trouble to come after him. On our way he questioned me as to my mode of getting my livelihood, and I narrated how unfortunate I had been. "One good turn deserves another," replied the sailor; "and now I'll set you up in trade. Can you sing? Have you any thing of a voice?"—"I can't say that I have," replied I. "I don't mean whether you can sing in tune, or have a good voice, that's no consequence; all I want to know is, have you a good loud one?" "Loud enough, if that's all."—"That's all that's requisite; so long as you can make yourself heard—you may then howl like a jack-all, or bellow like a mad buffalo, no matter which—as many pay us for to get rid of us, as out of charity; and so long as *the money comes*, what's the odds? Why I once knew an old

chap, who could only play one tune on the clarionet, and that tune out of all tune, who made his fortune in six or seven streets, for every one gave him money, and told him to go away. When he found out that, he came every morning as regular as clock-work. Now there was one of the streets which was chiefly occupied by music sellers and Italian singers—for them foreigners always herd together—and this tune, “which the old cow died of,” as the saying is, used to be their horror, and out came the half-pence to send him away. There was a sort of club also in that street, of larking sort of young men, and when they perceived that the others gave the old man money to get rid of his squeaking, they sent him out money, with orders to stay and play to them so then the others sent out more for him to go away, and between the two, the old fellow brought home more money than all the cadgers and mumpers in the district. Now if you have a loud voice, I can provide you with all the rest.”—“Do you gain your livelihood by that?”—“To be sure I do; and I can tell you that of all the trades going, there is none equal to it. You see, my hearty, I have been on board of a man-of-war—not that I am a sailor, or was ever bred to the sea—but I was shipped as a landsman, and did duty in the waist and afterguard. I know little or nothing of my duty as a seaman, nor was it required in the station I was in, so I never learnt, although I was four years on board; all I learnt was the lingo and slang—and that you must contrive to learn from me. I bolted, and made my way good to Lunnun, but I should soon have been picked up and put on board the Tender again, if I hadn’t got this wooden stump made, which I now carry in my hand. I had plenty of songs, and I commenced my profession, and a real good un it is, I can tell you. Why, do you know, that a’ter a good victory, I have sometimes picked up as much as two pounds a-day, for weeks running; as it is, I averages from fifteen shillings to a pound. Now, as you helped me away from that land shark, who would soon have found out that I had two legs, and have put me into limbo as an impostor, I will teach you to arn your livelihood after my fashion. You shall work with me until you are fit to start alone, and then there’s plenty of room in England for both of us; but mind, never tell any one what you pick up, or every mumper in the island will put on a suit of sailor’s clothes, and the thing will be blown upon.” Of course, this was too good an offer to be rejected, and I joyfully acceded. At first, I worked with him as having only one arm,

the other being tied down to my side, and my jacket sleeve hanging loose and empty, and we roared away right and left, so as to bring down a shower of coppers wherever we went.— In about three weeks my friend thought I was able to start by myself, and giving me half the ballads, and five shillings to start with, I shook hands, and parted with, next to you, the best friend I certainly ever had. Ever since I have been crossing the country in every direction, with plenty of money in my pocket, and always with one eye looking sharp out for you. My beautiful voice fortunately attracted your attention, and here I am, and at an end of my history: but if ever I am away from you, and in distress again, depend upon it I shall take to my wooden leg and ballads for my support.

MARRYAT.

XC.—MARTHA, THE GYPSY; OR, THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

IN the vicinity of Bedford-square lived a respectable and honest man whose name the reader will be pleased to consider Harding. He had married early: his wife was an exemplary woman, and his son and daughter were grown into that companionable age at which children repay, with their society and accomplishments, the tender cares which parents bestow upon their offspring in their early infancy.

Mr. Harding held a responsible and respectable situation under the government, in Somerset House. His income was adequate to his wants and wishes; his family a family of love: and, perhaps, taking into consideration the limited desire of what may be fairly called middling life, no man was ever more contented; or better satisfied with his lot, than he.

Maria Harding, his daughter, was a modest, unassuming, and interesting girl, full of feeling and gentleness. She was timid and retiring; but the modesty which cast down her fine black eyes could not veil the intellect which beamed in them. Her health was by no means strong; and the paleness of her cheek—too frequently, alas! lighted by the hectic flush of our indigenous complaint—gave a deep interest to her countenance. She was watched and reared by her tender mother, with all the care and attention which a being so delicate and so ill-suited to the perils and troubles of this world demanded.

George, her brother, was a bold and intelligent lad, full of *rude health* and fearless independence. His character was fre-

quently the subject of his father's contemplation ; and he saw in his disposition, his mind, his pursuits, and propensities, the promise of future success in active life.

With these children, possessing as they did the most enviable characteristics of their respective sexes, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, with thankfulness to Providence, acknowledged their happiness, and their perfect satisfaction with the portion assigned to them in this transitory world.

Maria was about nineteen, and had attracted the regards, and thence gradually chained the affections of a distant relative, whose ample fortune, added to his personal and mental good qualities, rendered him a most acceptable suitor to her parents, which Maria's heart silently acknowledged he would have been to *her*, had he been poor and penniless.

The father of this intended husband of Maria was a man of importance, possessing much personal interest, through which George, the brother of his intended daughter-in-law, was to be placed in that diplomatic seminary in Downing-street, whence, in due time, he was to rise through all the grades of office, (which, with his peculiar talents, his friends, and especially his mother, were convinced he would so ably fill), and at last turn out a mighty and mysterious ambassador.

The parents, however, of young Langdale and of Maria Harding were agreed, that there was no necessity for hastening the alliance between their families, seeing that the united ages of the couple did not exceed thirty-nine years : and seeing, moreover, that the elder Mr. Langdale, for private reasons of his own, wished his son to attain to the age of twenty-one before he married ; and seeing moreover, still, that Mrs. Langdale, who was a little more than six and thirty years of age herself, had reasons, which she also meant to be private, for seeking to delay as much as possible a ceremony, the result of which, in all probability, would confer upon her, somewhat too early in life to be agreeable to a lady of her habits and propensities, the formidable title of grandmamma ; and so it was settled that immediately after the coming of age of Frederick Langdale, and not before, he was to lead to the hymeneal altar the delicate and timid Maria Harding.

The affair got whispered about ; George's fortune in life was highly extolled—Maria's excessive happiness prophesied by every body of their acquaintance ; and already had sundry *younger ladies*, daughters and nieces of those who discussed *these matters* in divan after dinner, begun to look upon poor

Miss Harding with envy and maliciousness, and wonder what Mr. Frederick Langdale could see in her : she was proclaimed to be insipid, inanimate, shy, bashful, and awkward : nay, some of her female friends went so far as to discover that she was absolutely awry.

Still, however, Frederick and Maria went loving on, and their hearts grew as one ; so truly, so fondly were they attached to each other. George, who was somewhat of a plague to the pair of lovers, was luckily at Oxford, reading away till his head ached, to qualify himself for a degree, and the distant duties of the office whence he was to cull the bunches of diplomatic laurels, and whence were to issue rank and title, and ribbons and crosses innumerable.

Things were in this prosperous state, the bark of life rolling gayly along before the breeze, when, as Mr. Harding was one day proceeding from his residence to his office in Somerset-Place, through Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, he was accosted by one of those female gypsies who are found begging in the metropolis and especially in the particular part of it in question. "Pray, remember poor Martha, the Gypsy," said the woman : "give me a halfpenny for charity ; sir, pray do !"

Mr. Harding was a subscriber to the mendicity society, an institution which proposes to check beggary by the novel mode of giving nothing to the poor : moreover, he was a magistrate—moreover, he had no change ; and he somewhat sternly desired the woman to go about her business.

All availed him nothing ; she still followed him, and reiterated the piteous cry, "Pray remember poor Martha, the Gypsy !"

At length, irritated by the perseverance of the woman—for even subordinates in government hate to be solicited importunately—Mr. Harding, contrary to his usual custom, and contrary to the customary usages of modern society, turned hastily round, and fulminated an oath against the supplicating vagrant.

"Curse !" said Martha ; "have I lived to this ? Hark ye, man—poor, weak, haughty man ! Mark me, sir—look at me !"

He did look at her ; and beheld a countenance on fire with rage. A pair of eyes blacker than jet, and brighter than diamonds, glared like stars upon him ; her black hair dishevelled, hung over her olive cheeks ; and a row of teeth whiter than the driven snow displayed themselves from between a pair of coral lips, in a dreadful smile, a ghastly sneer of con-

tempt which mingled in her passion. Harding was riveted to the spot, and, affected partly by the powerful fascination of her superhuman countenance, and partly by the dread of a disturbance in the street, he paused to listen to her.

"Mark me, sir," said Martha; "you and I shall meet again. Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visiting will be dreadful; but the third will be the last!"

There was a solemnity in this declaration which struck to his very heart, coming too as it did only from a vagrant outcast. Passengers were approaching; and wishing, he knew not why, to soothe the ire of the angry woman, he mechanically drew from his pocket some silver, which he tendered to her.

"There, my good woman—There," said he, stretching forth his hand.

"Good woman!" retorted the hag. "Money now! I—I that have been cursed? 'Tis all too late, proud gentleman—the deed is done, the curse be now on you!" Saying which, she huddled her ragged red cloak about her shoulders, and hurried from his sight, into the deep and dreary recesses of St. Giles'.

Harding experienced, as she vanished from his eye, a most extraordinary sensation; he felt grieved that he had spoken so harshly to the poor creature, and returned his shillings to his pocket with regret. Of course fear of the fulfilment of her predictions did not mingle with any of his feelings on the occasion; and he proceeded to his office in Somerset-Place, and performed all the arduous official duties of reading the opposition newspapers, discussing the leading politics of the day with the head of another department, and signing his name three times, before four o'clock.

Martha, the Gypsy, however, although he had *poohpoohed* her out of his memory, would ever and anon flash across his mind; her figure was indelibly stamped upon his recollection; and though, of course, as I before said, a man of his firmness and intellect could care nothing, one way or another, for the maledictions of an ignorant, illiterate gypsy, still his feelings—whence arising I know not—prompted him to call a hackney-coach, and proceed *en voiture* to his house, rather than run the risk of again encountering the metropolitan sibyl, under whose forcible denunciation he was actually laboring.

There is a period in each day of the lives of married people, at which a more than ordinarily unreserved communication of facts and feelings takes place; when all the world is shut out

and the two beings commune together freely and fully upon the occurrences of the past day. Then it is, that the husband informs his anxious consort how he has forwarded his worldly views with such a man—how he has carried his point in such a quarter—what he thinks of the talents of one, of the character of another : while the communicative wife gives her view of the same subjects, founded upon what she has gathered from the individuals composing the female cabinet, and explains why she thinks he must have been deceived upon this point, or misled upon that. And thus, in recounting, in arguing, in discussing, and descanting, the blended interests of the happy pair are strengthened, their best hopes nourished, and, perhaps, eventually realized.

A few friends at dinner, and some refreshments in the evening, had prevented Harding from saying a word to his beloved Eliza about the gypsy ; and, perhaps, till the “witching time,” which I have attempted to define, he would not have mentioned the occurrence, even had they been alone. Most certainly he did not think the less of the horrible vision ; and when the company had dispersed, and the affectionate couple had retired to rest, he stated the circumstance exactly as it had occurred, and received from his fair lady just such an answer as a prudent, intelligent, and discreet woman of sense would give to such a communication. She vindicated his original determination not to be imposed upon—wondered at his subsequent willingness to give such an undeserving object, particularly while he had three or four soup-tickets in his pocket—was somewhat surprised that he had not consigned the bold intruder to the hands of the beadle—and, ridiculing the impression which the hag’s appearance seemed to have made upon her husband’s mind, narrated a tour performed by herself with some friends to Norwood, when she was a girl, and when one of those very woman had told her fortune, not one word of which ever came true—and, in a discussion of some length, animadverting strongly upon the weakness and impiety of putting faith in the sayings of such idle creatures, she fell fast asleep.

Not so Harding : he was restless and worried, and felt that he would give the world to be able to recall the curse which he had rashly uttered against the poor woman. Helpless as she was, and in distress, why did his passion conquer his judgment ? Why did he add to the bitterness of refusal the sting of malediction ? However, it was useless to regret *that* which was

past—and, wearied and mortified with his reflections, he at length followed his better half into that profound slumber which the length and subject of his harangue had so comfortably ensured her.

The morning came, and brightly beamed the sun—that is, as brightly as ever it beams in London. The office hour arrived; and Mr. Harding proceeded, *not* by Charlotte-street, to Somerset House, such was his dread of seeing the ominous woman. It is impossible to describe the effect produced upon him, by the apprehension of encountering her; if he heard a female voice behind him in the street, he trembled, and feared to look around, lest he should behold Martha. In turning a corner, he proceeded carefully and cautiously, lest he should come upon her unexpectedly;—in short, wherever he went, whatever he did, his actions, his movements, his very words, were controlled and constrained by the horror of beholding her again.

The malediction she had uttered rang incessantly in his ears; nay, such possession had it taken of him, that he had written down the words, and sealed the document which contained them, “Thrice shall you see me before you die. - My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last!”

“Calais” was not more deeply imprinted on our queen’s heart, than these lines upon that of Harding, but he was ashamed of the strength of his feelings and placed the paper wherein he had recorded them, at the very bottom of his desk.

Meanwhile Frederick Langdale was unremitting in his attentions to Maria: but, as is too often the case, the bright sunshine of their loves was clouded. Her health, always delicate, now appeared still more so, and at times, her anxious parents felt a solicitude on her account, new to them; for decided symptoms of consumption had shown themselves, which the faculty, although they spoke of them lightly to the fond mother, and to the gentle patient, treated with such care and caution, as gave alarm to those who could see the progress of the fatal disease, which was unnoticed by Maria herself, who anticipated parties, and pleasure, and gayeties, in the coming spring, which the doctors thought it but too probable she might never enjoy.

That Mr. Langdale’s *punctilio* or Mrs. Harding’s excessive desire for apparent juvenility, should have induced the postponement of Maria’s marriage, was indeed a melancholy cir-

cumstance. The agitation, the surprise, the hope deferred, which weighed upon the sweet girl's mind, and that doubting dread of something unexpected which lovers always feel, bore down upon her spirits and injured her health; whereas, had the marriage been celebrated, the relief she would have experienced from all her apprehensions, added to the tour of France and Italy, which the happy couple were to take immediately after their union, would have restored her to health, while it ensured her happiness. This, however, was not to be.

It was now some three months since poor Mr. Harding's rencontre with Martha; and habit, and time, and constant avocation, had conspired to free his mind from the dread she at first inspired. Again he smiled and joked, again he enjoyed society, and again dared to take the nearest road to Somerset House; nay, he had so far recovered from the unaccountable terror he had originally felt, that he went to his desk, and selecting the paper wherein he had set down the awful denunciation of the hag, deliberately tore it into bits, and witnessed its destruction in the fire, with something like real satisfaction, and a determination never more to think upon so silly an affair.

Frederick Langdale was as usual, with his betrothed, and Mrs. Harding, when his curricule was driven to the door to convey him to Tattersall's, where his father had commissioned him to look at a horse, or horses, which he intended to purchase; for Frederick was, of all things in the world, the best possible judge of a horse. Mr. Harding, however, in order to have the full advantage of two heads, which, as the proverb says, are better than one,—the worthy father-in-law elect proposed accompanying the youth to the auctioneers' yard at Hyde-park-corner, it being one of those privileged days when the laborers in our public offices make holiday. The proposal was hailed with delight by the young man, who, in order to show due deference to Mr. Harding, gave him the reins, and bowing their adieux to the ladies at the window, away they went, the splendid horses prancing and curveting, fire flaming from their eyes, and smoke breathing from their nostrils.

The charioteer, however, soon found that the horses were somewhat beyond his strength, even putting his skill wholly out of the question, and in turning into Russell-street, proposed surrendering the reins to Frederick. By some misunderstanding of words in the alarm which Harding felt, Frederick did not take the reins which he tendered to him in great agita-

tion. They slipped over the dashing iron between the horses, who, thus freed from restraint, reared wildly in the air, and plunging forward dashed the vehicle against a post, and precipitated Frederick and Harding on the curb-stone; the off-horse kicked desperately as the carriage became entangled and impeded, and struck Frederick a desperate blow on the head. Harding, whose right arm and collar-bone were broken, raised himself on his left hand, and saw Frederick weltering in blood, apparently lifeless, before him. The infuriated animals again plunged forward with the shattered remnant of the carriage, and as this object was removed from his sight, the wretched father-in-law beheld, looking upon the scene with a fixed and unruffled countenance—*Martha, the Gypsy*.

It was doubtful whether the appearance of this horrible vision, coupled as it was with the verification of her prophecy, had not a more dreadful effect upon Mr. Harding than the sad reality before him. He trembled, sickened, fainted, and fell senseless on the ground.

Assistance was promptly procured, and the wounded sufferers were carefully removed to their respective dwellings.—Frederick Langdale's sufferings were much greater than those of his companion, and in addition to severe fractures of two of his limbs, the wound upon the head presented a most terrible appearance, and excited the greatest alarm in his medical attendants.

Mr. Harding, whose temperate course of life was greatly advantageous to his case, had suffered comparatively little: a simple fracture of the arm and dislocation of the collar-bone, (which was the extent of his misfortune,) were by skilful treatment and implicit obedience to professional commands, soon pronounced in a state of improvement; but a wound had been inflicted which no doctor could heal. The conviction that the woman, whose anger he had incurred, had, if not the power of producing evil, at least the power to foretell it, and that he had twice again to see her before the fulfilment of her prophecy, struck deep into his mind; and although he felt himself more at ease when he had communicated to Mrs. Harding the fact of having seen the gypsy at the moment of the accident, it was impossible for him to rally from the shock which his nerves had received; it was in vain he tried to shake off the perpetual apprehension of again beholding her.

Frederick Langdale remained for some time in a very precarious state. All visitors were excluded from his room, and

a wretched space of two months passed, during which his affectionate Maria had never been allowed to see him, nor to write to, nor to hear from him; while her constitution was gradually giving way to the constant operation of solicitude and sorrow.

Mr. Harding meanwhile recovered rapidly, but his spirits did not keep pace with his mending health; the dread he felt of quitting his house, the tremor excited in his breast by a knocking at the door, or the approach of a footstep, lest the intruder should be the basilisk Martha, were not to be described; and the appearance of his poor Maria did not tend to cheer the gloom which hung over him.

When at length Frederick was sufficiently recovered to receive visitors, Maria was not sufficiently well to visit him: she was too rapidly sinking into an early grave, and even the physician himself appeared desirous of preparing her parents for the worst; while she, full of the symptomatic prospectiveness of disease, still talked anticipately of future happiness, when Frederick would be sufficiently re-established to visit her.

At length, however, the doctors suggested a change of air, a suggestion instantly attended to, but alas! too late: the weakness of the poor girl was such, that upon a trial of her strength it was found inexpedient to attempt her removal.

In this terrible state, separated from *him* whose all she was, did the exemplary patient linger, and life seemed flickering in her flushing cheek; and her eye was sunken, and her parched lip quivered with pain.

It was at length agreed, that on the following day Frederick Langdale might be permitted to visit her:—his varied fractures were reduced, and the wound on the head had assumed a favorable appearance. The carriage was ordered to convey him to the Hardings, at one, and the physician advised by all means that Maria should be apprised of, and prepared for, the meeting, the day previous to its taking place. Those who are parents, and those alone, will be able to understand the tender solicitude, the weary caution with which both her father and mother proceeded in a disclosure, so important, as the medical men thought, to her recovery—so careful that the coming joy should be imparted gradually to their suffering child, and that all the mischiefs resulting from an abrupt announcement should be avoided.

They sat down by her—spoke of Frederick—Maria joined in the conversation—raised herself in her bed—by degrees,

hope was excited that she might soon again see him—this hope was gradually improved into certainty—the period at which it might occur spoken of—that period again progressively diminished—the anxious girl caught the whole truth—she knew it—she was conscious that she should behold him on the morrow—she burst into a flood of tears, and sank down upon her pillow.

At the moment, the bright sun, which was shining in all its splendor, beamed into the room, and fell strongly upon her flushed countenance.

"Draw down the blind, my love," said Mrs. Harding to her husband. Harding rose and proceeded to the window.

A shriek of horror burst from him—"She is there!" exclaimed the agonized man.

"Who?" cried his astonished wife.

"She—she—the horrid she!"

Mrs. Harding ran to the window, and beheld standing on the opposite side of the street, with her eyes fixed attentively on the house—*Martha, the Gypsy*.

"Draw down the blind, my love, and come away; pray, come away," said Mrs. Harding.

Harding drew down the blind.

"What evil is at hand? What misery is impending?" sobbed Harding.

A loud scream from his wife, who had returned to the bedside, was the horrid answer to his painful question.

Maria was dead!

Twice of the thrice had he seen this dreadful fiend in human shape: each visitation was (as she had foretold) to surpass the preceding one, in its importance of horror—what could surpass this?

There, before the afflicted parents, lay their innocent child stretched in the still sleep of death; neither of them believed it true—it seemed like a dreadful dream. Harding was bewildered, and turned from the corpse of his beloved daughter to the window he had just left. Martha was gone—and he heard her singing a wild and joyous air at the other end of the street.

The servants were summoned—medical aid was called in, but it was too late! and the wretched parents were doomed to mourn their loved, their lost Maria. George, her fond and affectionate brother, who was at Oxford, hastened from all the *academic* honors which were waiting him, to follow to the grave his beloved sister.

The effect upon Frederick Langdale was most dreadful: it was supposed that he would never recover from a shock so great, and at the moment so unexpected; for although the delicacy of her constitution was a perpetual source of uneasiness and solicitude, still the immediate symptoms had taken rather a favorable turn during the last few days of her life, and had re-invigorated the hopes which those who so dearly loved her entertained of her eventual recovery. Of this distressed young man I never indeed heard any thing, till about three years after, when I saw it announced in the papers that he was just married to the only daughter of a rich west-country baronet.

The death of poor Maria, and the dread which her father entertained of the third visitation of Martha, made a complete change in the affairs of the family. By the exertion of powerful interest, he obtained an appointment for his son to act as his deputy in the office which he held; and having achieved this desired object, resolved on leaving England for a time, and quitting a neighborhood in which he must be perpetually exposed to the danger which he was now perfectly convinced was inseparable from his next interview with the weird woman.

George, of course, thus checked in classical pursuits, left Oxford, and at the early age of nineteen commenced active official life, not certainly in the particular department which his mother had selected for his debut; and it was somewhat observable that the Langdales, after the death of Maria, not only abstained from frequent intercourse with the Hardings during their stay in England, but that the mighty professions of the purse-proud citizen dwindled by degrees into an absolute forgetfulness of any promise, even conditional, to exert an interest for their son.

Seeing this, Mr. Harding felt that he should act prudentially by endeavoring to place his son where, in the course of time, he might perhaps attain to that situation, from whose honorable revenue he could live like a gentleman, and "settle comfortably."

All the arrangements which the kind father had proposed being made, the mourning couple proceeded on a lengthened tour of the continent: and it was evident that his spirits mended rapidly when he felt conscious that his liability to encounter Martha had decreased. The sorrow of mourning was soothed and softened in the common course of nature, and the quiet domesticated couple sat themselves down at Lausanne, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," except by their excel-

lent and exemplary son, whose good qualities, it seems, had captivated a remarkably pretty girl, a neighbor of his, whose mother seemed to be equally charmed with the goodness of his income.

There appeared, strange to say, in this love affair, no difficulties to be surmounted, no obstacles to be overcome, and the consent of the Hardings (requested in a letter, which also begged them to be present at the ceremony, if they were willing it should take place), was presently obtained by George; and at the close of the second year, which had passed since their departure, the parents and son were again assembled in that house, the sight of which recalled to their recollection their unhappy daughter and her melancholy fate, and which was still associated most painfully in the mind of Mr. Harding with the hated Gypsy.

The charm however had, no doubt, been broken. In the two past years Martha was probably either dead, or gone from the neighborhood. Gypsies were a wandering tribe—and why should she be an exception to a general rule?—and thus Mrs. Harding checked the rising apprehensions and renewed uneasiness of her husband; and so well did she succeed, that when the wedding day came, and the bells rang, and the favors fluttered in the air, his countenance was lighted up with smiles, and he kissed the glowing cheek of his new daughter-in-law with warmth, and something like happiness.

The wedding took place at that season of the year when friends and families meet jovially and harmoniously, when all little bickerings are forgotten, and when the cheerful fire and the teeming board announce that Christmas is come, and mirth and gratulation are the order of the day.

It unfortunately happened, however, that to the account of Miss Wilkinson's marriage with George Harding, I am not permitted, in truth, to add that they left town in a travelling-carriage and four to spend the honey-moon. Three or four days' permitted absence from his office alone were devoted to the celebration of the nuptials, and it was agreed that the whole party, together with the younger branches of the Wilkinsons, their cousins and second cousins, etc., should meet on Twelfth-night, to celebrate in a juvenile party the return of the bride and bridegroom to their home.

When that night came, it was delightful to see the happy faces of the smiling youngsters: it was a pleasure to behold *them* pleased. And merry was the jest, and gayly did the

evening pass; and Mr. Harding, surrounded by his youthful guests, smiled and for a season forgot his care; yet, as he glanced round the room, he could not suppress a sigh, when he recollected that in that very room his darling Maria had entertained her little parties on the anniversary of the same day in former years.

Supper was announced early, and the gay throng bounded down stairs to the parlor, where an abundance of the luxuries of middling life crowded the board. In the centre appeared the great object of the feast—a huge Twelfth-cake, and gilded kings and queens stood lingering over circles of scarlet sweetmeats, and hearts of sugar lay enshrined with warlike trophies of the same material.

Many and deep were the wounds the mighty heap received, and every guest watched with a deep anxiety the coming portion relatively to the glittering splendor with which its frosted surface was adorned. Character-cards, illustrated with pithy mottoes and smart sayings, were distributed; and by one of those little frauds which, in such societies, are always tolerated, Mr. Harding was announced as king, and the new bride as queen; and there was such charming joking and such harmless merriment abounding, that he looked to his wife with an expression of content, which she had often but vainly sought to find upon his countenance, since the death of his dear child.

Supper concluded, the clock struck twelve, and the elders looked as if it were time for the young ones to depart. One half-hour's grace was begged for by the "king" and granted; and Mrs. George Harding on this night was to sing them a song about "poor old maidens"—an ancient quaintness, which by custom and usage ever since she was a little child she had annually *performed* upon this anniversary; and, accordingly, the promise being claimed, silence was obtained, and she, with all that show of tucker-heaving diffidence which is so becoming in a pretty, plump, downy-cheeked girl, prepared to commence the venerable chant, when a noise resembling that producible by the falling of an eight-and-forty pound shot echoed through the house. It appeared to descend from the very top of the building down each flight of stairs, rapidly and violently. It passed the room in which they were sitting, and rolled its impetuous course downwards to the basement. As it seemed to leave the hall, the parlor door was forced open, as if by a rude gust of wind, and stood ajar.

All the children were in a moment on their feet, huddled

close to their respective mothers in groups. Mrs. Harding rose and rang the bell to inquire the meaning of the uproar. Her daughter-in-law, pale as ashes, looked at George; but there was one of the party who moved not, who stirred not: it was the elder Harding, whose eyes first fixed steadfastly on the half-opened door slowly followed the course of the wall of the apartment to the fire-place;—there they rested.

When the servants came, they said they had heard the noise, but thought it proceeded from above. Harding looked at his wife, and then turning to the servant, observed carelessly that it must have been some noise in the street, and desiring him to withdraw, entreated the bride to pursue her song. She did; but the children had been too much alarmed to enjoy it, and the noise had in its character something so strange and so unearthly, that even the elders of the party, although bound not to admit any thing like apprehension before their offspring, felt extremely well pleased when they found themselves at home.

When the guests were gone, and George's wife lighted her candle to retire to rest, her father-in-law kissed her affectionately, and prayed God to bless her. He then took a kind leave of his son, and putting up a fervent prayer for his happiness, pressed him to his heart and bade him adieu with an earnestness, which, under the common-place circumstance of a temporary separation, was inexplicable to the young man.

When Harding reached his bed-room, he spoke to his wife, and entreated her to prepare her mind for some great calamity.

"What is it to be," said Harding, "where the blow is to fall, I know not; but it is over us this night!"

"My life!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding, "what new fancy is this?"

"Eliza, love!" answered her husband, in a tone of unspeakable agony, "I have seen her for the third and last time!"

"Who?"

"*Martha, the Gypsy!*"

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Harding; "you have not left the house to day!"

"True, my beloved," replied the husband; "but I have seen her. When that tremendous noise was heard at supper, as the door was supernaturally opened, I saw her. She fixed those dreadful eyes of hers upon me; she proceeded to the fire-place, and stood in the midst of the children, and there she remained till the servant came in."

"My dearest husband," said Mrs. Harding, "this is but a disorder of the imagination."

"Be it what it may," said he, "I have seen her. Human or superhuman—natural or supernatural—there she was. I shall not strive to argue upon a point where I am likely to meet with little credit; all I ask is, pray fervently, have faith, and we will hope the misfortune, whatever it is, may be averted."

He kissed his wife's cheek tenderly, and after a fitful, feverish hour or two, fell into a slumber.

From that slumber never woke he more—he was found dead in his bed in the morning.

"Whether the force of imagination, coupled with the unexpected noise, produced such an alarm as to rob him of life, I know not," said my communicant; "but he was dead."

This story was told me by my friend Ellis, in walking from the City to Harley-street late in the evening; and when we came to this part of the history, we were in Bedford-square, at the dark and dreary corner of it where Caroline-street joins it.

"And there," said Ellis, pointing downwards, "is the street where the circumstance occurred!"

"Come, come," said I, "you tell the story well, but I suppose you do not expect it to be received as gospel?"

"Faith," said he, "I know so much of it, that I was one of the Twelfth-night party, and heard the noise."

"But you did not see the spectre?" cried I.

"No," replied Ellis, "I certainly did not."

"Nor any body else," said I, "I'll be sworn." A quick footstep was just then heard behind us. I turned half round to let the person pass: and saw a woman enveloped in a red cloak, whose sparkling black eyes, shone upon by the dim lustre of a lamp above her head, dazzled me—I was startled. "Pray, remember old *Martha, the Gypsy!*" said the hag.

It was like a thunder-stroke. I instantly slipped my hand into my pocket, and hastily gave her therefrom a five-shilling piece.

"Thanks, my bonny one," said the woman; and setting up a shout of contemptuous laughter, she bounded down Caroline-street, toward Russel-street, singing, or rather yelling, a wild air.

I have never passed that dark corner of Bedford-square in the evening since.

XCL—THE NEW YEAR.

HACKNEY-COACHES and carriages keep rattling up the street and down the street in rapid succession, and loud and repeated double-knocks at the house opposite, announce that there's a large party at our neighbor's. We know it is a quadrille party, because we saw a man taking up the drawing-room carpet while we sat at breakfast this morning, and if further evidence be required, and we must tell the truth, we just now saw one of the young ladies "doing" another of the young ladies' hair, near one of the bed-room windows, in an unusual style of splendor, which nothing else but a quadrille party could possibly justify.

The master of the house is in a public office; we know the fact by the cut of his coat, the tie of his neckcloth, and the self-satisfaction of his gait.

Hark!—a cab! That's a junior clerk in some office; a tidy sort of young man, who comes in a pair of boots, and brings his shoes in his coat-pocket, which shoes he is at this very moment putting on in the hall. Now he is announced by the man in the passage to another man in a blue coat, who is a disguised messenger from the office.

The man on the first landing precedes him to the drawing-room door. "Mr. Tupples!" shouts the messenger. "How are you, Tupples?" says the master of the house, advancing from the fire, before which he has been talking politics, and airing himself. "My dear, this is Mr. Tupples (a courteous salute from the lady of the house); Tupples, my eldest daughter; Julia, my dear, Mr. Tupples; Tupples, my other daughter; my son, sir." Tupples rubs his hands very hard, and smiles as if it were all capital fun, and keeps constantly bowing and turning himself round till the whole family have been introduced, when he glides into a chair at the corner of the sofa, and opens a miscellaneous conversation with the young ladies upon the weather, and the theatres, and the old year, and the last new murder, and the balloon, and the ladies' sleeves, and the festivities of the season, and a great many other topics of small-talk beside.

Charming person, that Mr. Tupples—perfect ladies' man—such a delightful companion, too. La!—nobody ever understood Papa's jokes half so well as Mr. Tupples, who laughs himself into convulsions at every fresh burst of facetiousness. Most delightful partner! talks through the whole set; and

although he does seem at first rather gay and frivolous, so romantic, and with so *much* feeling! Quite a love. No great favorite with the young men, certainly, who sneer at, and affect to despise him; but every body knows that's only envy, and they needn't give themselves trouble to depreciate his merits at any rate, for Ma says he shall be asked to every future dinner party, if it's only to talk to people between the courses, and to distract their attention when there's any unexpected delay in the kitchen.

At supper Mr. Tupples shows to still greater advantage than he has done throughout the evening, and when Pa requests every one to fill their glasses for the purpose of drinking happiness through the year, Mr. Tupples is so droll, insisting on all the young ladies having their glasses filled, notwithstanding their repeated assurances that they never can, by any possibility, think of emptying them: and subsequently begging permission to say a few words on the sentiment which has just been uttered by Pa, when he makes one of the most brilliant and poetical speeches that can possibly be imagined, about the old year and new one. After the toast has been drunk, and when the ladies have retired, Mr. Tupples requests that every gentleman will do him the favor of filling his glass, for he has a toast to propose: on which all the gentlemen cry "Hear! hear!" and pass the decanters accordingly: and Mr. Tupples, being informed by the master of the house that they are all charged, and waiting for his toast, rises, and begs to remind the gentlemen present, how much they have been delighted by the dazzling array of elegance and beauty which the drawing-room has exhibited that night, and how their senses have been charmed, and their hearts captivated, by the bewitching concentration of female loveliness which that very room has so recently displayed. (Loud cries of "Hear!") Much as he (Tupples) would be disposed to deplore the absence of the ladies, on other grounds, he cannot but derive some consolation from the reflection that the very circumstance of their not being present, enables him to propose a toast, which he would have otherwise been prevented from giving—that toast he begs to say is—"The Ladies!" (Great applause.) The Ladies! among whom the fascinating daughters of their excellent host, are alike conspicuous for their beauty, their accomplishments, and their elegance. He begs them to drain a bumper to "The Ladies, and a happy new year to them!" (Prolonged approbation; above which the noise of

the ladies dancing the Spanish dance among themselves, overhead, is distinctly audible.)

The applause consequent on this toast has scarcely subsided, when a young gentleman in a pink under-waistcoat, sitting towards the bottom of the table, is observed to grow very restless and fidgety, and to evince strong indications of some latent desire to give vent to his feelings in a speech, which the wary Tupples at once perceiving, determines to forestall by speaking himself. He, therefore, rises again with an air of solemn importance, and trusts he may be permitted to propose another toast (unqualified approbation, and Mr. Tupples proceeds); he is sure they must all be deeply impressed with the hospitality—he may say the splendor—with which they have been that night received by their worthy host and hostess. (Unbounded applause.) Although this is the first occasion on which he has had the pleasure and delight of sitting at that board, he has known his friend Dobbles long and intimately; he has been connected with him in business—he wishes every body present knew Dobbles as well as he does. (A cough from the host.) He (Tupples) can lay his hand upon his (Tupples's) heart, and declare his confident belief that a better man, a better husband, a better father, a better brother, a better son, a better relation in any relation of life, than Dobbles, never existed. (Loud cries of "Hear!") They have seen him to-night in the peaceful bosom of his family: they should see him in the morning, in the trying duties of his office. Calm in the perusal of the morning papers, uncompromising in the signature of his name, dignified in his replies to the inquiries of stranger applicants, deferential in his behavior to his superiors, majestic in his deportment to the messengers. (Cheers.) When he bears this merited testimony to the excellent qualities of his friend Dobbles, what can he say in approaching such a subject as Mrs. Dobbles? Is it requisite for him to expatiate on the qualities of that amiable woman? No; he will spare his friend Dobbles's feelings; he will spare the feelings of his friend, if he will allow him to have the honor of calling him so—Mr. Dobbles, jun. (Here Mr. Dobbles-jun. who has been previously distending his mouth to a considerable width, by thrusting a particularly fine orange into that feature, suspends operations, and assumes a proper appearance of intense melancholy.) He will simply say—and he is quite certain it is a sentiment in which all who hear him will readily concur—that his friend Dobbles is as superior to

any man he ever knew, as Mrs. Dobble is far beyond any woman he ever saw (except her daughters), and he will conclude by proposing their worthy "Host, and Hostess, and may they live to enjoy many more new years."

The toast is drunk with acclamation; Dobble returns thanks, and the whole party rejoin the ladies in the drawing-room. Young men who were too bashful to dance before supper, find tongues and partners; the musicians exhibit unequivocal symptoms of having drunk the new year in, while the company were out; and dancing is kept up until far in the first morning of the new year.

DICKENS.



POLYGLOT READER,
AND
GUIDE FOR TRANSLATION:



PART III.
DRAMA AND POETRY.

PART III.
DRAMA AND POETRY.

XCII.—THE TWO THOMPSONS.
BY CAROLINE BOADEN.

C H A R A C T E R S :

DOCTOR SOOTHEM.
JULIA, his daughter.

WILLIAM THOMPSON THE FIRST.
WILLIAM THOMPSON THE SECOND.

THOMAS, Servant of Dr. Soothem,
BAILIFF.
A WAITER.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A View of Richmond, the Bridge, etc.*—DOCTOR SOOTHEM'S House.

Enter DOCTOR SOOTHEM and THOMAS, from the house.

Dr. S. Thomas, have you cleaned all the best plate, and got out the cut-glass, and put everything in readiness for your sideboard to-day?

Tho. Yes, sir.

Dr. S. Well, then, step to Jacob, the gardener, and bid him send some flowers into the house, and to be sure to cut the finest fruit in the garden for the dessert; and—stay!—did you order the ice from Hampton, to cool the wine? These citizens are particular.

Tho. I did, sir.

Dr. S. Then you may go. Stay—stay! I had almost forgotten: order Wilson to get the grated-window room ready for the new patient; as he is perfectly harmless, I shall not send him to my other house. Poor fellow! he only fancies he is going to marry some rich Spanish heiress. Send my daugh-

ter to me. [*Exit Thomas into the house.*] Now, I must go and visit my patients, and then into the town. No—I must wait and receive my young friend, as he is a stranger. Why, Julia!—Julia, I say!

Enter JULIA, from the house.

Jul. Did you want me, papa?

Dr. S. Do I want you? Yes, to be sure; why else should I call you? What, I suppose you had not finished your toilet yet—had not arranged your hair to your satisfaction! How many dresses did you try to-day, Julia, before you fixed on this?

Jul. None, sir: I was not more careful of my appearance than usual. Why should I be?

Dr. S. Why should you be? Why, because your intended husband is coming to-day; I expect him every minute; and you wish, of course, to strike at first sight.

Jul. Not I, indeed, sir; on the contrary, I hope he will like me as little as I shall like him; because then he would go back as wise as he came.

Dr. S. Now don't provoke me, Julia, to use a little wholesome restraint, for you shall have him: his father and I have settled all the preliminaries by letter, and you must marry, whether you like each other or not.—Besides, it's all nonsense, this dislike; you have never seen him, neither have I; but his father tells me he is a very smart fellow—sharp eye to business.

Jul. Oh, I dare say he is a wondrous clever fellow.

Dr. S. He will be a very rich fellow, and that is of much more consequence. But I know what makes you so indifferent; that flighty buck at the masquerade runs in your head, whom you know no more of, than I do of the north passage, but who bewitched you by happening to dance well, and whispering a hundred soft things in your ear, because he did not see your face.

Jul. I beg your pardon, papa; there you are mistaken: he did see my face.

Dr. S. Let me hear no more of him; and go and see if Mr. William Thompson's room is in proper readiness. Have you put flowers into the vases?

Jul. Dear me, I quite forgot it! I'll go now.

[*She goes.*]

Dr. S. You forgot! you forget every thing.—[*The horn of*

a stage coach, the cracking of whips, etc., heard without.]
Here is the coach! Thomas! Jacob! some of you make haste.

Enter THOMAS, from the house.

Run Thomas, to the coach, and ask if Mr. William Thompson is in it, and show him in here. *[Exit Thomas.]*

Re-enter THOMAS, conducting WILLIAM THOMPSON THE FIRST, who rubs his eyes, as if suddenly awoke out of a sleep.

Dr. S. A very smart-looking fellow, upon my word: I am sure Julia ought to be contented with my choice.

Wm. T. 1. *[Looking about him with the greatest surprise.]* What is the meaning of all this!—Where am I?

Tho. At my master's gate, sir; he is waiting to receive you.

Wm. T. 1. Waiting to receive me! Who is your master, friend?

Tho. Dr. Soothem, sir: he expects you, if your name is Mr. William Thompson.

Enter COACHMAN, bringing in a portmanteau, hamper with wine, and a fish-basket, which he places in the centre of the stage, and exit.

Wm. T. 1. My name is certainly William Thompson, but I must be dreaming still! What place is this, friend?

Tho. Richmond, sir.

Wm. T. 1. Richmond! Why, I was in Piccadilly a few moments ago, in a coffee-room.

Dr. S. Why does he not come in? *[Comes down.]* Pray, come in, my dear sir—I am delighted to see you. *[Shakes hands.]* This is kind of you to come at the time you promised. I am afraid the riding has incommoded you.

Wm. T. 1. Not at all, sir—I never felt it. *[Aside.]* What does all this mean!

Dr. S. Thomas, take in M. Thompson's things; take care: here *[going up to the parcels,]* I will help you.

[Exit THOMAS, with portmanteau, into the house, and returns.]

Wm. T. 1. How on earth did I get here? I must have had a fit of my old trick, of walking in my sleep; but then, how this civil gentleman, whom I never saw before, should know my name, and seem to have expected me, is all a mystery! —Here comes a lady.

Enter JULIA, from the house.

By Jove! 'tis my charming incognita of the masquerade—the very woman I have sought all over town—the mystery thickens. *[Bows to Julia.]*

Jul. *[Courtesying, and coming forward.]* My agreeable partner! How comes he here? Is it possible he can be my intended husband. *[Aside.]*

Dr. S. *[Coming down.]* I beg your pardon, Mr. Thompson. Allow me to introduce my daughter.—Julia, this is the son of one of my best and oldest friends; I trust you will pay him every attention on that account; when you know him better, I dare say you will continue to do so for his own merits. But has not my old chum written to me? Haven't you a line in your pocket for me?

Wm. T. 1. *[Aside.]* I wish I had—I would hang myself in it to get rid of my embarrassment.—*[Aloud.]* No, sir.

Dr. S. I see that hamper and basket are directed to me; perhaps there's a letter in one of them. What do they contain, my young friend? I am sure I ought to be obliged at such attention; they must have given you a good deal of trouble.

Wm. T. 1. Oh, sir, none in the least, I assure you. You had better have them opened. *[Aside.]* As they are directed to him, there can be no harm in that.

Dr. S. Why, is it any thing that will spoil?

Wm. T. 1. *[Aside.]* What shall I say? One looks like a fish-basket. *[Aloud.]* I ordered them, sir, to put up some fish—I don't know whether they have done so.

[Thomas cuts open the basket.]

Dr. S. *[Looking into the basket.]* A very fine cod-fish, too! My dear Mr. Thompson, you could not have brought me any thing I wanted more, for I could get none in the town.

Wm. T. 1. *[Aside.]* I made a good guess; the other must be wine.

Dr. S. *[Assisting Thomas to search the basket.]* Oh! here is a letter! I thought my old friend would give me an item—let's see what he says.

[Exit Thomas with basket into the house.]

Wm. T. 1. *[Aside.]* I am in a most ridiculous situation!

Dr. S. *[Reads.]* "My Dear Friend—My son, the bearer of this letter, will present you a cod-fish. I hope you and

your daughter will approve the specimen." [Looking at WILLIAM THOMPSON.] Very much, indeed!

Wm. T. 1. [Aside.] What! does he mean to call me a fish?

Dr. S. [Reads.] "*I'll warrant him fresh caught.*"

Wm. T. 1. Caught, indeed! caught napping!

Dr. S. [Reads.] "*He brings with him a hamper of champagne, as a present to you. I shall expect you to send me word, if my son, the fish, and the hamper, come safe to hand, and when the business for which he comes is concluded.*"

Yours to command,

"WILLIAM THOMPSON."

"P. S.—Don't let the ceremony be delayed—I have my reasons."

Wm. T. 1. [Aside.] The ceremony! what ceremony? What will they do with me, I wonder?

Dr. S. It shan't be my fault if it is: but, my dear Mr. Thompson, though I am much obliged to you for your handsome present, I am sorry you have been at the expense.

Wm. T. 1. Oh, don't mention that, my dear sir; a trifle—no expense at all to me.

Jub. [Aside.] Then it is my intended husband! Odd enough, that my father's choice should happen to be the man of my own! but I think he appears very much embarrassed.

Dr. S. But let us enter the house: come, son-in-law, show your gallantry—conduct your mistress in.

Wm. T. 1. [Aside.] Son-in-law! then marriage is the—well, if so, and this is to be the lady, I'll not explain the mistake just yet.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Outside of the Inn at Richmond.

Enter WAITER from the house, and BAILIFF.

Bai. I say, have you got a gentleman of the name of William Thompson in your house?

Wai. Not that I know of. What sort of a man is he?

Bai. A very shy un, I know—very difficult to come at; but I have come all the way from London to speak a word with him, and I won't stir till I catch him.

Wai. Oh, I understand: a gentleman with a long bill, long legs, and a short purse.

Bai. Just so, but he would not trust to his legs, but gave me the slip by coming down in one of your stages, when I

thought I had kennelled him. I was soon after him, and shall keep a sharp look-out for any gentleman who walks with his hat flapped over his eyes, and looks behind him every now and then; for the fact is, I know nothing of his person but his heels.

[*Horn sounds without.*]

Wai. Here is a coach coming in now. I must go and attend.

[*The BAILIFF retires up.*]

Enter WILLIAM THOMPSON THE SECOND, with three other passengers, who go into the house.

Wm. T. 2. Waiter, can you tell me any thing of a portmanteau, a hamper, and a basket, that came down in one of the Richmond stages to-day?

Wai. No, sir; I have seen nothing of them.

Wm. T. 2. Not seen them!

Wai. No, sir.

Wm. T. 2. There, I said I should lose them! A pretty picking for somebody!

Wai. Pray, sir, were they intrusted to the coachman's care?

Wm. T. 2. Lord bless you, no! I was coming with them myself, but a rogue of a fellow took my place, and the coach whisked off. If he had only taken my place, I should not have minded, though that was taking a freedom, because I had paid for it; but he took my name, and will finish, I suppose, as is usual, by taking my property. Are the coaches still here?

Wai. No, sir; they have gone back to London.

[*Exit into the Inn.*]

Wm. T. 2. Very pretty behavior of the coachmen, upon my word! He ought to have looked whom he took in. I think my face is not easily forgotten when once seen. If I don't recover my property, I'll prosecute him, or my name is not William Thompson.

Bai. Is your name William Thompson, sir?

Wm. T. 2. Yes, sir, my name is William Thompson, if you have no objection. Perhaps you, too, have taken a fancy to it?

Bai. No, sir; but I have a few words to say to you, if you bear that name.

Wm. T. 2. About my lost property, I hope.

Bai. No, sir: about the lost property of Mr. Snip, at whose suit I arrest you.

[*Touching his shoulder, and showing the writ.*]

Wm. T. 2. Arrest me ! That's a good joke !

Bai. I am glad you think so, master : few persons find it one.

Wm. T. 2. Do you really mean to say you are serious, and that you arrest me according to law ? For what ?

Bai. For what ! For debt, to be sure.

Wm. T. 2. [*Laughing.*] I in debt ! A likely thing, truly ! What next ? You mistake me, friend, for another person.

Bai. No, no, that won't do : you are Mr. William Thompson, by your own account, and, by Mr. Snip's, you owe him forty pounds.

Wm. T. 2. But I tell you I do not owe it him—it is another person.

Bai. Yes, I know that, but you was answerable ; so you must come along with me to London, and I'll see you safely lodged in a genteel lock-up house—that is, if you behave civilly.

Wm. T. 2. Safely lodged in a lock-up house ! There will be a pretty disgrace to a respectable tradesman ! If I was a gentleman, indeed, it would not be so much out of the rules ; but it will ruin my character ; for people will say I did it to be in the fashion ;—and a pretty rage my father will be in when he hears of it ! Besides, Dr. Soothem will be expecting me. Oh, my good friend, you cannot be so barbarous, I am sure.

Bai. I only do my duty, sir. If you can't pay the money, you must come with me.

Wm. T. 2. Well, I'll fit you, my fine fellow, for your obstinacy ! I'll pay the money, and prosecute you for an illegal arrest. I shall be able to recover damages, because I warned you I was not myself. Do you persist ?

Bai. Yes, I persist.

Wm. T. 2. Very well ; then don't blame me when you find yourself in a quandary, safely lodged, not in a genteel lock-up house, but in jail, that's all ! Come into the house, for I'll have witnesses. [*Exeunt, squabbling. into the inn.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Outside of DOCTOR SOOTHEM'S House, as before.*
The hallo of sportsmen and the cry of hounds heard.

Wm. T. 2. [Calling without.] Help! help!—I shall be torn to pieces!

Wm. T. 1. [Rushes out the house, and re-entering with Wm. T. 2.], Recover yourself, sir; the dogs are gone. What could possibly make them attack you in that manner?

Wm. T. 2. Thank you, sir; I am very much obliged to you, I am sure. The savage beasts!—I can't tell, unless it was a bit of capital venison pasty that I had put in my pocket, to stay my stomach, as it is a pretty long drive from town; and I have been so worried since, that I quite forgot it; but they smelt it out, I suppose.

Wm. T. 1. To be sure they did.

Wm. T. 2. I am not obliged to my father for sending me into such an outlandish place, where the dogs have no more manners than bears. Just be so kind as to look——

[Turning round, he discovers that one pocket and part of the skirts of his coat are torn off.]

Wm. T. 1. They have indeed, sir, and run away with the luncheon, cloth and all!

Wm. T. 2. [Looking at his torn coat.] Here's a pretty job! What am I to do now? I have got no other to put on, for I have lost my portmanteau; and 'twill be rather odd to go a courting with my coat curtailed.

Wm. T. 1. [Aside.] Lost his portmanteau!—Going courting, too! By Jupiter, this must be my namesake!—*[Aloud.]* Lost your portmanteau?

Wm. T. 2. Yes, and a hamper and basket. A rascally fellow has stolen them, I am afraid.

Wm. T. 1. Rascally fellow! Do you know of whom you speak?

Wm. T. 2. No; I wish I did. Do you?

Wm. T. 1. [Aside.] I shall betray myself! *[Aloud.]* I, sir!—What should make you suppose that?

Wm. T. 2. You seemed warm about it.

Wm. T. 1. Merely from the interest I take in your loss.

Wm. T. 2. Now that's very kind of you; but don't disturb yourself on my account; I dare say I shall learn some news of them if you can direct me to Dr. Soothem's.

Wm. T. 1. [Aside.] What shall I say to get rid of him, and send him back to town? I have it. *[Aloud.]* Dr. Soothem, sir?

Wm. T. 2. Yes, Dr. Soothem. Do you know him? Which is his house?

Wm. T. 1. That is his house.

Wm. T. 2. Oh, he lives there?

Wm. T. 1. Lives!—Alas! he lives nowhere—he is dead!

Wm. T. 2. Dead!—You don't say so!—He must have died very suddenly.

Wm. T. 1. Very suddenly indeed; he was alive and well half an hour ago.

Wm. T. 2. Poor fellow!—Then he was not aware of his danger?

Wm. T. 1. Oh, perfectly unconscious.

Wm. T. 2. Well, then, since he is dead, my business here is done. I may go back to my father, for it would not be proper to intrude on the young lady now. What an unlucky fellow I am! If I had only put off my visit a little longer, I should have spared all my trouble and expense.

Wm. T. 1. [Aside.] I fancy I have got rid of him.—*[Aloud.]* I must wish you a good morning; my presence will be required in the house.

Wm. T. 2. If it's not impertinent, may I ask, are you related to the family?

Wm. T. 1. No, sir; but I reside in the house at present.

Wm. T. 2. Then, sir, if you should happen to hear of the things I mentioned, and will send word to William Thompson, Fishmonger, No. 33, Fish-Street Hill, I shall be very much obliged to you.

Wm. T. 1. Sir, you may rely upon hearing from me.—*[Exit into the house.]*

Wm. T. 2. [Following him to the door.] Upon my word, a very civil young man that! *[Turning round he sees Dr. Soothem.]* Who have we here?

Enter DOCTOR SOOTHEM.

Dr. S. Well, I have been to the church.

Wm. T. 2. [At the back of the stage.] Been to the church!—About the burying, I suppose. He must belong to the house.

Dr. S. I must set about my preparations. The breakfast shall be quite an elegant thing: I will have a light awning

from the windows to the extremity of the lawn, for the tables to be spread under. I must take a measurement, and set the carpenters to work.

Wm. T. 2. [Hearing the last words.] Oh, he is the undertaker. *[Coming down.]* I'll speak to him. Pray, sir, will you be so kind as to inform me when the ceremony will take place?

Dr. S. [Aside.] Who is this gentleman? A friend of the bridegroom's, I suppose. *[Aloud.]* Why, I don't exactly know—in about three weeks, I fancy.

Wm. T. 2. Three weeks! Is not that deferring it very long?

Dr. S. Long! Why, it was but to-day that——

Wm. T. 2. I know—but are you not afraid of a change taking place?

Dr. S. Oh! I have no fear of that before the ceremony, whatever may happen afterwards—I warrant we shall be sweet enough till then: I hope it will be a fine day.

Wm. T. 2. [Aside.] He is anxious for the fate of his feathers. *[Aloud.]* Do you know the age of the gentleman?

Dr. S. About six-and-twenty.

Wm. T. 2. Six-and-twenty! Six-and-fifty you mean!—Doctor Soothem six-and-twenty!

Dr. S. Who spoke of Doctor Soothem? he's not going to be married.

Wm. T. 2. Married! no, only buried.

Dr. S. Buried!—This man must be mad!—What do you mean, sir?

Wm. T. 2. What do I mean! Why, is it not the custom to bury a man when he's dead?

Dr. S. Dead!—Who told you that? He's as much alive as I am.

Wm. T. 2. Then you are not the undertaker.

Dr. S. Undertaker, indeed!—No.

Wm. T. 2. I beg your pardon, I thought you were; because Dr. Soothem is certainly dead—I had it from the best authority.

Dr. S. Indeed! it is rather odd he should die without my being aware of it.

Wm. T. 2. What, were you so intimate?

Dr. S. As soul and body; and you must allow me to say, that you have been misinformed, or mistaken the name.

Wm. T. 2. Who, I mistake?—Poh! nonsense—I tell you *he is dead, as sure as you stand there.*

Dr. S. And I tell you he is alive, as sure as I stand here.

Wm. T. 2. What an obstinate old fellow it is!—When did you see him last?

Dr. S. This morning, while I was shaving.

Wm. T. 2. Oh, then he died since that time—I am very sorry for his death.

Dr. S. Not more than I should be, I assure you.

Wm. T. 2. Well, since he is dead, the business for which I came is at an end.

Dr. S. [*Aside.*] I wonder who this odd person is!—
[*Aloud.*] May I ask, sir, what your business was with him?

Wm. T. 2. Why, I am going to be married: and I was sent down to him for that reason.

Dr. S. [*Aside.*] Going to be married—and therefore sent to me—I see it now; this must be the gentleman I expected, the elected bridegroom of some rich Spanish lady; but how comes he to be alone? [*Aloud.*] My good friend, will you tell me how you came here?

Wm. T. 2. Why, I was hunted here as if I had been a wild beast; look here! [*Shows his coat.*]

Dr. S. Ah! he has escaped by violence: I must have a care. Let me feel your pulse.

Wm. T. 2. Feel my pulse!—what! is the man mad?—Sir, I have nothing the matter with me: do I look ill?

Dr. S. Come, sir, no nonsense; give me your hand.—
[*Takes his hand.*] Ay, ay!—very well, that will do—don't talk, my good friend, it will worry you; you shall have a comfortable basin of water-gruel, presently, and go to bed.

Wm. T. 2. I shall take a better supper than that, I can tell you.—Water-gruel!—I feel ill!—

Dr. S. I dare say you do—flurried; but you will be better in the morning.

Wm. T. 2. Better! codzounds, sir, I tell you I am very well.

Dr. S. You talk too fast: so you are going to be married? I tell you what, my fine fellow, you have got too much hair on your head for that.

Wm. T. 2. What, must I be light-headed when I marry?

Dr. S. Why, you wouldn't do so in your senses. But be silent, you talk too much.

Wm. T. 2. This is the greatest liberty!—Listen to me, sir—I will be heard.

Dr. S. [*Aside, going towards the house.*] I'll take care you shall not. [*Calls at his door.*] Here, Thomas! Wilson!

Enter two Servants and two Keepers from the house. DR.

SOOTHEM speaks aside to them, pointing to WM. T. 2.

WM. T. 2. [Aside.] What a strange fish! I think he must be one of the Doctor's patients. *[Aloud.]* Harkye, old gentleman! I will speak.

Dr. S. Not on your legs, then.

[The Keepers and Servants come behind, and lift him up suddenly in their arms.]

WM. T. 2. Hollo! what does this mean?

Dr. S. There, carry him in; and shave, bathe, and waistcoat him directly.

WM. T. 2. Shave, bathe, and waistcoat me—I need a coat more than a waistcoat. *[Struggling.]* Set me down, instantly.

[Exeunt the two Servants and the two Keepers, each holding him up by an arm and a leg, and forcibly carrying him off on their shoulders, into the house, followed by the Doctor.]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber, with a grated window; a table under it, and a door in the flat. Stage half dark.*

WM. T. 2 discovered with his head shaved, confined with a strait waistcoat, and tied in an arm-chair, near the door in the flat, dressed in white, with a nightcap on.

WM. T. 2. Was ever poor fellow treated as I have been! my head shaved—then half drowned—and now crimped up in this cruel way, like a salmon with his tail in his mouth, ready for boiling; they minded my struggles no more than if I had been a refractory child, and told me 'twas all for my good.—When I get out, I'll make that old rascal pay for this, if there is law in the land! But how shall I escape? The window is barred, and I haven't a hand to help myself. *[Sound heard of unlocking the door in the flat.]* Here they come again, with the water-gruel, I suppose.

Enter WM. T. 1. in a colored dressing-gown and nightcap, with a candle in his hand. He is fast asleep, walks slowly down to the front of the stage, and stands still—Stage becomes light.

WM. T. 2. Hollo! who have we here? Heaven preserve me! it must be my father-in-law's ghost! I'll speak to it—

they say ghosts never speak first. Father-in-law, that was to be, what is your pleasure? No answer! O lord, it moves! what will become of me?

[*Wm. T. 1. walks up to the table, which stands close under the grated window,—advances to Wm. T. 2. takes off his cap, and extinguishes his light with it—then replaces the candle and cap on Wm. T. the 2d's head.*

Wm. T. 2. [Calling out.] Oh, it's no ghost, but the nightmare! and here I am bound and pressed, like a book in canvass.—Help! murder!

Enter DOCTOR SOOTHEM and servants, with lights.—Wm. T. 1. runs down to the front of the stage, in great alarm.

Dr. S. What is the matter? [*To Wm. T. 1.*] My good friend, how came you here? Have you heard of my mistake in regard to that gentleman?

Wm. T. 1. What gentleman? [*Sees Wm. T. 2.*] By Jupiter, my namesake! he seems in a comical plight, too! What, in the name of wonder, can all this mean? But I mustn't betray myself.

Wm. T. 2. Harkye, you old rogue, if you don't release me instantly, I'll—

Dr. S. Sir, I was just coming to release you, with many apologies for the blunder which the return of one of my servants made me aware I had committed, in mistaking you for a patient I expected. [*The servants release him—exeunt.*

Wm. T. 2. [Coming forward.] Oh, sir, you are very good with your apologies, but they won't recompense me for being half drowned. Apologies won't restore my hair.

[*Taking off his cap.*

Dr. S. No, my dear sir; but time will.

Wm. T. 2. In the mean while, I shall expect you to pay for my wig, Sir. What's-your-name.

Dr. S. Sir, I am Doctor Soothem, and I shall be very willing to—

Wm. T. 2. You Doctor Soothem! why, I was told he was dead. Oh! I suppose that is what the wits call a hoax. Well, I am glad you are alive—but you little thought you were giving such a scurvy reception to the son of your old friend.

Dr. S. Indeed! may I ask your name?

Wm. T. 2. William Thompson, whom you invited down to marry your daughter.

Dr. S. I am very much obliged to you for the honor you

intended me, but you are a little too late—there is Mr. William Thompson.

Wm. T. 2. That! Oh, oh! I now see his motive for playing me that trick—he must be the fellow that took my place in the coach—and he seems to have taken my place here, too! I tell you, sir, I am the person you expected—he is an impostor!

Wm. T. 1. [*Aside.*] I must brazen it out as yet.—[*Aloud.*] What, sir! but I shall not dispute with you—Dr. Soothem can best decide which is the impostor!

Dr. S. [*To Wm. T. 2.*] 'Tis you are the impostor! I know this gentleman is the son of my old friend, from his own letter which I received, with a present of fish and a hamper of wine.

Wm. T. 2. They were mine—I lost them.

Dr. S. No, no, that joke won't pass! you thought to pass yourself off for my son-in-law! Confess your motive for attempting such an imposition, or I'll send you to prison."

Wm. T. 2. And I tell you again I am that son-in-law! But you are showing yourself to be a pretty tender father! I say my name is William Thompson! I think I ought to know my own name—it has cost me dear, for I was obliged to pay forty pounds to-day that I did not owe, to escape going to prison, because my name *was* William Thompson, and now you are for sending me to prison, because you say I am not William Thompson; so that I am always the sufferer. Never was any poor devil so treated as I have been to-day.

Wm. T. 1. [*Aside.*] That must have been Careless's debt, for which I was answerable—so, while I ran off with his clothes, he was arrested for mine. Poor fellow! the similarity of names has been hitherto all in my favour, but I am afraid the tables will turn soon, and since we are in for it. . .

Dr. S. Come, sir, these tricks won't impose upon me.

Wm. T. 1. [*To Doctor Soothem.*] Sir, I must request you to leave him to my correction. His assumption of my name is an injury to me, and my own hand shall take satisfaction, if he still avers himself to be William Thompson.

Wm. T. 2. Yes, sir, I do assert that I am the real William Thompson, let who will be the other.

Wm. T. 1. Then you must maintain your right to that title by force of arms, for nothing but death shall rob me of the name.

Dr. S. [*Comcs between them.*] No, no, I cannot allow you to risk your life against an impostor.

Wm. T. 1. [Aside to him.] Tis only to frighten him into confession, sir; the pistols shall only be loaded with powder.

Dr. S. Well, if you are so bent on it, though I think it is doing him too much honor to shoot him through the head——

Wm. T. 2. There's a pretty father-in-law! But perhaps I may shoot him through the head, and I don't care if I do—my blood's up—such treatment would move a stock-fish.

Wm. T. 1. Now, sir, follow me out into the garden—I have pistols here.

Dr. S. I will go with you to measure the ground.

Wm. T. 2. I fear I shall do that. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—A Garden.

Enter DOCTOR SEOTHEN, and the two THOMPSONS following him, having resumed their coats and hats—Thompson the First with a pistol in each hand.

Wm. T. 1. [Offering pistols.] Now, sir, take your choice of these pistols.

Wm. T. 2. [Looking at them.] I knew they were mine, and prettily they are loaded, too; for how could I foresee, when I put three balls into each, that before night, they would find a lodging in my head! Oh, yes, they are mine!

Wm. T. 1. Then, sir, I will speedily restore the contents of one of them.

Wm. T. 2. Thank you, sir; but I don't like your mode of restoring property.

Wm. T. 1. This is trifling: I did not come here to dispute.

• *Wm. T. 2.* That is very well of you! We come here to blow each other's brains out, and he says he does not come here to dispute!

Dr. S. [To Wm. T. 1.] Now Mr. Thompson, what distance will you stand? The nearer the better to make sure of him.

Wm. T. 2. What an unnatural old pike he is!

Wm. T. 1. We will stand back to back, and then walk five paces from each other, turn, and fire!

Wm. T. 2. That will be the last *dos-a-dos* I shall ever execute, for it will end in *cavalier seul*, I know!

Wm. T. 1. Come, sir, are you ready?

Wm. T. 2. Yes; but 'tis rather hard to fight for a name.

Wm. T. 1. Not at all; what have all heroes ever fought for but a name?

Wm. T. 2. Have you no remorse?

Wm. T. 1. No!

[*They advance to the centre of the stage, stand back to back, and walk from each other, rapidly off the stage.*

Wm. T. 1. turns and fires—*Wm. T. 2.*, forgetting to turn, places the pistol on his hip, and fires off the stage.

Wm. T. 2. [*Staggering and falling.*] I'm a dead man! Bury me decently!—Send to my poor father, and tell him he has lost his only son by an unnatural death!

Wm. T. 1. Run for assistance, sir; he will bleed to death! [*Aside.*] Fetch your daughter, sir; I will bring him to confession. [*Exit Dr. Soothem.*

Wm. T. 2. Ah, I dare say you are sorry now! Oh! this serves me right, for leaving poor Miss Dormer, to come down to that old savage, my intended father-in-law, where I have first lost my hair, and then my life!

Wm. T. 1. If you will promise to perform your engagements with that Miss Dormer you are speaking of, and resign all pretensions to Miss Soothem, it is in my power to restore you to perfect health.

Wm. T. 2. That I will, with all my heart! But are you sure you can cure me?

Wm. T. 1. Certain: I will keep my promise, if you perform yours.

Wm. T. 2. But you'll own that I am the *real* William Thompson?

Wm. T. 1. I know you are. Your property, and the money you have paid, shall be returned. [*Raising him up, and supporting him.*] But here comes Doctor Soothem with his daughter.

Enter DOCTOR SOOTHEM and JULIA.

Dr. S. Well, has the rascal made a confession yet?

Wm. T. 1. He has none to make, sir: 'tis for me to confess that I am not the person you expected; but that gentleman is the *real* William Thompson.

Dr. S. What do I hear? Then you have been playing upon me all this time with your tricks and inventions, causing me to treat my dear son-in-law in so unhandsome a manner!

Wm. T. 2. Unhandsome indeed! I shan't be fit to be seen for an age! And I'll be none of your son-in-law, I promise you. I give up your daughter to this gentleman, or any other.

Dr. S. You won't marry my daughter! Here's an impudent fellow! You give her up to this gentleman! [*To Wm. T. 1.*] Pray, sir, if I may be so bold, who are you? and what is your name?

Wm. T. 1. William Thompson, sir.

Dr. S. William Thompson still! I shall go mad!

Wm. T. 1. Yes, sir; and as your intended son-in-law is already contracted to another lady, I trust, after proper inquiry, you will not refuse to bestow that title upon me.

Dr. S. You are a very smooth-spoken gentleman, upon my word! [*To his daughter.*] What, and so you have helped to hoax your father!—for I warrant you were in the secret.

Jul. A little before you were, papa, 'tis true; but I knew nothing of his coming here, as I had not seen the gentleman since the masquerade.

Dr. S. The masquerade! Oh, oh! then I now understand the whole plot. [*To Wm. T. 2.*] And how dare you, sir, come here to marry my daughter, when you were already engaged to another?

Wm. T. 2. So, I am always to catch it! I think you might speak more civilly to a dying man. [*They all laugh.*] Do you laugh, you barbarous creatures?

Wm. T. 1. Yes, sir, and so will you, when you find your wound is in your head only; for you have received none elsewhere.

Wm. T. 2. How! not wounded?

Wm. T. 1. No more than I am.

Wm. T. 2. Well, now, I could have pawned my life that I felt three balls enter my body!

Dr. S. Come, sir, thank heaven they were only imaginary. [*To Wm. T. 1.*] And you, my waggish sir, if you can prove your assertions to my satisfaction, I shall not refuse to bestow my daughter on you; and she, I dare say, will not object to the decision of her father—eh, Julia! [*Puts her over to him.*]

Wm. T. 1. Then, sir, Fortune, blindfold herself, has conducted me, while hoodwinked by sleep, to a happiness my own waking efforts could not achieve. [*To the public.*] And if, during my sleep, I have had a flattering dream of your favour, disperse it not: 'tis dangerous to awake a sleep-walker.

XCIII.—THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

BY W. J. MONCRIEFF.

C H A R A C T E R S.

ALDWINKLE, Esq.
 GEORGIANA, his daughter.
 LAVINIA, her cousin.
 VAUNTLINGTON, a captain.

NICODEMUS.
 DICKORY, Aldwinkle's servant.
 PAUL, servant of Nicodemus's cousin.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Mr. Nicodemus's House.**Enter SERVANT and NICODEMUS.*

Nic. My cousin's servant, Paul, inquiring for me! What can he possibly want with me? Let him come in. [*Exit servant.*] It must certainly be some business of life and death, to make my gay thoughtless cousin send to me; for, though every one allows we are as like as two peas in person, no one has ever discovered the slightest similarity in our minds: he has none of my solidity, none of my depth and gravity;—he's all volatility,—wild, uncertain,—Hey, oh! here Paul comes. Well, Paul, what brings you here?

Enter PAUL.

Paul. [*Crying.*] Oh, sir, such a relation! your poor cousin——

Nic. Poor cousin? Why he hasn't, surely, gambled away all his estates on a cast of the die?

Paul. Worse than that. Ah, sir, when I look at you, it renews all my grief; poor gentleman, I fancy I see him still—oh, oh!

Nic. What mean you? Explain, good Paul; what horrible event are you going to relate?

Paul. My poor master, sir—unfortunate gentleman, he was just going to sow all his wild oats in a marriage with the young and beautiful Miss Aldwinkle, daughter of the rich Squire Aldwinkle, of Aldwinkle Hall—oh! oh! oh!

Nic. Well!—what was there so very shocking in that?

Paul. You shall hear, sir: they had never seen one an-

other; but my master had sent his portrait, which was approved of both by the young lady and her father.

Nic. No doubt, if he remained as like me as he used to be.

Paul. Very true, sir: it was settled that my poor master was to go to Aldwinkle Hall this very evening, that the ceremony might take place out of hand.

Nic. Well, and why didn't he go?——

Paul. He did go, sir: but going and coming are two different things; and it will be long enough before they find him come to Aldwinkle Hall—oh! oh!

Nic. Why?

Paul. A slight impediment, sir.—We set out, the first thing this morning, on our way there; but had scarcely performed a third part of our journey, when my poor master fell down in an apoplectic fit!—oh! oh! oh!

Nic. Unhappy Gaspar! but what could he expect, living as he did?

Paul. He expected to be married, sir, and repent; but the Fates ordered it otherwise. Atropos came with her confounded shears, and cut his vital thread, as close as any tailor in the kingdom could have done. Just before he gave his last kick, he called me to him, and squeezing my hand, exclaimed, "Paul, my dear Paul, as soon as it's all over, send my body to the half-way-house, where dinner will be waiting for me, then hasten to my cousin Abraham (that's you, sir), bid him set off immediately to Aldwinkle Hall, break out the melancholy news to the Old Squire and my dear Georgiana; return, bury me decently, write an epitaph to my memory, take all I'm worth for his pains, and I shall rest in peace!—oh! oh!"

Nic. Poor fellow! Did he die rich?

Paul. Pretty well for that, sir.

Nic. Then, his wishes shall be complied with. I'll lock up my grand Treatise on Vampires, hasten to Aldwinkle Hall this very moment, and return here the first thing to-morrow morning, to make preparations for the funeral. Unhappy Gaspar! he was the last of the Nicodemus family, except myself. What a pity he wasn't as like me in other things as he was in person. But drink! drink! was the ruin of him. I'll go directly, and break the melancholy news to Miss and the Old Gentleman: while you, Paul, you——

Paul. I'll go to the half-way-house, and watch over my poor master's remains. Poor gentleman! drink was, as you

say, sir, the ruin of him. Heigho! sorrow is dry! I must get a little drop of something to comfort me for his loss. Good bye, sir!—Oh! Oh!

Nic. Farewell, Paul. Heu, fugaces! What frail creatures we are!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Aldwinkle Hall.*

Enter GEORGIANA and LAVINIA.

Lav. If you ask my advice, my dear Georgiana, I must candidly express my opinion, that, as you wish to marry Captain Vauntington, who has no money; and Mr. Nicodemus, who has plenty, wishes to marry you; you, having plenty, ought to take pity on the Captain's poverty, and leave me, who have nothing, to make love, if I like, to Mr. Nicodemus's abundance. It's quite enough for one party to be rich in marriage: there can be no participation, if it is otherwise, you know.

Geo. What you say, coz, is, as it always is, full of excellent sense; the only question is, how it is to be accomplished. You know my father's obstinacy; his engagement with Mr. Nicodemus; and—eh, here comes my father, and my dear Captain Vauntington too, as I live; they are discussing a subject too interesting to my feelings to permit my being an auditor. Let us retire, my dear cousin, and await, in hope, the end of their conference.

[*Exeunt Georgiana and Lavinia.*]

Enter ALDWINKLE and VAUNTINGTON.

Ald. 'Tis no use talking, Mr. Vauntington—if you are a Captain, you are only a South American Captain; they spring up like mushrooms, now o'days, and, egad, are worth about as much.

Vau. But, my dear sir, my family—

Ald. Ah, there's the thing—if you get a family, how on earth are you to support them! Besides, I've solemnly engaged my daughter to Mr. Nicodemus; he has it under my hand and seal—sent it to him, by the general post, above a month ago. To be sure, I've never seen the gentleman; but his character is unexceptionable.

Vau. It is not too late to retract, sir.

Ald. Indeed, but it is, sir; for I expect him to arrive every moment. He sent me word he was coming express,

though there was no occasion for that; I knew it: for, independently of an amazing bright letter in the candle last night, that pointed directly towards me, my man Dickory saw a stranger on the bars this morning; that, immediately he clapped his hands, flew into the fire—a sure sign he was a good friend.

Vau. Ridiculous, childish superstition!

Ald. So you may think; but I'm of a different opinion. You're one of those heedless fellows, now, who'd walk twenty times under a ladder and never once look behind you; and, if you were to see fifty piebald horses, wouldn't pull a hair out of the tail of any one of them, though you might get any thing you chose to wish for, for your pains.

Vau. But allow me to say, sir, that my passion for your daughter—

Ald. Zounds, sir, you'll put me in a passion, if you go on in this way. Hav'n't I sent Dickory off to meet Mr. Nicodemus, at the half-way-house,—where he wrote me word, he should stop and dine,—on purpose to conduct him here all the sooner. I wonder they haven't arrived, for it's getting rather late.

Vau. But early impressions—first love, sir—

Ald. Second thoughts are best—hey, surely, I hear the sound of visitors without. It must be Mr. Nicodemus. Now do, my good sir, oblige me by taking an answer, and going. Mr. Nicodemus has put your nose so completely out of joint, that—

Vau. Vulgar rascal! [*Aside.*] But your former kindness—

Ald. Now do go.

Vau. My high expectations—

Ald. Lower your tone, my good friend, I beg; zounds! do you think you're giving the word of command? It's time I turn General;—come—march!

Vau. I must submit to fate. You'll repent this, old Ald-winkle; take my word for it; the loss is as much yours as mine; so, good night! Poor Georgiana!

[*Exit Vauntington.*]

Ald. Thank heaven! he's off.—Now then for—

Enter SERVANT, preceding NICODEMUS.

Ser. Mr. Nicodemus—Sir—

[*Bows and retires.*]

Ald. Welcome, my dear, dear sir! ten thousand welcomes!

You need no introduction : from the strong resemblance you bear to your likeness, I should have known you any where.

Nic. That is fortunate. I can proceed to the business at once. I knew if he had once seen my cousin, he would recognize me. [*Aside.*] I am extremely obliged by your kindness, sir—I regret that I should be the—

Ald. Make no apology, my dear boy, I beg—

Nic. The abruptness of this visit—

Ald. Not at all.

Nic. My precipitate appearance—

Ald. You do excellently well—make no apologies, pray.

Nic. Can only be excused by the urgency—

Ald. I won't hear another word, till you've taken some refreshment.

Nic. The uncertainty of—

Ald. Aye, aye, travelling is very uncertain—

Nic. We are but too liable to be cut short in—

Ald. True, true, I must cut you short now ; for supper is just ready—and you must needs want something, travelling so far.

Nic. Nay, my dear sir, but you must prepare yourself for—

Ald. Take no care about that ; I have prepared every thing.

Nic. But, my dear sir,—my late—lamented—

Ald. Better late than never—you're here, and that's sufficient. I did lament you hadn't come sooner, certainly—Georgiana is dying with impatience to see you—I'll call her here. Why, Georgiana ! Georgiana, I say—

Nic. Zounds, he won't let me edge in a word any way ; [*Aside.*] but, my dear sir, allow me a few serious words with you—

Ald. Not another word, till you've supp'd—we'll have no serious words together, if I know it. To-morrow is time enough for business—to-night we'll devote to mirth and love, you dog—Oh, here Georgiana comes.

Nic. What shall I do now ? I can't mention my cousin's death before the young lady ; she'd be going into hysterics. I must let the old gentleman have his way, and get him to let me relate the particulars by-and-bye—

Enter GEORGIANA.

A fine girl, faith.

Geo. Did you want me, Papa?

Ald. No, hussy; but Mr. Nicodemus does—Mr. Nicodemus my daughter Georgiana!

Geo. [*Aside.*—What a solemn-looking fright! I'm sure I can never bring myself to love him.

Ald. Country bred, Mr. Nicodemus—unformed at present—so much the better, you can mould her to your liking; she's bashful, but sincere. Come, Georgiana, why don't you say something inspiring to Mr. Nicodemus, hussy, after his long journey?

Geo. Something inspiring after a long journey, Pa?—Well, then, if I must say something, perhaps I can't say better than—

Ald. Aye, aye, come, out with it.

Geo. Supper's ready, sir.

Ald. Psha!—but egad it's apropos enough; a wag, Mr. Nicodemus—a wag—takes after me.

Nic. I am as much at a loss what to say as the young lady can be; supper's a timely relief, faith—[*Aside.*—allow me to offer my arm, madam.

Geo. You are very polite, sir—this way, if you please.

[*Exeunt Nicodemus and Georgiana.*

Ald. I'll follow you the moment I have given some orders to the butler. I'm so rejoiced that—

Enter SERVANT.

Well, sirrah, what do you want?

Ser. I don't want any thing, your honor—but here's Dickory—he's come back, and wants to see you in private, he says—

Ald. Wants to see me in *private*!—what can the block-head want with me in *private*?—Well, let him come in. [*Exit Servant.*] I suppose he had idled his time away so, that Mr. Nicodemus was gone before he arrived, and now he's coming, with some cock and a bull story, to excuse himself.

Enter DICKORY, crying.

Well, what the devil is that cursed long face for?

Dic. Oh, master!—oh, Mr. Aldwinkle, such a misfortune! Oh! Oh!

Ald. What! I suppose, when you got to the half-way-house, you found Mr. Nicodemus had just departed?

Dic. Yeas, poor gentleman, he'd been quite gone above an hour afore I'd got there. I help'd to lay him out, when I found how things were.

Ald. Lay him out—Zounds, I hope you didn't speak any thing ill of him.

Dic. Oh, no, master, we never do speak ill of those who are gone.

Ald. Gone!—Well, but he's come.

Dic. Come—what—ha' they brought his body here!

Ald. No, he brought his body here himself.

Dic. What!—in a hearse?

Ald. No, on a horse: and you must go and wait on him.

Dic. What! sit up all night wi' him!

Ald. No, only till he's finished his supper.

Dic. His supper!

Ald. His supper—yes, blockhead—his supper; he's just sat down with my daughter.

Dic. Dang it, this be the first time I ever heard of dead men sitting down to supper wi' young ladies—he be quite mad—how his eyes do roll! surely—

[*Aside.*

Ald. Zounds, scoundrel, Dickory, what are you talking about! Though I did give you five shillings to drink, I didn't tell you to make a beast of yourself—he's quite drunk!—Go, rascal, and wait on Mr. Nicodemus, directly.

Dic. He be quite crack'd.

[*Aside.*

Ald. Dreadfully drunk—will you do what I tell you, villain? Will you go in and see that Mr. Nicodemus wants for nothing? Take care that he has plenty of the turtle soup.

Dic. Turtle soup—what be the good of turtle soup when a man be dead? To think, now, that he should die just when he were going to be married!

Ald. Why, you sottish brazen rascal, you haven't the consummate impudence to pronounce an honest gentleman dead, who is at this moment eating and drinking, and making love to my daughter, in the very next room; but your own eyes shall convince you how richly you deserve a ducking;—you say you saw the gentleman?

Dic. E'es, sure; I were wi' his poor body above an hour and a half.

Ald. Then you'd know him again, if you see him?

Dic. Aye, out o' ten thousand.

Ald. Then, see him you shall, and that this very moment; the sight of him may bring you to your sober senses again. Please just to walk this way, sir,—that is, if you are able to walk.

Dic. He's as mad as a March hare;—but I mun humor

the old man, or he may do me a mischief. Poor fellow, how mad he be! [*Aside.*] I'm coming, sir.

[*Exeunt Aldwinkle and Dickory.*]

SCENE III. *Handsome Apartment in Aldwinkle Hall. NICODEMUS, GEORGIANA, and LAVINIA, discovered sitting at supper.*

Nic. [*Aside.*] Methinks that I cut but a very foolish figure here; I neither know what to do or to say; I believe my best refuge is in silence—Heigho! would I were at home, continuing my treatise on Vampires.

Lav. Your Papa does not seem to be coming, coz.; had we not better proceed to supper?

Geo. Any thing, to enliven us a little. We have been as dull and as silent, for the last half hour, as a Quaker's meeting. Will you allow me to assist you, sir?

Nic. [*Solemnly.*] I thank you, but I have no appetite.

Lav. You feed upon meditation, it should seem, sir?

Nic. I must own, madam, I am partial to the grave.

Geo. I hope it isn't love that disturbs the gentleman;—shall I help you to some cold pudding, sir?

Nic. I never eat cold pudding;—[*He starts from his seat.*]—but my time is come: I have to set off at daybreak, and must retire at once—a solemn duty impels me to be absent. To-morrow night I shall return again:—present my regards to your worthy father; an important secret remains to be revealed to him, in which you are all deeply interested. I am too wandering and disturbed for the task now—but to-morrow night! Heigho! life is very uncertain. Vale! Vale!

[*Exit Nicodemus.*]

Lav. Bless me! what an amazingly odd man! I should as soon think of linking myself to the parish pump as such a Don Saltero.

Geo. There is certainly something very mysterious in his manner. Vale! Vale!

[*Mocking him.*]

Lav. Hush! here's your father.

Enter ALDWINKLE, dragging in DICKORY.

Ald. Now, villain, Dickory,—look—convince yourself, that — why, the gentleman's gone!

Dic. E'es, to be sure he be—didn't I tell you he were departed? but you wouldn't believe me;—his madness be going away—he ha' got a losing interval. [*Aside.*]

Geo. Is it Mr. Nicodemus you want, Pa? He has retired to his apartment, and ——

Ald. Eh? gone to bed, has he? and without his supper! how is he to find out the room? Run, Dickory, and light him—take him my night-cap and slippers—make haste, rogue.

Geo. Aye, do, Dickory, or the poor gentleman may break his neck over the banisters.

Dic. They all humor him, I see; well, I mustn't be particular, I'll go, sir—[*Takes a candle from the table*—]but if Mr. Nicodemus be there, dang me if I don't first eat him, and then gi' you leave to eat me afterwards. [*Exit Dickory.*]

Ald. I am sorry Dickory's drunken folly, in persisting that Mr. Nicodemus was dead, prevented my paying my respects to him before he retired. Poor fellow, I forgot how far he had travelled to-day!

Enter DICKORY, hastily, with a candle.

Dic. [*Trembling violently.*] Oh Lord! oh Lord! oh Lord!

Ald. Eh! why, Dickory! Zounds, blockhead, what's the matter with you! you look as sacred as if you had seen a ghost?

Dic. That be it; you've hit it, 'squire by Jove.—It be he! I'll swear to un—I knows un by the turn o' his nose. Oh dear! oh dear! that ever I should ha' lived to see a ghost!

Ald. See a ghost, dolt!—he's at it again—he's breaking out in fresh places—have you seen Mr. Nicodemus, sirrah?

Dic. Na, but I ha' seen his apparition. It be quite indecent and unnatural in un not to rest quiet, now he's dead, like a proper Christian gentleman.

Ald. Can the fellow really be serious? I am confounded.

Geo. A ghost! is the gentleman a ghost? Oh dear, I'm sure I can never bring myself to marry a ghost, Pa.

Lav I may profit by this. [*Aside.*] Well, I declare I thought he was something he shouldn't be, by his mysterious ways; didn't you remark, coz., that, all the time he sat with us, he never opened his mouth till we forced him to it?

Dic. Na, ghosts never do speak but when they be forced to speak.

Lav. And then, didn't you remark, Georgy, dear, that he would neither eat nor drink?

Ald. Ghosts never do—I don't know what to think. Stop, Dickory, what's that on the side of the candle?

Dic. Why, a large lump of tallow, to be sure; what should it be? [*He knocks a piece off the candle.*]

Ald. A lump of tallow, dog?—it's a winding-sheet! I never saw a more perfect one in my life. We'll not go to bed to-night.

Lav. But what we have already told you is not all, sir; he openly confessed he was addicted to the grave.

Ald. Addicted to the grave! my back fairly opens and shuts.

Dic. Depend upon it, he has summat on his mind. I shouldn't wonder if he hadn't been privately murdered by somebody, and be come here to get him hung.

Geo. Something on his mind! Talking of that, just before he vanished up stairs, he groaned out, he had a dreadful secret to disclose to you!

Ald. To me! Mercy on me, you put me all in a cold shiver, girl.

Geo. And don't you remember, Lavinia, he said he was obliged to disappear at day-break?

Dic. Disappear at day-break! I warrant him. The moment the cock crows, he mun go bang through the key-hole.

Lav. But he left his compliments, and said, he should be sure to come again to-morrow night.

Ald. Hang him! I'll have him laid in the Red Sea—I'll stop up all the key-holes—I'll exorcise him. Oh, that I did but understand Latin!

Dic. It would be o' no use, 'squire; he'd come down the chimney, dressed all in white. Ah! I knew it warn't for nothing I see'd those three ravens sitting cawing by the hedge-side to-day:—caw! caw! caw! Besides that, this very morning, just as I stepped into the cellar, to get a cup of your honor's own particular October ———

Ald. Ah, when I was looking all over the house after you, and wanted you so ———

Dic. Yeas, sir—I heard a loud voice cry, Dickory—Dickory—Dick—three times.

Ald. Bless us, and save us! It wasn't my voice, was it, Dickory?

Dic. Na, squire, it were likerer to a trumpet; and just about the time the poor gentleman left off living, our great kitchen jack stopped.

Ald. It's past all doubt. Mrs. Veal's ghost itself wasn't more sure. What o'clock was it when Mr. Nic—that is, when

the gh—Lord bless me! that is, when it, you know who, arrived?

Lav. Exactly twelve; midnight, sir.

Geo. Just twelve!

Ald. The very hour; they mustn't come out before twelve.

Geo. Oh, dear Papa, I never can stay alone after this. If Mr. Nicodemus comes haunting us at nights, in this manner, I really must marry the captain, if it's only to take care of me; so you'd better let me have him at once, Pa.

Ald. Eh, what noise is that?—Mercy on me, I hope it isn't—

Dic. He be coming—He be coming, squire.

Ald. Who, Dickory?

Dic. The ghost, sir.

Ald. Let me get out of the way. What's to be done?

Dic. Get behind this screen, and I'll hide under the table. Oh gemini! here he be—[*Peeps under the table.*]

Ald. Oh dear! oh dear! make haste! make haste! I tremble at every joint.

[*Aldwinkle, Georgiana and Lavinia hide behind the screen—Aldwinkle peeps over the top, Georgiana and Lavinia at each side—Dickory peeps under the table-cloth.*]

Enter NICODEMUS.

Nic. I cannot rest.

Ald. [*Looking over the screen, aside.*] No, I'll be bound you can't.

Dic. Poor soul!

[*Aside.*

Nic. It must be near daybreak, I smell the morning air quite fresh—hark! there's a cock crowing. 'Tis time for me to depart.

Ald. [*Aside.*] Mark that.—Poor devil!

Nic. I shall not be at peace till the burial's over, and I have revealed this important secret to the family. Hark! the cock crows again. Paul will be waiting for me. Heigho!

[*Exit Nicodemus.*

[*They all creep out, watching him off with fear and wonder.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another Apartment in Aldwinkle Hall.**Enter ALDWINKLE and DICKORY.*

Ald. What a state of mind I have been in, for the last twenty-four hours : but, having been to the half-way house, and convinced myself of the truth of your story, I confess I was wrong, very wrong.

Dic. E'es, sur, you were.

Ald. But I really thought you had been drinking ;—you know you do drink sometimes, Dickory.

Dic. E'es, sur, when I be dry.

Ald. However, I must endeavor to make you amends, Dickory, some of these days.

Dic. E'es, sur, you must. Dickens, how my hand do itch !—that be a sure sign I shall ha' some money soon ; I shouldn't wonder if your honor wasn't going to give me a guinea.

Ald. Eh ? a guinea—hum—there's no guineas, now-a-days, Dickory : however, you shall have a sovereign ; that will do as well.

[*Gives him a sovereign.*

Dic. E'es, sir, better—I'm a loyal subject, and wish very much for a sovereign. He ! he ! he ! [*Looks at the sovereign.*

Ald. Why, what are you grinning at now ?

Dic. Won't you crown him, sir ?

Ald. Crown what ?

Dic. Why, the sovereign, to be sure !

[*Holds out his hand to Aldwinkle with a sovereign in it.*

Ald. The scoundrel ; but, however, the sovereign must not remain uncrown'd, fer want of five shillings. I'm glad to learn from the landlord, that poor Mr. Nicodemus's relations are going to attend to the funeral themselves ; it will save me a world of trouble, for I couldn't have refused to put his body under ground. I hope he'll keep there, when he is there, and not pay us any more of his visits.

Dic. He'll be sure to come again to-night, squire ; you know he said he would.

Ald. Lord bless me ! so he did.

Dic. He hasn't told you the secret, yet ; and he won't rest till that be out, depend upon it ;—none of them can.

Ald. True, true,—mercy on me—what is it o'clock now, Dickory ?

Dic. Just twelve : the time he came last night.

Ald. Oh, my poor wits, they are nearly all frightened

away; the unhappy gentleman must have been a terrible wicked reprobate in his time, for his poor soul to be wandering about in this manner, Dickory.

Dic. E'es, he mun, indeed: but he be paying for it now. Eh! what's that? There he be again, sur.

Ald. Oh dear! oh dear! Stand back, and let us observe him.

[Aldwinkle and Dickory retire to the back of the stage.]

Enter NICODEMUS.

Nic. Very odd, they should leave all the doors open at this time o'night. I'm glad one melancholy day is over and that I have gone through so much of the painful duty imposed upon me. Night's the only time I have left to myself now. But where can this Aldwinkle be? I must not any longer delay revealing the important secret to him. I shall not be easy till then, solemnly enjoined to it, as I was, in the immediate moments of death. He little suspects who I am.

Ald. *[Aside.]* Don't be too sure of that.

[Advances to the front of the stage.]

Nic. But where can he be?

Ald. Now for it.

Nic. *[Looking round and seeing Aldwinkle.]* Eh!—here? this is very odd—Your servant, Mr. Aldwinkle.

Ald. What can I do to give peace to your poor unhappy soul! If you've any thing to unfold, I conjure you to disclose it at once.

Nic. I will—I am not what I seem, nor what you take me to be.

Ald. I know it, poor, miserable wretch!

Dic. The murder be all coming out now.

[Aside.]

Nic. Though I bear the name of Nicodemus, and so exactly resemble him in every particular, I—prepare yourself.

Ald. I am prepared. Lord bless me!

Nic. I—I am merely the representative of that unhappy man—he is no longer in this world.

Ald. I know it, Mr. Gho—that is, Mr. Representative.

Nic. Unfortunate Gaspar—excuse my being overcome; I have had a long journey.

Dic. E'es, it be a good way, I dare say, from the other world.

[Aside.]

Nic. I had a pleasant walk through the church-yard, though.

Ald. Oh, no doubt, you found yourself quite at home there.

Nic. Shall I relate to you the particulars of the unhappy event?

Ald. Oh, no; pray don't trouble yourself, Mr. Representative. I am fully acquainted with all.

Nic. I'm happy you are. You communicated the melancholy fact to your daughter?

Ald. I did.

Nic. Is she resigned?

Ald. Perfectly.

Nic. 'Tis fortunate! Though her destined bridegroom be no longer in the land of the living, she can still be Mrs. Nicodemus. I offer her my hand.

Ald. Eh—you? [*He starts back alarmed.*]

Nic. I shall provide suitable apartments.

Dic. [*Aside.*] E'es; on the ground floor, I suppose.

Nic. But we will settle these things hereafter; I have business to-night. I expect a messenger, every moment, from the sexton and undertaker.

Ald. Lord ha' mercy on us! I wouldn't intrude, for the world!—No doubt, another ghost, like himself. Come along, Dickory.

Dic. Wi' all my heart. I don't want bidding twice!

[*Exeunt Dickory and Aldwinkle, they conceal themselves, and peep out.*]

Nic. That's a very strange old fellow: in fact, they seem a very strange family, altogether—a little touched, I think. Where can Paul be? I desired him to meet me here, let it be ever so late.—Eh, I am blaming him without cause; he is true to his appointment!

Enter PAUL, in a mourning cloak, hatband, etc.

I was just wishing for you, Paul.

Paul. I couldn't possibly be here before, sir: to settle every thing, I've flown like lightning, as it is.

Ald. [*Aside to Dickory, peeping out.*] Who can this terrible-looking figure be, all in black?

Dic. [*Aside to Aldwinkle, peeping out.*] Depend upon it, squire, as Mr. Nicodemus be young Nick, that this be Old Nick.

Nic. [*To Paul.*] Have you settled with the sexton, about the grave?

Paul. Make your mind easy, sir; I have got you as nice a grave as you can possibly desire; roomy, dry, and eight feet deep.

Ald. Curse him! I wish he was now in it. [*Aside.*]

Nic. That's comfortable.

Paul. I have brought you a specimen of the cloaks and hand-bands. See, a'n't they quite degagee?—just tho thing—Eh?

Nic. They cannot be better.

Paul. You shall have as handsome a funeral as your heart can wish for. The landlord, and his two waiters, have promised to be mourners over the bier—the mutes spoke to me last night about attending—and as for the pall-bearers, leave Paul alone for them; so, you see, there'll be nothing wanting.

Nic. Will the bells toll before and after, as I wished them?

Paul. Your own ears shall convince you, sir, that they have not been forgotten.

Nic. Good, good, good!

Paul. I have settled for the funeral to take place to-morrow; you'll be quite ready then?

Nic. Yes, I shall keep myself on purpose.

Paul. It can be put off, if you wish it.

Nic. By no means! the sooner the better. When once the burial has taken place, I shall be at rest; I shan't have a quiet night, till then.

Paul. You will, of course, move the first in the procession; it couldn't take place without you; and you'll like a ride.

Ald. [*Aside.*] The devil take such rides, say I!

Nic. But, the epitaph—you've forgotten the epitaph.

Paul. No, I haven't, sir; I've written one for you myself—but you shall hear. [*Reads.*]

“Here, taken one day by surprise,
Mister Nicodemus lies.
Had he a little longer tarried,
To Miss Aldwinkle he'd been married,
But Death, to spare a late repentance,
Cried ‘Come Nick, come,’ so straight he went hence,
And now awaits his final sentence.”

There, how d'ye like it?—you must admire the final sentence, if you don't any other part of it.

Nic. The matter is better than the manner, but it will do: let me have it neatly engraved.

Paul. Set your mind at ease, it shall be done by one of the first lapidaries we have.

Nic. But you must need refreshment. Come this way, and I will get a bone to pick. I will now go and continue my researches in the Domestic History of Vampires, that I may be completely *au fait* to my task, and not prove myself a novice; and, by the time I've married old Aldwinkle's daughter, I shall be able to put my theory in practice. Come, Paul, come.

[*Exeunt* PAUL and NICODEMUS. ALDWINKLE and DICKORY *come forward.*]

Dic. Dang me, if this bain't the first time I ever heard of a dead man been asked when he liked to be buried.

Ald. I am perfectly perforated, in every part, with horror—going to marry my daughter to a Vampire—ah! no doubt, to practise on her. But, thank heaven! he'll be buried to-morrow. Dickory, go you, the first thing to-morrow, and see him box'd up; and d'ye hear, bribe the sexton to dig his grave a foot or two deeper, and put one of the heaviest and largest stones he can get upon it.

Dic. I will, sir; any thing to keep him down, and prevent his coming up.

Ald. And, in the mean time, we'll go and hide ourselves, till daybreak, in the cellar. When ghosts are abroad, the only safe place is under ground.

Dic. You be right, squire—and if he do dare to come there, dang me if we don't lay un in the Red Sea o' one o' your pipes o' port. [*Exeunt Aldwinkle and Dickory.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in Aldwinkle Hall.*

Enter GEORGIANA, LAVINIA, and VAUNTINGTON, *arm in arm.*

Lav. Why, my dear Georgiana, if I could be weak enough to bend my mind to superstition, I must own there are corroborating circumstances enough to prove the poor gentleman a ghost, even to the most skeptical. But the reign of the invisible world has passed away, with the ages of chivalry and ignorance; the establishment of Sunday schools, my dear, has signed the death-warrant of all ghosts, past, present, and to come: so you must excuse me, if I remain incredulous.

Geo. I am convinced Mr. Nicodemus is a ghost, a veritable ghost, and nothing but a ghost.

Vau. A ghost my rival?—then Othello's occupation's gone.

To run him through, will only be thrusting at the air—with such an antagonist as he, the best way will be to cut and run.

Enter NICODEMUS, unperceived by GEORGIANA, etc.

Nic. Eh! engaged in secret conversation. I'll not break in upon their privacy. *[Aside.]*

Vau. If we can but once get this Mr. Nicodemus under ground, we'll manage to keep him there, if we heap a mountain upon him. I'll teach him how to rival me, a marrowless rascal!

Nic. What's that they are saying about burying me under a mountain? I must hear farther. *[Aside.]*

Geo. If he does force me to marry him, you must come at night, captain, and knock him on the head.

Vau. Ay, fumigate him.

Nic. Knock me on the head, and fumigate me? here's atrocity! *[Aside.]*

Geo. Or get him between two feather beds, and smother him.

Nic. Here's a she-devil.—What an escape! *[Aside.]*

Geo. Any thing, to get rid of the monster.

Nic. A very affectionate wife, upon my honor.

Vau. I'm getting strangely valiant. I only wish I could face this wandering gentleman now—I'd teach him how to rest at night, and *[Nicodemus coming forward.]*

Geo. Ah! *[Screams—rushes out.]*

Vau. Oh! the devil! Take care. *[Exit hastily.]*

Lav. Shall I follow their example?—No, why should I?—I never was afraid of a man yet, and I'm sure I won't be of the ghost of one. *[Aside.]* "Angels and ministers of grace defend me!—Art thou a spirit of health, or——"

Nic. I fear I have alarmed you, madam.—'Twas unintentionally; I trust my interruption is not *material*.

Lav. No, sir. 'Tis *immaterial*—if I'm to believe what I'm told.—Do you bring any news from the other world, pray?

Nic. From the other world! She means the new world, I suppose. *[Aside.]* I know of no other news, madam, than that the glorious cause of liberty is making rapid way there.

Lav. Hum!—that accounts for his being at liberty here— *[Aside.]*

Nic. If I may trust the promise of those eyes, they own a nature kinder than your cousin. Were my fate linked to

thine, methinks you would not nurse that fierce exterminating spirit to which I was unwillingly and invisibly obliged to bear witness, ere while, in Miss Aldwinkle.

Lav. I certainly should not wish to disturb your existence, so long as you remained harmless.

Nic. My researches, madam, among beings of another world, necessarily keep me secluded from this, during the day: but at night, I invariable revisit and mingle with society. Could I but meet with a congenial spirit in wedlock, who would take a part in my supernatural studies, it might wonderfully change my nature and habits. Such a spirit, I would fain hope, I have found in you, lovely girl— [Kisses her hand.

Lav. A very gallant ghost, upon my honor.

Nic. But I must tear myself away, or I shall be too late for the funeral.

Lav. Bless me! here's a sudden change—this is from gay to grave, with a witness to it.

Nic. Farewell, I regret I am obliged to leave you—a fatal necessity.—Heigho, farewell! [Exit Nicodemus.

Lav. How extraordinary! If he is a ghost, I don't see any difference between ghosts and men, for my part. He looks like a man, and, i'faith, kisses like one too. Really, if he should ask me to marry him, I don't know what I should say to it. I suppose, he won't insist upon my being a ghostess.—No, no, if he marries me, he'll like me to be a woman—and faith, a woman he shall find me. [Exit Lavinia.

SCENE III.—*Refectory of Aldwinkle Hall.*

Enter ALDWINKLE and VAUNTINGTON.

Ald. I have said it, captain. If your valor gives you stoutness of stomach sufficient to enable you to sit up in the haunted room, all night, to-night—that is, in my bedroom, and lay this ghost if he should come, you have full permission to marry my daughter.

Vau. It's a bargain, squire; for my dear Georgiana's sake, I've spirit enough to face ten thousand ghosts.

Ald. You shall have a bottle of brandy, a pair of pistols, Friar Bacon, and Doctor Faustus; so you cannot fail.

Vau. I only want a good heart, sir, and that I've got already.

Ald. I can tell you one thing in your favor. He was to be buried to-day: so I don't think he'll trouble us any more

—I've sent Dickory to see, and expect him back every moment; but away with you to your post—it's past eleven already, and you mustn't let the ghost come and catch you unprepared.

Vau. Oh, never fear, squire. "Omnia vincit amor."

[*Exit Vauntington.*]

Dic. [*Without.*] Tol de dol, de dol, lol.

Ald. That's Dickory's voice.

Enter DICKORY, dancing and singing.

Well Dickory?

Dic. It be all over, squire.—He be earth'd down, safe enough now, sur. I didn't come away till I'd seen sexton fill up every crack there were—he'll be cunning, to get out this time.

Ald. Bravo! I'm so rejoiced that—Tell Thomas to bring in the great bowl of punch I ordered him to get ready; and, d'ye hear, bid him put a pint of brandy additional into it. We shall be sure to lack spirits, now we've got rid of the ghosts.—'Fore heaven, we'll have a night on't, Dickory.

Dic. Here be Thomas, squire; and the punch too.—Tol de dol, de dol lol.

Enter SERVANT, with punch.

Ald. Put it down, Thomas; put it down. [*Servant puts down the punch and retires.*] Now, Dickory, fill up your glass—[*Fills*—and our first toast shall be, Peace to Mr. Nicodemus's manes. [*Drinks.*]

Dic. Wi' all my heart [*Fills.*] Here be peace to Mr. Nicodemus's remainders. [*Drinks.*]

Ald. Fill up again, Dickory [*Fills.*] And now I'll give you—

Enter NICODEMUS, behind.

Confusion to all midnight intruders! [*Drinks.*]

Nic. [*Unobserved.*] Zounds! do they mean to insult me?

Dic. [*Filling.*] Confusion to all midnight excluders!—

[*Drinks.*]

Ald. Come, here's wishing the surgeons mayn't get hold of him—

[*Going to fill.*]

Nic. [*Coming between them.*] Sir!

[*Strikes his stick on the table. Dickory and Aldwin-
kle run off hastily.*]

Nic. Zounds! one would think I was a spectre: wherever

I go, I frighten every body away. Surely, it can't be this suit of black;—no matter, the melancholy ceremony over, I have now time to return to the soft duties of love and my grand work on Vampires. I am somewhat fatigued by my day's exertions, and shall retire to my room without disturbing the family. Thanks to Paul's assistance, every thing went off admirably well. My poor cousin must have been highly gratified, in being buried so tastefully and comfortably.—Heigho!

[*Exit Nicodemus.*]

SCENE IV.—*Bedroom in Aldwinkle Hall. Fireplace, tables, chairs, etc.*

VAUNTINGTON *discovered sitting at a table. Brandy, pistols, candles, books, etc., before him.*

Vaunt. [*Looking at his watch.*] 'Tis very near twelve. I don't half like this job. I must take a little more brandy. [*Drinks.*] It would be no use firing at him; he'd no more mind having the contents of a pistol in his body, than if they were only so many force-meat balls; I must take another bumper. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis the only thing I have to support me—what an awful silence! I wish I could break it, somehow—I'll sing—Tol lol de—No, I'm in no humor for singing: suppose I try and whistle. [*Whistles.*] No, whistling's ominous—and, besides, my throat's so dry that—I must take a little more brandy. [*Drinks.*] I can't be wrong—it's a spiritual service, and more fit for the chaplain of our regiment than me. I've a great mind to sound a retreat—but then, Georgiana and her fortune—I can't afford to lose her fortune, so—I'll take another glass of brandy [*Drinks.*] Then—yaw aw! I feel growing amazingly sleepy, so—I'll just finish the bottle [*Drinks.*]—and, yaw aw!—defy the devil and—yaw aw!—

[*Sleeps.*]

Enter NICODEMUS, walks up to the table.

Nic. Hey day! a stranger in my room! and—Eh, pistols! and—what's here?—a bottle—brandy—a Vulgate. What shall I do? Poor gentleman, he has mistaken the way; I'd better wake him and set him right. Sir! sir! —[*Tries to wake Vauntington.*] Zounds, how fast he is. Ulloa! what's your name?—Mister! I'll bawl no more—what shall I do? I have it—I'll try if the report of one of these pistols will wake him.

[*Fires one of the pistols—Vauntington starts up in terror—sees Nicodemus.*]

Vaunt. The ghost himself, I am lost !

[*Exit hastily.*]

Nic. Stop sir—Mister—Ulloa—he's off—very odd—what did he mean by a ghost ? I must seek Mr. Aldwinkle, and obtain an explanation of these mysteries. Oh, that they would let me have a little rest !—Heigho ! [Exit *Nicodemus.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Apartment in Aldwinkle Hall.*

Enter ALDWINKLE and DICKORY.

Ald. Dickory ! Dickory ! they are at it, ding dong ; I heard the pistols go off just this moment.

Dic. Hey, dang it, here he be again !

Ald. Who ? The ghost ?

Dic. Na, only the captain.

Enter VAUNTINGTON.

Ald. Well, my dear boy, how have you got on ?

Enter GEORGIANA and LAVINIA.

Geo. Ah ! how have you got on ? I'm dying to know.

Vaunt. What the deuce shall I say ? If I confess my defeat, I lose my Georgiana, I must brazen it out. [*Aside.*]—Oh, I've had desperate work—we've been at it tooth and nail, for the last half hour ; but I think the business is settled now. Firing was of no use : one might as well have shot at the air, for all the wounds it created ; so I had at him with the Latin, Friar Bacon, Doctor Faustus, and Agrippa.

Dic. Ay, he be a gripper, indeed.

Ald. That's right. I could have laid him myself, if I had but understood Latin.

Vaunt. I fumigated him, exorcised him.

Dic. Dang me, but I should ha' liked to ha seen un done his exercise.

Ald. Be quiet, Dickory, scoundrel !

Vaunt. And, at length, I pressed him so hard, that he took himself off through the key-hole in a clap of thunder, and I dare say will never show his face here again.

Dic. Na, not till the next time.

Ald. My dear, dear boy, you shall marry Georgiana directly. I suppose the foolish phantom thought he had children to deal with.

Enter NICODEMUS.

Nic. Mr. Aldwinkle, what is the reason, sir—

[*The women scream—all exeunt hastily, in great terror.*]

Nic. This is more and more extraordinary. Surely, I must have been metamorphosed, unknown to myself; transmogrified into some monster, or—But I have more important things to occupy my mind. [*Aldwinkle, Lavinia, etc. appear listening.*] The great and conclusive truth, at which I have arrived in my grand work, renders my mind sufficiently disengaged to think of love. There is no doubt that Vampires seek an union with mortal beings expressly to prolong their existence on this earth. I shall instantly, therefore, seek the fair Aldwinkle, and achieve our marriage. After what I have endured, meanwhile, a walk in the soft moonlight will revive me. [*Exit Nicodemus.*]

Enter ALDWINKLE, GEORGIANA, LAVINIA, VAUNTINGTON,
and DICKORY, *creeping in.*

Lav. There, sir; you hear what he said. He is a Vampire, and merely seeks an union with my cousin, to prolong his existence.

Geo. Oh, I'm sure I'll never marry a Vampire, Pa! He'd eat me up.

Dic. Ay, kill you wi' kindness.

Lav. You see, he's gone into the garden, to bring himself to life again, in the moonbeams, from the wounds of the captain.

Vau. Why, I did kill him half a dozen times, certainly.

Dic. Dang it! I didn't know the moon were a doctor, afore—they be all mad. [*Aside.*]

Ald. What a persecuted old man I am—What's to be done?—how can we get rid of him?

Lav. Listen to me, sir—Guarantee that the captain shall have my cousin, and settle a small fortune on me, and I undertake to keep Mr. Nicodemus from ever troubling you at night again; I'll make him rest, I'll warrant him.

Ald. Do that, and I'll make your fortune equal to my daughter's.

Lav. I pledge my life on the result; join me a few minutes hence, in the garden, and let the performance of your promise follow that of mine. [*Exit Lavinia.*]

Ald. An odd wench, i' faith—I shouldn't at all wonder if the jade was to keep her word. Let us walk slowly on, for I long to ascertain the truth. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VI.—*Garden of Aldwinkle Hall, by moonlight.*NICODEMUS, *alone.*

Nic. Can it be possible, that the moon, beaming such cool pure lustre, can entrance men's minds to madness?—She bathes me in her filmy light, like dew, refreshing and allaying—melting me into softness, and attuning each sterner chord of the heart to love and harmony—Heigho! [*Enter Lavinia.* By heavens! responsive to my feelings, comes this angelic girl, to captivate and charm!

Lav. My good sir, if you have no particular wish to be knock'd o'the head for an evil spirit, you will give over these nightly wanderings; hit upon some decisive method of proving yourself an *ipso facto* man, and rest quietly in your bed at night.

Nic. How admirably she will assist me in my learned labors!

Lav. I fear, I am more likely to disturb his learned labors, than to assist him in them. [*Aside.*

Nic. An evil spirit—nightly wanderings—knock me o'the head! A light begins to break in upon me. Fair creature, how better can I prove myself a man, than by uniting my life's fate with thine? Thus on my knees. . . . [*Kneels.*

Enter ALDWINKLE, GEORGIANA, VAUNTINGTON, and
DICKORY.

Ald. He's laid, at last—see, he's on his knees, begging for mercy.

Lav. Rise, sir; I know all you are going to say—and, as I've no very particular objection, there's my hand.

Nic. Upon my word—a very sensible girl—she saves one a world of trouble.

Lav. And now, sir, [*To Aldwinkle.*] I claim the performance of your promise. To rid your house of the nightly visits of this terrible being, and to make him rest quietly, as other Christians do, I have heroically resolved to sacrifice myself, and marry him.

Ald. What! marry a ghost—a vampire—a spirit?

Nic. I see it all. Here has been a grand mistake; you have confounded me with my cousin.

Ald. Well! it seems we've all been cozened and confounded too—however, I'm heartily glad things have turned out as they have; but you, Dickory, how came you to take it into your head this gentleman was a ghost?

Dic. Why, sir, if he warn't a ghost, he was a spirit: and spirits very often get into my head.

XCIV.—THE NERVOUS MAN AND THE MAN OF NERVE.

BY W. E. BERNARD.

CHARACTERS:

MR. ASPEN, the Nervous Man.
 MCSHANE, a Man of Independence.
 VIVIAN, a Country Gentleman.
 CAPT. BURNISH.
 LORD LOUNGE.
 MERTON, Aspen's Rival.
 BROWN, his Clerk.
 BIGGS, his servant.

TOPKNOT.
 MCNAB.
 LADY LEECH.
 EMILY VIVIAN.
 MRS. CLACKETT, Landlady.
 BETTY.
 MARY.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Apartment in Aspen's House in London. Door opening to a bed-room window. Table laid for breakfast.*

BETTY sweeping the room, and Biggs arranging the table.

Biggs. Well, Betty, I have made up my mind to look out for another place. This will be my last one, if I keep it another week.

Bet. La, John! do you think you will better yourself?—Every master or missus has their humor.

Biggs. That I expects; but it's a hard thing when their humor makes every body melancholy. Did you ever live with a nervous man before?

Bet. No.

Biggs. Then I says this—that all people talk of a toad under a harrow, and fish in a frying pan, is quiet and comfort to it. Do all we can, nothing will please him! He won't believe in such a thing as accident, because he says you and I and every body else is in a conspiracy to worry him.

Bet. But how do we know, John, what he has to worry him abroad?

Biggs. Well, I don't say I know who it is pulls the bell, I only know that we hears the clapper. And then such a trifling matter sets him off! A speck on the cloth will jog his nerves as much as the smashing of a bank: and then, what's worse than all, he's doubly nervous.

Bet. Doubly nervous!

Biggs. Yes; nervous strong, as well as nervous weak. Now I shouldn't mind living with a man who was so delicate,

that whenever he shook himself he wouldn't shake me; but you know, when master begins to tremble, he makes us all imitate him.

Aspen. [Without.] Biggs! Biggs!

Biggs. Eh! he's up! Run, Betty, for the urn. No—stop. Hush! don't run. Steal your steps, or he'll say you're robbing his rest. [*Betty goes out on tiptoe.*] Now let me see if the room's in order. Yes—well. What will be the first thing I shall catch it for this morning? I know—he'll abuse me for waking him so early.

Enter ASPEN, in his morning gown, with his watch in his hand.

Asp. Biggs!

Biggs. Sir!

Asp. Look at this watch—half-past ten! How dare you suffer me to waste my time in bed till half-past ten, on a Monday morning?

Biggs. You told me, sir, last night, not to disturb you, because you were not well.

Asp. Nonsense, sir! Did you ever hear of a man getting well by lying in bed on a Monday morning?

Biggs. Indeed, sir, it was not my fault—

Asp. Don't talk, sir—a nervous man can't bear talking.

Biggs. But if you'll hear a reason, sir—

Asp. Don't reason, sir—a nervous man can't bear reasoning. [*Sits at table.*] Where's the urn? [*Betty steals in with it, and placing it on the table, throws down a plate—Aspen starts.*] What's that?

Bet. An accident, sir—

Asp. An accident! One of *your* accidents—a subtle mode of irritation!

Bet. Lord, sir! I never thought—

Asp. Stuff! you think of nothing else. [*Exit Betty.*] You know my weakness of system, and you are all leagued to lay me in my grave! Here's a breakfast!—eggs? bullets! muffins? brickbats! lumps of sugar large enough to pave a street! More of your designs! Where's the paper?

Biggs. [*Handing a newspaper.*] Here, sir.

Asp. [*Dropping it.*] Damp!

Biggs. I held it to the fire half an hour, sir.

Asp. Give it to me. Papers are usually dry enough in November. [*Reads.*] "Bankrupts—Old Bailey—suicide—Hor-

rible Atrocity! The house of Mr. Crank, a wealthy manufacturer, near Leeds, was entered on the night of the 17th ult. by a gang of ruffians, who threw the unfortunate gentleman into a paddock which contained a bull, who immediately caught him on his horns, and threw him back into the window!" [*Throws down the paper.*] Here's news! Talk of the good of newspapers! What is their good? All that they do is to make people nervous. [*A double knock.*]

Biggs. The postman—

Asp. Biggs, I thought I told you, sir, to muffle that knocker? Do you know that every rap at that door goes to my heart? Are you aware of the weakness of my system?—

[*Shaking him violently.*]

Biggs. Yes, sir—

Asp. Do you wish me, then, to make your body the door and my hand that knocker?

Biggs. No, sir—but if I muffle the knocker people will think you are ill, and then you will have them coming here all day long.

Asp. Go to the door. Stop, sir! Come back, sir! More of your annoyances!

Biggs. What, sir?

Asp. [*Pointing to the ground.*] Look at that pin! [*Biggs picks up the pin and exits.*] Vivian is right—decidedly right. If I hope to continue my existence, I must leave London. My antipathy to London increases every day. Such a hot-bed for roguery! A lamentable fact—every one that lives in London must be a rogue—he can't help it—it's in the atmosphere! my shattered system is a melancholy evidence. Here I am, surrounded every day by a crowd of people, who come cringing and begging solely to swindle me—nothing else. They know the state of my nerves, and they presume on it. My weakness is their strength. If the fact required further confirmation—[*Biggs enters with a letter—Aspen opens it*]—here it is. Here's a rascal! a fellow—a plumber and glazier—lives somewhere in a dirty lane—I hire him to lead my house—very well—he leads my house, and my warehouse, which I did not order him to lead—sends in his bill—I won't pay him—tell him to take back his lead—no, will have my money—won't give it—then I sue—here, "Sir, unless my account is settled this morning, I shall take the remedy the law provides." There's a rogue!—[*Another knock.*] Biggs, I'll see no one; I'm out—I'm dead.

Enter VIVIAN.

Viv. Indeed, Aspen; then I must be content to take leave of your remains.

Asp. My dear Bob, pray, excuse me—I had no idea it was you—on the contrary, glad to see you.

Viv. Well, Aspen, I leave town this afternoon.

Asp. Envious fellow!

Viv. Never did I truly appreciate the blessings of a country life, till this last trip to London.

Asp. Don't make me miserable!

Viv. Why make yourself so?

Asp. How do I?

Viv. To reject my daily advice—

Asp. To give up business?

Viv. Yes.

Asp. How can I?

Viv. Are you a rich man, or a poor one?

Asp. That's not the point; if I go into the country, Emily must consent to make me happy—and if she does, your house mayn't be large enough.

Viv. That difficulty I can obviate. You know the Harwood estate, adjoining mine?—I took you over it last summer.

Asp. I remember!

Viv. It struck you at the time as a very inviting residence.

Asp. It did.

Viv. By a paper of to-day, it appears that the owner has died abroad, and that it is to be disposed of by private contract. [*Gives him a paper, and points out a paragraph.*

Asp. Bob!

Viv. Well!

Asp. I'll buy it.

Viv. You will?

Asp. And leave London.

Viv. You are resolved?

Asp. Poz! Biggs, my hat and coat.

[*Biggs enters with them.*

Viv. Now then, you'll cease to suffer.

Asp. And begin to exist! The country!—what paradisiacal ideas the word suggests—quiet, ease, seclusion, slumber!

Viv. I only regret you have delayed their enjoyment so long.

Asp. And yet, Bob—[*Shaking his head.*]

Viv. Do you waver?

Asp. I confess, I want something to rouse my energies.
 [A loud knock.] That's sufficient. Biggs, mind I'm out.
 [Puts on his coat, &c.]

Biggs. Yes, sir.

[Exit.

Asp. I'll run with you to the agent's—buy this estate—put Brown, my clerk, at the helm of affairs—jump into a chaise, and bid adieu this very day to row and roguery. If I need a motive now to leave London—

McS. [Without.] Not at home? be asy—be asy.

Asp. There, I have it; that infernal Irishman—my greatest torment.

Viv. Who is he?

Asp. Don't know—can't tell himself—a fellow—a bird of prey I met at Margate; simply asked him one day how's the wind, and curse me if he didn't ask himself to dinner—stuck to me ever since—can't get rid of him—a genuine blister—always drawing.

Viv. But have you been decided with him?

Asp. Decidedly; told him one day to leave the house, and he said, if I'd walk with him to a shooting gallery, he'd undertake to hit a metal man in any part of the body I'd select.

Enter McSHANE.

McS. Ah, my dear friend, how are you? 'pon my conscience, I must do you a favor; I must give that man of yours a kicking, or some of these days I shall be making you nervous by taching him to spake the truth.

Asp. You allude to my order—

McS. Yes, yes! I know what you meant, by your order—you are out to every body but me.—Brickfasting! I'll swallow a morsel with you.

Asp. [To Vivian.] You hear? He has a mouth like a whirlpool!

McS. [To Aspen.] Whist! what are we at? Introduce me to your friend; I feel mighty awkward—

Asp. The first time then—[To Viv.] He wants to be introduced; once know him, and he'll be as good to you as a second skin.

Viv. Well, well: I have a little business to transact at the Bank, so I'll meet you at the agent's.

Asp. Very well.

[Retires up.

McS. [Aside.] Oho! I must be master of my own cere-

monies—[*Advancing to Vivian.*] Sir, as a friend of Mr. Aspen, give me the pleasure—

Viv. Sir! [*Bows formally, and goes out.*]

McS. My dear friend, I'm obliged to you.

Asp. What for?

McS. That's some blackguard acquaintance of yours, and you didn't want to disgrace me by knowing him.

Asp. Hem—

McS. Now we'll sit down—I want to talk to you.—[*They sit at table.*] Here, Biggs! Biggs! some more water, and a roll!

Enter BETTY.

Betty, some water, my darling; and instead of this bread, give me a little twist.

[*Betty goes out, and returns with bread, &c., then goes off.*]

Asp. Well, call for what you wish—I must leave you,

McS. Lave me! Poh! poh! Is that the way you draw a man to you? Sit down, I beg of you, and think of a pleasing anecdote.

Asp. But, my dear sir,—business is business.

McS. Oh, it's business, is it? Well, that's odd enough. I came here on the same errand; and as it's bad to have two ideas jostling in that small head of yours at once, you shall attend to me first, and then go about your own business as soon as you please.

Asp. But, Mr. McShane, my time's engaged. You must be aware that there are certain affairs—

McS. Oh! it's a certain affair that you're after, is it? Then I won't keep the dear cracher waiting. I'll walk with you.

Asp. [*Aside.*] No, you don't! If this fellow is a party to my purchase, I may as well stay in London.

McS. Ha, ha! what, you won't trust me?

Asp. [*Sitting down.*] I've changed my mind—I can spare you five minutes; so now be quick—what is it?—I'm a doomed man!

[*Aside.*]

McS. Now, then, to take the bull by the horns—which figuratively manes, to seize a man by the ears. You must know, my dear friend, there's a certain dirty remnant of humanity, a tailor at the *West end*, who took a mighty fancy to my body as a block for his coats. Well, I suffered the fellow

to make me half a dozen, and turned myself into a walking advertisement for his advantage. I wore them out in the best of company, and, would you believe it? this satire on our sex meant me to pay for them!

Asp. Well!

McS. But as I despised the imposition, I refused; and now the blood-thirsty villain intends to put me in prison!

Asp. [*Aside.*] Delightful! If he'd do but that, I'd buy the estate directly.

McS. So, when I heard the news, by my soul I was overjoyed.

Asp. The deuce you were! Why?

McS. Because, said I, now my narvous friend will have a chance of coming out with his gratitude; to show that after the dinners and the suppers I've ate for him—and that I mane to ato—he's not merely contint to say, sir—I'm obliged to you, but there's thirty pounds, my darling, for your tailor; and now, my hand's in—twenty more for trifles.

Asp. [*Aside.*] Here's roguery! No, no—the bailiffs must have him; that makes me secure!

McS. So, take your check-book, amiable weakness, and behave like a nobleman.

Asp. Hem! My dear sir, I am very sorry—but really the fact is, much as I esteem you—cash is so scarce just now, and bills are so heavy, that—

McS. You won't! Very well, there's an end of it; we'll take a walk, and drop in at the shooting gallery—you'll be surprised to see how I have improved lately. I'll fire at the metal man in any position you please, and pluck out a vital part with my eyes shut!

[*Makes signs of shooting, and winks at Aspen significantly.*]

Asp. So, a pretty situation! I must be either robbed or murdered.—[*A knock.*] Deliverance! Biggs, shew 'em in—I'm at home!

Enter CAPTAIN BURNISH.

Bur. Mr. Aspen—

Asp. Sir!

Bur. I have done myself the pleasure of calling on you, to present a draft of my esteemed friend, Caleb Culverin, for a hundred pounds [*Giving the bill to Aspen*], and, as I wish to leave town to-day, perhaps you'll not object?

Asp. How fortunate! Take a seat, sir; I'll step into my

counting-house, and return to you presently. Thank Heaven, here's an escape!—now for the agent's. [*Aside—Exit.*]

McS. A hundred pounds!—a valuable acquaintance. [*Draws his chair close to Burnish.*] Hem! perhaps, sir, you have the pleasure of recollecting me?

Bur. I can't say I have, sir.

McS. Then it's clear I have the advantage.

Bur. Decidedly!

McS. Well, that's well to begin with. Now, do you know, that though your name's on the tip of my tongue—it's not Smith?

Bur. No, sir.

McS. Nor Jones?

Bur. No, sir.

McS. I thought not. Well, you'll say it's odd enough, but I have the most distinct recollection of your face—one day, at Mousulapatam, when you and I got under a banyan tree, during a thunder storm!—oh, one of the most diabolical cataracts—

Bur. I beg pardon, I never was in the East Indies.

McS. Then it was the West?

Bur. Nor there!

McS. Then it was Brighton?

Bur. I've been at Brighton.

McS. Ah! to be sure you have. Now, I'll account for mistaking the Indies for Brighton; when I was in the east, I had the liver complaint—and when I was at Brighton, I was attacked in the kidneys; so you see they are not far apart.

Enter Brown, with a check.

Brown. Mr. Aspen's compliments, and here's a check, sir, for the amount; he trusts you'll excuse him, as business of an imperative nature has hurried him away.

McS. And when does he mane to hurry back again?

Brown. It's quite uncertain, sir.

McS. Did he lave no message?

Brown. None, sir.

[*Exit.*]

McS. [*Aside.*] The pitiful wire-drawn skinflint! I must dine with my friend here; that hundred pounds has a magnetic attraction, that—

Bur. [*Having put away the money,—takes his hat*] Good morning, sir.

McS. I'll walk with you, sir.

Bur. Really, sir, I should be very happy—

McS. Don't mention it. [*Taking his arm.*]

Bur. But I must be expeditious!

McS. So must I!

Bur. But, my direction's westward.

McS. And my direction's Piccadilly.

Bur. This is very odd! The fact is, sir—I'm going to the Downs!

McS. I've been there this six months.

Bur. And, as I have many calls to make—

McS. You require a friend's advice!

Bur. On the contrary; I beg to assure you—

McS. No apologies—

Bur. Apologies!—

McS. You are afraid you shall tire me;—not at all, my dear friend! The fact is, I have taken a liking to your physiognomy—and when I once take a liking to a man's physiognomy, the devil himself can't make me desert him.

[*Walks him off.*]

SCENE II.—*Apartment at Lady Leech's. Window at back.*

Enter LADY LEECH and LORD LOUNGE.

Lady L. Adrian!

Loun. Letitia!

Lady L. Do you see any signs of the captain?

Loun. [*Looking through the window.*] No!

Lady L. You say the chaise is ordered at eleven?

Loun. Yase!

Lady L. Thus ends our town campaign: a very dull one, my lord.

Loun. Vaary!

Lady L. Really, London is so changed within these few years, that any person of taste must abominate its name; the amateurs of fashion have all taken wing to the continent—and those who supply their places, are either too poor to be patronized, or too vulgar to be taught.

Loun. Yase!

Lady L. At such a crisis, one covets a hermitage; and though our little cottage in Wiltshire is rather small, my lord—

Loun. Raather!

Lady L. And our establishment too confined to admit of much splendor—

Loun. Yase!

Lady L. Still the luxury of escaping a contact with the parvenues, who deluge the watering places, is so great, that one must look at a straitened income in the light of a blessing—though that's difficult, my lord.

Loun. Vaary!

Lady L. Adrian!

Loun. Letitia!

Lady L. Have you had any conversation with the captain this morning?

Loun. No!

Lady L. You are not aware of a certain event—

Loun. What?

Lady L. He has wrung from me at last, my consent to make him happy.

Loun. Whale!

Lady L. I know very well he's much beneath our grade: poorly connected—wretchedly bred; but the man has a very good heart, and he has five hundred a-year.

Loun. Yase!

Lady L. So, as he's very willing to be taught, and will give me very little trouble, I thought it would be better to add his income to ours, than to send the poor fellow into a consumption.

Loun. True!

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Your chaise, my lady, is at the door.

Lady L. Captain Burnish is not yet returned?

Ser. This instant, madam, with another gentleman.

Lady L. Another gentleman! Be good enough to see our luggage put safely in the chaise. I'll speak to Mrs. Flashton down stairs.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter CAPTAIN BURNISH, followed by McSHANE.

Charles—Charles, you are behind your time!

Bur. Why, yes, my love—I believe I am; but the fact is—ahem! I have had something to detain me.

[*Looking at McShane.*]

McS. The lady—not very old, and not very ugly—that's the vulnerable quarter—ahem!

[*Bows to Lady L.*]

Lady L. Captain, who is this friend of yours?

Bur. My friend? why, really he is not a very old acquaintance, though he's a very warm one.

Lady L. What's his family?

Bur. His family!—oh, I believe his family is extensive. I think there's a good many of them about town. [*To McShane.*] Your family?

McS. The McShanes, madam—of County Clare!

Lady L. McShane! Any relative of Lady Kilblarney?

McS. Her cousin-german, madam, by the Scotch side.

Lady L. Are you acquainted with the Duchess D'Alpini, and Madame Cassino?

McS. Intimately well, madam; and it was in their charming society that I heard so many references to your ladyship's taste and manners; that though my friend told me you were on the point of leaving town, I couldn't deny myself the gratification of a personal conviction. [*Eyes Burnish.*]

Lady L. My lord, rather an engaging man.

Loun. Rather!

Lady L. And fashionable—

Loun. Vaary!

Lady L. Where did you spend your winter?—over the water?

McS. Yes, madam, over the water.

Lady L. Your property is there?

McS. Not exactly; most of my possessions lie in the Isle of Skye. I have one or two estates in *Ayrshire*, and another in my eye.

Bur. [*Aside.*] I don't much like this fellow! I tried to shake him off a dozen times, and he hinted something about a shooting gallery.

McS. And is it the melancholy fact, that we are going to lose you, madam?

Lady L. Why, really, the fatigues of the winter are so great, that a short seclusion at our cottage ornée, in Wiltshire, I find absolutely indispensable.

McS. Wiltshire! Is it Wiltshire you are going to? How very odd—that's my own destination!

Lady L. Indeed!

McS. And, though I've arranged to proceed in my own conveyance—still, if you could squeeze room for me in your chaise, madam, I should mightily prefer it.

Bur. Oh, this is too bad!—he's making love to Lady L.! I must expose him. Sir!—

McS. Sir!

Bur. You must be aware that your request is absurd. A post-chaise can't contain four people—

McS. Poh—poh! Six!

Bur. But how, sir?—how?

McS. Now isn't there the top and the bottom—inside and the out—and one horse that the postilion has no occasion for? Look here, sir—[*Going to the window—starts and exclaims aside.*] Oh, murder and turf! if there isn't those two thieves of bumbailiffs who have chased me about London for a week, standing coolly by the door, and waiting my appearance.

Lady L. [*With whom and Lord L., Burnish has been whispering.*] Is it possible!

Bur. Not a question of it.

Lady L. [*Observing McShane, who is looking out of the window.*] No doubt some common impostor! I told you, my lord, I thought his very appearance very—

Loun. Vaary!

Lady L. Well, the impudence of some people is surprising!

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. The chaise is ready, my lady!

Bur. Come, my love! [*Taking her hand.*

McS. You are not going, madam, to leave me—

Lady L. To the sympathy of your noble acquaintance! cousin-german to my Lady Kilblarney! Ha, ha, ha!

Bur. & Loun. Ha, ha, ha.

Lady L. Amusing, my lord—isn't it?

Loun. Vaary! [*They go out.*

McS. The grinning hyenas! How the devil am I to save myself from those merciless body-snatchers?—eh, pililoooh! isn't that a back staircase? Here, Tim, answer me for a shilling! Isn't that a staircase?

Ser. Yes, sir!

McS. Tell me for a half a crown! Does that staircase lead to a back yard?

Ser. Yes, sir!

McS. Another word for a sovereign! Does that yard reach to the next street?

Ser. Yes, sir!

McS. Pililoooh! I'm a whole man yet! There's a penny for you—I'll owe you the rest!

[*Throws him a copper, and runs off—Servant follows.*

SCENE III.—*Aspen's House, as in Scene I.**Enter ASPEN, hurriedly.*

Asp. It's done—it's arranged!—the Rubicon is passed! I have bought the estate—sent Vivian off to get the house in order, and made Brown, my clerk, my locum tenens in town. The country! Is it possible I shall ever ascend to such a seventh heaven in this world? The picture of my felicity is full before me: a winter's night—solitary house—snug room—bright fire—screen—sofa—Emily—charming! Biggs!

*BIGGS runs in.**Biggs.* Sir!

Asp. Fetch my black portmanteau; and put into it two shirts, and a pair of stockings! I'm going into the country—

Biggs. How, sir!—the country?

Asp. Yes—You needn't whimper!—I'm resolved! it's all your doing—yours and London's; this hot-bed of roguery!

Biggs. My doing, sir?—[*Coughs.*] Hugh! hugh!—my—hugh!

Asp. Silence, sir—don't cough to a nervous man!—a cough's irritating. Now make haste—[*Biggs goes.*] I have taken my place in the eleven o'clock coach; it will be here in five minutes—it passes the door, and has promised to take me up. Biggs!—[*Biggs returns.*] Have you seen any thing of that Irishman?

Biggs. No, sir!

Asp. That's lucky, the bailiffs have got him by this time, so there's one evil spirit in the Red Sea; and Biggs—

Biggs. [*Returning to the Wing.*] Sir!*Asp.* Seen any thing of that plumber?*Biggs.* No, sir!*[Exit.*

Asp. Then he too is disposed of. I'm delirious at the prospect—and Biggs, pack the box. I promised Brown I'd write letters to the agent at Lloyd's, to let him know my intention. Do it now—just got the time. [*Draws a table—writes and repeats.*] “Dear Thompson—having been ordered by my physician for a short time into the country, I sit down to inform you, that I am on the point of seizing”—[*Horn blows at a distance.*] The coach—Biggs!—trunk ready?

Biggs. [*Running in with it.*] No, sir!

Asp. No?

Biggs. I can't find your shirts, sir; they're all at the wash.

Asp. Here's a conspiracy! Where's Betty?

BETTY runs in.

Where's my linen, madam?

Betty. Don't you remember, sir, finding fault with their color, and sending them off to Barnes to be mangled?

Asp. It's a lie!—I never thought of such a thing! I see your design; you're afraid to lose me—it won't do—I'll go! I'll make any sacrifice!—I'll buy a dickey.

[Horn approaches and blows under the window.]

Guard. *[Without.]* Now, sir, if you please! Reading --Reading! Bath!

Asp. Strap it up and throw it in; give the man a shilling, and tell him to wait two minutes while I finish this letter.

Biggs. Yes, sir.

[Runs off with the trunk—a loud knocking.]

Asp. Hallo!—who's that?—not one of my leeches—it must be! *Biggs!*

Biggs. *[Re-entering.]* Sir!

Asp. Go to the warehouse door—say I'm out—dead—anything you please. I see the design: a conspiracy to keep one in London.—*[Biggs goes off.]* I'll write my letter in my bedroom—there I must be safe!

Guard. *[Outside.]* Come, sir—sir!

Asp. *[Speaking out of the window.]* Ready directly!

[Enters the bedroom.]

McSHANE runs in breathless.

McS. Don't jabber—don't, jabber; keep the door fast! Phew! a dead heat from Bond street to Cripplegate, and saved my shoulder by a neck—What a run!—Old Quiverer is not at home?—never mind, I'll wait till he is.

Guard. Now, sir, are you coming?

McS. Am I coming?—where?

Guard. We can't stop here all day.

McS. And who requires that favor?

Guard. Your trunk's up.

McS. My trunk's up;—then you don't want my body?

Guard. Jump in, sir, or we must go without you.

McS. That would be ungentlemanly; go without me?

Ahem! I say, my friend, do you mean to tell me that you have got room for me in that coach?

Guard. Arn't you booked?

McS. Booked! I believe I am—though 'pon my soul I had forgot it. Let me remember—eh?—what! Phililoo! I see it all—some ministering angel has been taking pity on the dirtiness of my ways [*Looking at his legs*] and provided me with the means of moving respectably! Hollo, there! I say, my friend, did my man, when he took my place, remember to pay for it?

Guard. To be sure—it's all right, sir.

McS. Oh, it's all right, is it: very well, then, here goes.

[*Jumps out of the window.*]

ASPEN comes from his room with a letter.

Asp. Now it's all over! Coachman, coming directly! Biggs, take this letter to Lloyds!

[*Trampling and scuffling outside.*]

Biggs. But you sha'n't come in; there's no one here.

Bailiff. But we will come in—we know he's here.

Asp. Ah! here's a mob coming—perhaps the plumber! A conspiracy to keep me here—see the design! I'll disappoint it.—[*Buttons up his coat.*] I'll bolt in time! Coach! [*Runs to the window.*] Gone!—here—hollo!—stop!—come back!

[*Leaning out of the window, shouting—Bailiffs run in from the opposite side, followed by Biggs—seize Aspen, and drag him forward.*]

Bailiff. Here he is, Bill! Ay—ay, my flower—we've nabbed you, have we?

2d Bailiff. What!

[*Recognizing him.*]

Asp. I'm a lost man!

[*Throws himself into a chair—Bailiffs retreat, staring at him—Brown and Betty enter, and the Curtain falls.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Public Parlor in a Country Inn. Bells ringing.*

Enter MRS. CLACKET.

Mrs. C. Coming! coming! Well, as I says to our John, says I—an innkeeper's like a skittle ball—coming and going

all day. Last night there was only one customer by the London coach, and three by a poshay. Well, I suppose times will mend!

Enter VIVIAN.

Viv. Good morning, Mrs. Clacket. You had an arrival by the coach last night?

Mrs. C. Ees—sir.

Viv. A shy, reserved sort of person—

Mrs. C. Ees—he seemed rather shy.

Viv. Is he up?

Mrs. C. I don't think he be, zur—he han't rung his bell.

Viv. No doubt, fatigued with his ride—I won't disturb him. Mrs. Clacket, I have something to confide to you—but you must be sure to keep it secret.

Mrs. C. Oh, don't'ee fear, sir.

Viv. You must know, then, that this is a friend of mine, who has purchased the Harewood estate, and intends to enter on its immediate possession.

Mrs. C. He do! Here, John! John!

Viv. Good heavens, madam! is this your secrecy?

Mrs. C. It be such joyful news, sir.

Viv. Nevertheless, it's not to be published. My poor friend is what they term a nervous man. He's exceedingly irritable and touchy. You must be particular in paying him every attention, and suffering nothing to annoy him.

Mrs. C. Don't'ee fear, sir.

Viv. As soon as he comes out of his room, be good enough to say that every thing is ready to receive him at the Manor House, and that I shall be back in less than half an hour to accompany him thither. Good morning, Mrs. Clacket. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. C. Well, come what may of it, I must tell our John.

McSHANE enters

McS. I feel mighty confused this morning! I had a pleasant ride yesterday, a very dacent supper, and a comfortable night's rest—that's all profit! I get up to-day, seventy miles from London, and not a sixpence in my pocket to pay for brikfast—that's quite a big balance on the other side! Now, if instead of taking my amusement I had quietly gone to prison, and my narvous friend would have come down with some money, it's very clear that my ruin would have

been highly advantageous. By the powers! if I expect to get into comfortable circumstances, I ought to go back to town and be ruined immediately. But then there's this brikfast! how will I manage that? One thing in this house is in my favor—the landlord's a *woman*! I'll adopt one of our national superstitions—I'll come the evil eye over her. Here, house! house!

Enter MRS. CLACKET.

Mrs. C. Here I be, sir. I hope thee rested well last night, sir!

McS. Like a duck in a gutter!

Mrs. C. And I humbly trust thee hast had nothing this morning to disturb thee?

McS. A trifle [*Rubbing his stomach*], but it was beneath my notice.

Mrs. C. La, deary me, how sorry I am. What can I do, sir? can I make any amends? can I bring any thing?

[*Very earnestly.*]

McS. What an extraordinary woman!

Mrs. C. If it should cost me a journey to Lunnon, I don't mind, sir.

McS. What a divine cracher! Then, perhaps, you are aware, madam, that one of the dirty things that are indispensable in a state of sublunary existence, is called brikfast—

Mrs. C. Deary me! why didn't thee ring, sir? It was all ready—fresh eggs and butter—every thing of the best—[*Runs out and brings a tray, with which she spreads a table.*] I would not suffer any one to bring it but myself.

McS. By my soul, my eyes have done it!—[*Sits down and pours out.*] An't I dreaming, now? isn't all this eggs and butter conjuration? mist and vapor?

Mrs. C. Ahem! I hope it be to your taste, sir. That bread's very light. Perhaps thee be troubled with indigestion?

McS. No, my darling—I am troubled with digestion.

Mrs. C. Muster Vivian ha' been here, sir—

McS. Mr. Vivian!

Mrs. C. And he told I to be sure keep your coming quite a secret.

McS. That was kind of him!

Mrs. C. And to tell you, sir, that they be all ready to receive thee at the house.

McS. The house!—[*Aside.*] Does she mane the House of Correction?

Mrs. C. Ees—the house you have bought; you'll be money in pocket, sir, by buying Harewood.

McS. Money in pocket!—well, that will be a novelty at any rate!—[*Rising and leading her forward.*] Come here, my darling. What's this you're talking about! Do you mane to say that I have been buying a house in this quarter?

Mrs. C. To be sure 'ee have, sir—and the first house in the county.

McS. And are you at all aware, my darling, whother I have happened to pay for it?

Mrs. C. I'll be bound 'ee have, sir, enough money to—

McS. And do you think if I was to go there I should be likely to get in?

Mrs. C. Why, sir, old Jacob, the steward, be eager to see thee. Ah, sir! I hope you'll lead a merrier life than its last master!

McS. Merrier! I'll have such doings as never were known since the time of the usurper, my predecessor! I'll make the joints of the old house creak again! Stop,—I'm dreaming now. Well, if I am, don't let me wake up till the middle of next week. I'll go to this same house, and you shall come and see me, Mrs. Clacket—and we'll have fine fun together! Pilliloo! tell some one to show me the way to the estate—I'm in a hurry to take possession; and when I'm at my ease, come and see me, Mrs. Clacket.

[*Exit Mrs. C. and McS.*]

[*Cracking of a whip heard without.*]

Post Boy. Yo ho! yard here! move about, will you?

WAITER runs in.

Waiter. A chay from Lunnun—travelled all night, I think. One gentleman—how ill he looks!—wants breakfast—where's missus?

[*Runs off.*]

ASPEN enters, in a cloak, with his head muffled up—he is shown in by a Waiter, and followed by a Post Boy.

Waiter. What will you take, sir?

Asp. A chair.

[*Sinking into one.*]

Waiter. Breakfast, I suppose, sir. We have every thing in the house—cold fowl—ham—tongue—

Asp. Oh! don't bother me. Leave me alone.

[*Waiter goes out.*]

Post Boy. The Post Boy, your honor.

Asp. "There's a crown for you. You have driven me at a speed commensurate with my wishes: and I can't say I ever paid a gratuity with such thorough satisfaction."—[*Exit Post Boy.*] Am I at last in the country? Dream of my early youth—hope of my latter days—the quiet, simple, thinly populated, honest country! There was a design to detain me, but I was not to be subdued. I jumped into a chaise at one in the morning, and here I am!—[*Throwing off his cloak and handkerchief.*] From this day I begin to live—or rather I return to childhood. I place myself on a level with the principles and sympathies of those about me—Myers Gee Aspen, five years of age.—[*Enter Waiter.*] Oh, the waiter! Are you a native of the country—never been in London?

Waiter. No, sir.

Asp. [*Shakes his head.*] Fortunate fellow!

Waiter. Did you say, sir, you declined breakfast?

Asp. No, my friend—a country breakfast; simple, plain, and pure. I have no doubt your cows in this quarter treat you fairly with the milk, and your laying hens display some principle.

Waiter. It shall be ready directly, sir. [*Goes off.*]

Asp. [*Looking off.*] Bless my soul, what a very charming prospect! How my eyes have been sealed to the beauties of nature! A milk-maid, and a goat frisking by her side. And there's a cow pensively ruminating—and a lamb innocently nibbling—and a duck enjoying a warm bath in a gutter. What a barbarian I have been that I have never looked at greens and lambkins hitherto, but I have wished them upon table!

Re-enter WAITER, with breakfast.

Waiter. Missus will wait upon you directly, sir.

Asp. Now, how unlike London! This simple fellow partakes in the universal spirit of peace and purity, and the landlady, I'll be bound, is as innocent as new milk.

Enter MRS. CLACKET.

Mrs. C. Good day to 'ee, sir.

Asp. Are you the landlady?—native of the country?—never been in London?

Mrs. C. La, no, sir—never once.

Asp. [*Shaking her hand.*] Envidable woman!

Mrs. C. You have had a nice day for travelling—country looks pleasant, sir.

Asp. Charming, madam—charming! I put my head out of the chaise continually; and the green fields, the blue sky, and, above all, the soothing, healing, universal stillness, thrilled me.

Mrs. C. I suppose, sir, you be a doctor, or a writer?

Asp. A writer! Can't a man praise heaven and earth but in the way of trade?

Mrs. C. Will 'ee look at the county paper, sir?

Asp. Oh! an honest paper, no doubt. Wholesome instruction mixed with pure amusement. Any news?

Mrs. C. Ees, sir. Here be summut about the new owner at Harewood.

Asp. What!

Mrs. C. The Lunnun gentleman—

Asp. Why, Vivian has blabbed! Read, madam, if you please.

Mrs. C. Ahem! [*Reads.*] "Harewood Hall. We understand that this truly noble residence has at length passed into the hands of a gentleman who occupies a distinguished station in the mercantile interests of London. He is a person of a lively and ingenious spirit"—

Asp. Eh?

Mrs. C. [*Reads.*] "About five and thirty years of age."

Asp. Ha, ha! A fib! I'm fifty.

Mrs. C. [*Reads.*] "Is very fond of society, and intends giving a series of entertainments unprecedented for their splendor or their taste."

Asp. [*Jumping up.*] Confounded lie!

Mrs. C. What, do you know better than the Wiltshire Gazette? Why, bless your heart, this paper be taken in by the whole county! besides, the gentleman himself must know, and he has told me as much as this with his own lips.

Asp. What, I?

Mrs. C. No—the gentleman.

Asp. My good woman, what are you talking about?

Mrs. C. Why, I say simply this, sir—that the new owner of Harewood, who came down from Lunnun, by last night's coach, and who went up to the Manor House half an hour ago—*[Aspen falls back in a chair.]*—bless my soul! be 'ee ill, sir?

Asp. Am I alive? No, no—this must be a hoax! Take care, madam, how you trifle with the feelings of a nervous man—it's actionable! Answer me one question: Do you know Mr. Vivian!

Mrs. C. Ees, sir.

Asp. Has he been here?

Mrs. C. Ees, sir.

Asp. He expected Mr. Aspen?

Mrs. C. Ees, sir.

Asp. Then, you fool, that gentleman—

Mrs. C. Be gone to the Manor House.

Asp. [*Sinking into a chair.*] This is very like London! A scoundrel of an editor, who never saw or heard of me, libels my character—*that's* like London! A rogue, who learns my intention, though I keep it a profound secret, and come here more like a thief than a gentleman, slips into my nest—*that's* like London! and Vivian, my best friend, the sole cause of my coming here, is kind enough to assist him—*very* like London!

Mrs. C. Muster Vivian will be back again soon, sir.

Asp. Will he? Is this a blunder? It looks like a conspiracy! This Mr. Aspen—I believe I know him—favor me with some description—

Mrs. C. Oh, sir, he be one of the merriest, happiest, heartiest, roaring, joking—

Asp. If that's me, country air has changed me with a vengeance!

Mrs. C. Ah, he be fit to have a noble house over his head, for he'll make a noble use of it.

Asp. Worthy soul! stop—did I buy this estate?

Mrs. C. He told I and my man John, that he'd have such times as were never known in the county. People should eat and drink, and come and go—

Asp. At that rate, if I had delayed a week, I would have been obliged to sell the estate to pay off encumbrances. I'll be after him! *Mrs. Thingumbob*, tell Vivian, when he comes, to follow me to the Manor House—say, I have gone there to meet—

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Missus, here be half a dozen gentry on horseback, who want to know when the new gentleman will be down.

[*Aspen runs off. Mrs. C. follows.*]

SCENE II.—*Saloon in the Manor House.**Enter* McSHANE, TOPKNOT, *and* MARY.

McS. Very well—very well. Every room is like yourselves—clane, nate, and agreeable. I'm perfectly satisfied. I beg to tell you, my honest friend, that I shall keep you in your situation! and if my little rosy-posy Mary here has no objection, I'll keep her too.

Top. I humbly thank your honor. Mary, courtesy to his honor.

[They go off.]

McS. 'Pon my conscience, though this is the age of reason, I begin to believe in magic! There was I, all day yesterday, running about London with only one coat to my back, and two bailiffs—not a hole to put my head in—every receptacle filled but my own pocket, when suddenly up starts a guardian angel, who takes me a place in the coach, brings me into the finest part of England, and claps me into a house fit for Sardanapalus! Upon my soul, I'm much obliged to this Mr. Vivian—I ought to ask him to dinner!

Enter TOPKNOT.

Top. Please you, zur, here be a member of Mr. Merton's family.

McS. Well, introduce the member.

Enter a FARMER, *with a letter.*

Farmer. Here be a note to you from young Mr. Merton, and I must have an answer before I leave the house.

[Sits down.]

McS. The member has taken his seat!—*[Reads.]* "To Myers Gee Aspen, Esq." Why, that's the name of my old London quiverer!—*[Opens it and reads.]* "Sir, notwithstanding the letter I addressed to you in London, informing you that Miss Vivian's affections had long been engaged to me, I see you have come into the country to complete her misery. As it is incumbent on you to lessen the number of your victims, you will oblige me by naming to the bearer when and where a friend may wait upon you. ALFRED MERTON." By the powers, poor Aspen has got into a scrape here! Here's another mystery, as dark as cinders. I must sift it. *[To the Farmer.]* Present my compliments to Mr. Merton, and say he will oblige me by stepping here. Jacob, pair off with the gentleman.—*[Topknot and the Farmer go out.]* Well, Corney

MacShane—proprietor of Harewood—I congratulate you! Never mind how you got here—here you are, my darling, and the devil take the consequences!—[*A loud knocking.*] Here's some company—I must give them a touch of the aristocracy.

Enter TOPKNOT with cards.

Top. Please, sir, here be Lord and Lady—

McS. What! it can't be my town friends? Ask them in. [*Topknot goes out.*] These same people cut me yesterday.—Now I'll punish them. I'll show them how I am affected by a turn of fortune.

Re-enter TOPKNOT, showing in BURNISH, LORD LOUNGE, and LADY LEECH.

Top. This be my master, sir.

[*Exit.*

McS. Ah, my dear friends! you've found me out already—this is kind of you.

Bur. and Lady L. Mr. McShane!

McS. I assure you, you are as welcome as the light of heaven.

Lady L. Captain, isn't this the most extraordinary circumstance?

Bur. Decidedly.

Lady L. My lord?

Lounge. Vaary!

Lady L. Really, Mr. McShane, we were so little prepared for the pleasure of this surprise, that we are at a loss for words. We had not the most distant idea, when we parted yesterday, that you were the proprietor of Harewood!

McS. To be sure not—how should you, my dear madam—when I didn't know it myself?

Lady L. But the gratification of discovering that you are our nearest neighbor—

McS. Your neighbor? Well, that's pleasant! Then we may as well throw our two houses into one. You'll dine with me to-day?

Lady L. Captain, decidedly this man is not the plebeian we took him for.

Bur. Decidedly.

Lady L. Dear sir, we shall be only too happy. But permit us, in the first place, to congratulate you on your purchase.

Bur. A splendid mansion!

McS. Oh, it's very well. It might have been better—but the fact is, I have a contented disposition.

Lady L. I think it is a perfect paradise.

McS. And if I think so, madam, 'tis because it is visited by an angelic being. [Bowling.

Lady L. My lord—a very agreeable fellow?

Lounge. Vaary!

Lady L. Well, of all things, I think a pleasant country house the very climax of comforts.

McS. [Aside.] When it belongs to other people!—So do I, madam—but in order to make it so, it is necessary we should always feel at home; so I beg of you to consider from this moment, that you have quite as much right here as myself. Now I'll show you over the house. First, we'll go to the terrace and have a view. Some of my views, madam, are very peculiar, and I hope that you'll think them pleasing. This way, my lord.

Lady L. *takes his arm, and the others follow him. A loud knocking without.*

Asp. [Without.] Stand aside!

Top. [Without.] Measter be engaged, sir.

Asp. [Without.] I am armed—

Top. [Without.] But sir—sir—

Asp. Rascal! [He runs in with a chair, with which he places himself in an attitude of defence, as Topknot follows him.] Now move an inch to molest me, and I'll apply this wood to yours, and see which is the hardest!

Top. What a strange gentleman! Why, sir, have you got an agy fit? You do tremble for all the world like—

Asp. [Sinking into the chair.] Very like London!

Top. Well, sir—shall I tell my measter?

Asp. Stop, sir—what sort of a chap is he?

Top. You'll find him a main civil gentleman—quite a taking way wi' him!

Asp. Go and bring him here instantly. [Topknot goes out.] Exactly like London! Never mind—I'm in! I've stormed the outworks, and now I'll sap the citadel. After this effort, I can accomplish any thing. This chair's a strong one—shall I batter him? stop—he may be a lawyer; then he'll make one action follow another. No—all great triumphs are achieved by coolness. I'll confront him quietly. He's coming—I hear his step! Now my nerves are braced—let me turn upon him like Caliph Vathek, and annihilate him with a look!

Enter McSHANE.

McS. Mr. Aspen!

Asp. [*Sinking back into the chair.*] I'm dead.

McS. What! So you couldn't help running after me?—Never mind—I'm delighted to see you. Consider yourself in your own house. You see I'm well off at last.

Asp. By what authority do I find you here?

McS. Poh, poh! never trouble your head where the meat comes from, so that you get a plate. It is quite enough for you to know that you were civil to me in town, and that now you're in the country I return the compliment.

Asp. Can you prove that this property is yours?

McS. Prove! By my soul, if every gentleman who has an estate in the country had to prove how he came by it, not a few would be puzzled!

Asp. Will you deny that I bought the Manor at Garraway's, and that my friend Vivian—

McS. What? and is it your bed that I've been warming all this while? I am glad of it! I congratulate you, my dear friend, for now I have no fear of turning out.

Asp. Mr. McShane, you are the bane of my existence—the grand cause of my leaving town—yet here I find you in my home—my refuge, sir! You have this day poured acid into my only cup of bliss—the country!

McS. Then undoubtedly I'm bound to make amends. I will stay with you a month. There's a lump of sugar for you!

Asp. It was you, sir, who wrote that paragraph in the paper, which will draw all the county through my doors!

McS. Don't you be afraid, for I have taken effectual care that no more of the county shall get in.

Asp. How!

McS. I've filled your house already!

Asp. What!

McS. I've invited a good dinner party of five and twenty as good judges of claret, as you'd wish to clap down to your mahogany!

Asp. Oh, my goodness! Sir, I demand that you turn these people out.

McS. After I have made them snug for the day? Poh, poh! do you consider me a savage?

Asp. Mr. McShane—

McS. Well, well—if you are going to quarrel with me, attend to your other friends first. Mr. Merton—

[*Gives the note.*]

Asp. Merton!

McS. I know him! We've practised together at the Shooting Gallery.

Asp. The devil!

McS. It all depends upon what he fires with: but if he pulls a hair trigger, you had better make your will. Now who is the bane of your existence—this man or I—who, when I got that note, took instant means to quiet the fellow?

Asp. You did!

McS. I did. In half an hour it may all be settled.

Asp. My dear friend—

McS. Ay, ay, ay,—hear the satyr—hot and cold in the same breath! After abusing me like a pickpocket. . . .

Asp. But consider my situation—think of my system!

McS. Whist! you've no system, or you'd be more regular. Never mind—I'll not retaliate—I'll stay with you a twelve month!

Asp. Then I know you'll do me another favor—you'll clear this house for me.

McS. That's not so easy. They all came in under my ministry—it's for my successor to turn them out.

Asp. But think how that would trouble me

McS. Then return me to office.

Asp. To carry this measure—

McS. Am I appointed?

Asp. I have but one objection—

McS. What's that?

Asp. It's so like London!

Enter TOPNOT and EMILY.

Top. Miss Vivian, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Asp. Emily!

Emi. My father is addressing an acquaintance at the door—we heard of your arrival, and were anxious not to appear remiss in offering you the earliest welcome.

McS. [*Aside.*] 'Pon my soul she's a finer woman than my lady! [*To Aspen.*] Introduce me.

Asp. [*Aside, to McS.*] I should be very happy, but she has prejudices. She don't like Irishmen.

McS. Pshaw!

Asp. [To Emily.] Dear Emily, if I consider my arrival in the country an epoch for my health, believe me it is chiefly because I meet here an object who has it so much in her power to contribute to my happiness. By your side my nerves recover their tone. I'm strong! I'm courageous—

Enter TOPKNOT.

Top. Mr. Merton, sir—

Emi. Merton!

McS. Show him in.

[Exit Top.]

Asp. [To McS.] Now, my friend—my only friend—your plan to quiet this fellow—

McS. Exactly. Observe my plan to quiet this fellow!

Enter MERTON—McShane, crosses to him.

Sir, have you addressed a letter to Mr. Aspen, in regard to this lady, in which you demand that he either resigns his claims with fortitude, or defends them with powder? In reply, I have to inform you, that upon due consideration Mr. Aspen chooses to resign his claims.

Mer. Is it possible!

McS. But he wishes to know if that will satisfy you.

Mer. Perfectly, sir.

McS. [Handing Emily to Merton, then turning to Aspen.] There, now—haven't I quieted the fellow?

Asp. Fury!

Mer. Dear Emily! do I then regain you by a means which appeared to raise the only hopeless barrier?

[Embraces her.]

Viv. [Entering.] What do I see?

McS. What? Why a picture of primeval felicity—youth and innocence embracing.

Viv. [To Merton.] How did you enter this house?

Mer. At Mr. Aspen's request—who, having this instant, in the most honorable manner, resigned his pretensions to your daughter—

Viv. Myers!

Asp. I'm choking!

McS. That gentleman accepts her, as a matter of course.

Viv. The causes that have led to this extraordinary conduct I cannot divine—but you might have been more explicit with an old friend elsewhere. As it is, this insult, both to my

daughter and myself, is too marked to permit our remaining in your house another instant. [*Goes out with Emily.*]

Asp. [*With a shout of fury.*] McShane!

McS. What the devil's the matter now? I've satisfied your rival—what do you want more?

Asp. My plague—my leech—my curse! But I'll run after Vivian, and explain every thing. [*Runs off.*]

Enter TOPKNOT.

Top. Please, sir, here be a lot of gentry and tenants, huddling in at the door, and saying they must shake hands wi' Mr. Aspen afore they go.

McS. Show the gentlemen in. Mr. Merton, if you'll step up stairs, I'll follow you. [*Merton goes off. A crowd of Tenants enter, bowing and scraping.*] Gentlemen, how are ye! I'm mighty glad to see ye all! [*They shake hands, violently wringing them.*] I feel your sincerity! Oughtn't I to make a spache here? I ought. I'll give them a touch of the Greek school. [*Mounts a chair.*] Gentlemen, may I crave your attention?

Tenants. Hear, hear, hear!

McS. Gentlemen, you all know that this is the time when every man in the country that can spake ought to spake, or he'll stand mighty little chance of being listened to.

Tenants. Hear, hear, hear!

McS. [*Aside.*] That's not the key.—Brother countrymen!—[*Aside.*] That's it!—Citizens and patriots! I make bold to say, that I've got as nate a taste of the true patriot's disorder—an enlargement of the heart—as any man! My wish is to be established in your bosoms—yes, my friends, and in the bosoms of all your friends and relations.

Tenants. Hurrah!

McS. [*Aside.*] There I had 'em!—Gentlemen, in the first place it is my intention to reduce three-thirds of your respective rents, and leave you to pay the remaining one-eighth at your own convenience.

Tenants. Hurrah!

McS. But, as I fear I am wearying you with the length of these details—

Tenants. No, no, no!

McS. Let me conclude with this sentiment—that little as I may appear to have pledged myself on this occasion, you shall find, when I come to the performance, I will do still less.

Tenants. Hurrah! [They thrust their sticks under his chair, lift him up, and carry him off on their shoulders.]

SCENE III.—*Gallery, with three doors in the Flat, and one door on the Right.*

Enter LADY LEECH and MARY.

Mary. [Opening the door on the right.] This be your room, my lady.

Lady L. For to-day, child. To-morrow I shall make a circuit of the house, and choose the pleasantest. Call me in an hour.

Mary. Yes, my lady.

Lady L. Bless my heart! how very extraordinary, that the nobody of yesterday should turn out to be the owner of this estate—and what's more, the man seems struck with me! How delightful! He certainly is a superior person to the captain—he has a taste, a wit, and a manor. • I really don't know how to act, if he should declare himself! Well, well—I'll compose myself for half an hour, and then reflect. [Exit.

Enter ASPEN.

Asp. I begin to fear I have been too sanguine in my ideas of the country. I don't think that all the rogues are confined to London. Can't remember I was ever more badgered about on a market day in town, than I have been during the six hours I have enjoyed *retirement*. Another such a six days' *repose* will send me to sleep for ever! I'll be bound I shall not complain next week. What shall I do—go back to town, or cleanse this Augean stable? Can't with my own hand! my brain whirls! I must go to bed—an hour's rest may give me energy! [Tries the first door. Servant opens it.

Serv. Master's not here!

Asp. Ha, ha! my good friend, I want his room, not his company.

Serv. Beg pardon, sir—but this room is Lord Lounge's—a pertickler friend of the new gentleman. [Shuts the door.

Asp. Well I suppose I mustn't offend my friends till I have the pleasure of kicking them out!

[Tries the middle door.

Enter another SERVANT, with a trunk.

Serv. Hollo, sir! what are you doing at that door?

Asp. I—I only meant—Good sir, is this engaged too?

Serv. Don't you see it is? [*Opening it with a key.*]
You look like a gentleman, but you don't hact as sich.

[*Goes in.*]
Asp. Now, I dare say he imagines I wanted to pick the lock and rob my own room! I've no great choice.

[*Tries the last door—Servant puts his head out of middle one.*]

Serv. Hollo! what are you at now? That's the captain's room.

Asp. Are they all engaged?

Serv. All in this gallery. There's a closet yonder, with a turn-up in it. I advise you to take that, for there's a dozen ladies down stairs to be provided for.

Asp. Well?

Serv. And they talk of sleeping three in a bed!

[*Shuts the door.*]

Asp. Three in a bed, on the twenty-first of June! I have paid one hundred thousand pounds for this estate, and I can't get a room to myself! This is quiet and seclusion! [*Opens the door on the right.*] Empty, I declare! This shall be my asylum—my sanctuary. No key! Never mind—let me get in, and I'll take care neither man nor woman shall invade my territory.

[*Goes in—Servants open the doors.*]

1st Serv. Tom!

2d Serv. Well—

1st Serv. Is that old buffer gone!

2d Serv. Why?

1st Serv. Because if he had come here again—blow me, but I'd have shown him master's fowling-piece!

[*They shut their doors—Lady Leech screams within hers.*]

Lady L. Yah! Help—help!

Asp. [*Coming out.*] But, ma'am—ma'am!

Lady L. [*Following.*] How dare you, sir, enter here in that way?

Asp. But will you hear me, madam?

Lady L. No, sir, I will not hear you.—Help

Asp. You will alarm the house.

Lady L. I mean to do it, sir.—Help!

Enter BURNISH.

Bur. Dear Lady L.—what has happened?

Lady L. A chair!—a chair! [*Servant brings one.*]

Bur. Will you explain?

Lady L. Salts!—salts!

Enter McSHANE and MERTON.

McS. Ladies and gentlemen, what the divil is the matter?

Asp. An unfortunate mistake—which this lady's fears have magnified.

Lady L. Oh! my gracious!

McS. Madam, as you seem to have all the secret to yourself, perhaps you would not object to let us into it?

Lady L. As quickly as I can, sir; but really the shock has deprived me of my utterance! Briefly, then: oppressed by a headache, I retired to that room to lie down—I didn't take the precaution of turning the key, being in full confidence of no intrusion; when suddenly I heard the door open—and in walks this person—this friend of yours—

McS. [*To Asp.*] 'Pon my soul, you're at your old tricks.

Asp. [*in a rage.*] You are mad!—you are all mad! and want to make me so. I bought this house for quiet and seclusion; and since I have been here, bless me if you haven't all been killing me by inches!

Lady L. Bought this house, captain! My lord, it would be very awkward, if we have made a mistake here.

Lounge. Va-ary.

Lady L. Ah! I see how it is—these Citizens are always trying to get into our society; and then are never tired till they have thoroughly disgusted us! Come, my lord, let us leave them to the wretched obscurity for which they are only intended—and yet, captain, this is a horrid bore!

Bur. Decidedly—

Lady L. My lord—

Loun. Vaary! [*Exit Lady L., Burnish, and Lord L.*]

McS. There, they are all gone again, and unless something turns up I feel mighty sure I will have soon to follow.—Would it not be a pity though; it is such a nice place here, and I began to feel quite at home.—Now, then, if I could hit upon some mode of Eh? murder—the bailiffs! Keep off! Whose suit is it?

Enter McNAB, and a follower.

McN. I beg pardon, sir—but I am the superintendent of an asylum for gentlemen who are disordered in their intellects.

McS. Does he mane me ?

McN. I was conveying a patient home, when he contrived to make his escape from the carriage—and, I think, has taken refuge in this house.

McS. Phew!—I have it—you have him! We're all right at last. Run down those stairs ready to break your neck! the madman, you spake of, is laving the house—seize him by the skirts, and hold him till I tell you to be quiet! [*They run after Aspen.*] Pilliloo! there's a chase—now, they're up to him—now, they're down upon him; there goes the bannister!—down they go.—But look at that fellow—fights like a tiger.—By the powers! licks them both.—Halloa! there is the other—Eh! murder, they come—

Enter ASPEN, followed by VIVIAN, his coat and neckcloth torn, grasping a fragment of a bannister—he paces the room furiously.

Asp. London!—talk of the plagues of London—why, London is a grove—a solitude—a paradise to such a Tartarus place as this!

Viv. Aspen!

Asp. Bob—do you know me?—don't you perceive a change in my appearance?—a flushing of the cheeks?—a stiffening of the joints?—nerves becoming wires?—bones, bolts?—blood boiling up to ninety? Nervous—poh! I'd run—jump—box—drive—pitch, or carry, with any man in England; and take pleasure in the sport.

Viv. A revolution!

Asp. And a reformation, sir! Talk of the plagues of London—will any one dare to tell me there are such harpies as these in London, or more than one outrageous impostor like my best friend here!

[*Pointing to McShane.*]

McS. Come, come, come, Mr. Aspen—don't call names. I don't pretend to defend what I've done—but, I mean to say, that if my deeds had been twice as ill looking, my aim would make them beautiful!

Asp. Mr. McShane, I have one proposition to make to you. I'll purchase you a commission in India, if you will promise to set sail the day you return to London.

McS. It's a bargain! I've long wanted to go abroad. [*Aside.*] I dare say, there are nervous men in India!

Viv. But, Aspen—these resolutions are too precipitate; a few weeks' residence among us will compose you, and—

Asp. My dear Bob—if I sleep here to night, 'tis the limit of my acquaintance with the country at present: if I would recover the composure of my nerves, I must return to London. London, dear calumniated London—hereafter I'm a reasonable, contented being. I have to-day been taught a useful lesson—that, as the evils of life are only discovered by comparison, it is necessary we should now and then change our residence, in order to amend our opinions!

[*The curtain falls.*]

XCV.—SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKESPEARE.

C H A R A C T E R S .

ANTONIO, Merchant of Venice.
BASSANTIO, his friend.

| SHYLOCK, a Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies: I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad: but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats; I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may: and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: may I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite, conjured the devil into : I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

[*Enter Antonio.*]

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks ! I hate him for he is a Christian : But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him one upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest :—cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him !

Bass. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shy. I am debating of my present store ; And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me :—but soft ;—how many months Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good signior ; [*To Antonio.*] Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possessed, How much you would ?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum. Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft, In the Rialto you have rated me, About my moneys, and my usances : Still have I borne it with a patient shrug :

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
 Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
 “ Shylock, we would have moneys ; ” you say so,
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
 “ Hath a dog money ? is it possible,
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ” or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,
 With ’bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this,—
 “ Fair, sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
 You spurned me such a day ; another time
 You called me—dog ; and for these courtesies
 I’ll lend you thus much moneys.”

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take
 A breed for barren metal of his friend ?)
 But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
 Who if he break, thou may’st with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why look you how you storm !
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my moneys, and you’ll not hear me :
 This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show :—
 Go with me to the notary, seal me there
 Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
 Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal pound
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O, father Abraham, what these Christians are ;
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on : in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt*

XCVI.—HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

Repose of all Nature at the birth of the Saviour.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,

And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.
 But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the Earth began :
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
 Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

MILTON.

 XCVII.—TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Whence but from Heav'n could men unskill'd in arts,
 In sev'ral ages born, in sev'ral parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths ? or how, or why
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie ?
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price !

DRYDEN.

 XCVIII.—THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of All ; in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage.
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ;
 And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than Hell to shun,
 That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so
Since quicken'd by thy breath,
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

POPE.

XCIX.—A LADY OF OLD.

A SET of phrases learned by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play, to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But all the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight would put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endu'd,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose:
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In choosing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colors each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
Can dext'rously her husband tease,
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;

Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
 At once creating love and pity.
 If Molly happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
 She gets a cold as sure as death,
 And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
 Admires how modest women can
 Be so robustious, like a man.

In party, furious to her pow'r;
 A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;
 Her arguments directly tend
 Against the side she would defend;
 Would prove herself a Tory plain,
 From principles the Whigs maintain;
 And to defend the Whiggish cause,
 Her topics from the Tories draws.

O yes! if any man can find
 More virtues in a woman's mind,
 Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding;
 She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
 Take notice, she has my commission
 To add them in the next edition;
 They may out-sell a better thing:
 So, halloo, boys; God save the king!

SWIFT.

C.—THE DRONES OF THE COMMUNITY.

THOSE gilded flies
 That, basking in the sunshine of a Court,
 Fatten on its corruption—what are they?
 The drones of the community! they feed
 On the mechanic's labor; the starved hind
 For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield
 Its unshared harvests; and yon squallid form,
 Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes
 A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,
 Drags out in labor a protracted death,
 To glut their grandeur. Many faint with toil,
 That few may know the cares and woe of sloth.

Whence, think'st thou, kings and parasites arose?
 Whence that unnatural line of drones, who heap
 Toil and unvanquishable penury
 On those who build their palaces, and bring

Their daily bread?—From vice, black, loathsome vice;
 From rapine, madness, treachery, and wrong;
 From all that genders misery, and makes
 Of earth this thorny wilderness; from lust,
 Revenge, and murder.—And, when Reason's voice,
 Loud as the voice of nature, shall have waked
 The Nations: and mankind perceive that vice
 Is discord, war, and misery,—that virtue
 Is peace, and happiness, and harmony;
 When man's maturer nature shall disdain
 The playthings of its childhood;—kingly glare
 Will lose its power to dazzle; its authority
 Will silently pass by; the gorgeous throne
 Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall,
 Fast falling to decay; whilst falsehood's trade
 Shall be as hateful and unprofitable
 As that of truth is now.

SHELLEY.

 CI.—THE MAID OF THE INN.

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly fixed eyes
 Seem a heart overcharged to express?
 She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
 She never complains, but her silence implies
 The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
 Cold and hunger awake not her care;
 Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
 On her poor withered bosom, half bare; and her cheek
 Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
 Poor Mary, the maniac, has been;
 The traveller remembers, who journeyed this way,
 No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
 As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
 As she welcomed them in with a smile;
 Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
 And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
 When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life ;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew her, would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door ;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

" 'Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
" A fine night for the abbey," his comrade replied—
" Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who should wander the ruins about.

" I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,
For this wind might awaken the dead."

" I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
" That Mary would venture there now."
" Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied,
" I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

" Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ? "
His companion exclaimed with a smile ;
" I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent ;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight ;
Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
 Howled dismally round the old pile ;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
 Where the alder-tree grows in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
 And hastily gathered the bough—
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear—
She paused, and she listened, all eager to hear,
 And her heart panted fearfully now !

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head ;—
 She listened ;—naught else could she hear.
The wind ceased, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread
For she heard in the ruins—distinctly—the tread
 Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
 She crept to conceal herself there ;
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
 And between them—a corpse did they bear !

Then Mary could feel her heart's-blood curdle cold !
 Again the rough wind hurried by—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold !
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled !—
 She fell—and expected to die !

“Curse the hat !” he exclaims. “Nay come on, and first hide
 The dead body,” his comrade replies.
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
 And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
 She gazed horribly eager around ;
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view ;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, O God ! what cold horror thrilled through her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew.

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen ;
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn. SOUTHEY.

CII.—THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky ;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead ;
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away ;
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset ;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead ;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
 They dressed the hasty bier,
 And marked his grave with nameless stones,
 Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
 Within his distant home;
 And dreamed, and started as they slept,
 For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
 His welcome step again,
 Nor knew the fearful death he died
 Far down that narrow glen.

W. C. BRYANT.

CHIL.—A DUNGEON.

AND this place our forefathers made for man!
 This is the process of our love and wisdom
 To each poor brother who offends against us—
 Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
 Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
 Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
 By ignorance and parching poverty,
 His energies roll back upon his heart
 And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
 They break on him like a loathsome plague-spot!
 Then we call in our pampered mountebanks—
 And this is their best cure! uncomforted
 And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
 And savage faces at the clanking hour,
 Seen through the steam and vapors of his dungeon
 By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
 'Circled with evil, till his very soul
 Unmoulds its essence hopelessly deformed
 By sights of evermore deformity!
 With other ministrations thou, O nature,
 Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters;
 Till he relent, and can no more endure
 To be a jarring and a dissonant thing

Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
 But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
 His angry spirit healed and harmonized
 By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

COLERIDGE.

CIV.—A SHIPWRECK.

THE other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
 Been stove in the beginning of the gale ;
 And the long-boat's condition was but bad
 As there were but two blankets for a sail,
 And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
 Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail :
 And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
 To save one half the people then on board.

'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail ;
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale
 And the dim desolate deep ; twelve days had Fear,
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-coops, spars,
 And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
 That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
 For yet they strove, although of no great use :
 There was no light in heaven but a few stars ;
 The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews ;
 She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
 And going down head-foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell !
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave ;
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;
 And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
 Blister'd and scorch'd; and stagnant on the sea
 They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,
 Save in the breeze that came not; savagely
 They glared upon each other—all was done,
 Water, and wine, and food—and you might see
 The longings of the cannibal arise
 (Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
 Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
 And then a hoarser murmur grew,
 An ominous and wild, and desperate sound;
 And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
 'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
 And who should die to be his fellows' food.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one
 Was more robust and hardy to the view,
 But he died early; and when he was gone,
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
 One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
 I can do nothing!" and he saw him thrown
 Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
 And patient spirit, held aloof his fate;
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
 As if to win a part from off the weight
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,
 With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed ;
 And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come
 And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
 Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
 Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
 And looked upon it long, and when at last
 Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
 He watched it wistfully until away
 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast ;
 Then he himself sunk down, all dumb and shivering,
 And gave no signs of life, save his limbs quivering.
BYRON.

CV.—THE WORLD ILLUSIVE.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion giv'n ;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true but Heav'n !

And false the light on Glory's plume
 As fading hues of Even,
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
 There's nothing bright but Heav'n.

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driv'n ;
 And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There's nothing calm but Heav'n !—MOORE.

CVL—WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ? ”
“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the churchyard-cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be ? ”

Then did the little maid reply,
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

" You run about my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

" Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,

" Twelve steps or more from my mother's door
And they are side by side.

" My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

" And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

" The first that died was little Jane :
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

" So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

" And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

" How many are you then," said I,
" If they two are in heaven ? "
The little maiden did reply,
" O master ! we are seven."

" But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven ! "

'Twas throwing words away ; for still

The little maid would have her will,

And said, " Nay, we are seven ! "—WORDSWORTH.

CVII.—ANDRE'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON.

IT is not the fear of death
 That damps my brow,
 It is not for another breath
 I ask thee now;
 I can die with a lip unstirr'd,
 And a quiet heart—
 Let but this prayer be heard
 Ere I depart.
 I can give up my mother's look—
 My sister's kiss;
 I can think of love—yet brook
 A death like this!
 I can give up the young fame
 I burn'd to win—
 All—but the spotless name
 I glory in.
 Thine is the power to give,
 Thine to deny,
 Joy for the hour I live—
 Calmness to die.
 By all the brave should cherish,
 By my dying breath,
 I ask that I may perish
 By a soldier's death!

N. P. WILLIS.

CVIII.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were:—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power:
 In dreams through camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
 Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on,—the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,
" To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek ! "
He woke, to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :—
" Strike—till the last armed foe expires !
Strike—for your altars and your fires !
Strike—for the green graves of your sires !
God, and your native land ! "

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquered ; but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
Come to the mother's when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath !
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible : the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,

And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die !

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

CIX.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers
 " Life is but an empty dream,"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 " Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act,—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us,
 Footprints on the sand of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing,—shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

CX.—EVENING HYMN.

On the swift flying hours
 Another bright day,
 With its tears and its smiles,
 Has vanished away.
 Thou who dost number
 Our days as they flee,
 May each that departs
 Bear us nearer to thee !

On the wide sea of life
 Soon our barks will be tost,
 And the sweet ties that bind us
 Be broken and lost.
 Father in Heaven,
 Be our guide to that shore,
 Where night never cometh,
 Where partings are o'er.

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